5 April 1980 US $1.75 (by air) 25p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 55c NZ 60c Den Kr 7.50 Fr NF 8.50
Ger Dm 3.30 Malaysia $1.90 Spn 110pts

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CLASH / RICHARD HELL / Q-TIPS / PRETENDERS

COOL IN THE POOL

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES

All the nice girls love a drummer: in this case chunky Gary Dwyer of The Teardrop Explodes. Pic by Pennie Smith.

NME CHARTS

Week ending April 5, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Going Underground**	Jam (Polydor)	3	1
2	(2)	**Together We Are Beautiful**	Fern Kinney (WEA)	6	1
3	(3)	**Dance Yourself Dizzy**	Liquid Gold (Polo)	4	3
4	(5)	**Turning Japanese**	Vapors (United Artists)	5	4
5	(6)	**Working My Way Back To You**	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	4	5
6	(11)	**Echo Beach**	Martha & The Muffins (Dindisc)	4	6
7	(10)	**Do That To Me One More Time**	Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	6	5
8	(4)	**Take That Look Off Your Face**	Marti Webb (Polydor)	7	3
9	(8)	**Stomp**	Brothers Johnson (A&M)	6	8
10	(21)	**Poison Ivy**	Lambrettas (Rocket)	3	10
11	(17)	**All Night Long**	Rainbow (Polydor)	5	9
12	(24)	**Another Nail In The Heart**	Squeeze (A & M)	3	12
13	(—)	**King/Food For Thought**	UB40 (Graduate)	1	13
14	(7)	**Games Without Frontiers**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	6	3
15	(19)	**January February**	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	2	15
16	(12)	**Cuba**	Gibson Brothers (Island)	6	11
17	(15)	**Turn It On Again**	Genesis (Charisma)	3	15
18	(16)	**Spirit Of Radio**	Rush (Mercury)	3	16
19	(13)	**Hands Off She's Mine**	The Beat (Feet)	6	8
20	(18)	**Happy House**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	18
21	(20)	**Don't Push It Don't Force It**	Leon Haywood (20th Century)	3	10
22	(—)	**Living After Midnight**	Judas Priest (CBS)	1	22
23	(14)	**So Lonely**	Police (A&M)	7	6
24	(—)	**No-One Driving**	John Foxx (Virgin / Metal)	1	24
25	(9)	**Atomic**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	1
26	(—)	**Kool In The Kaftan**	B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	1	26
27	(28)	**Let's Do Rock Steady**	Bodysnatchers (2 Tone)	2	27
28	(—)	**Him**	Rupert Holmes (MCA)	1	28
29	(—)	**Sexy Eyes**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	16	29
30	(—)	**My World**	Secret Affair (I-Spy)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Missing Words — Selecter (2 Tone).
Check Out The Groove — Bobby Thurston (Epic).
I Like To Rock — April Wine (Capitol).
Hello I Am Your Heart — Bette Bright (Korova).
My Oh My — Sad Cafe (RCA).
Bear Cage — Stranglers (United Artists).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 1, 1975

1 Bye Bye Baby — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
2 There's A Whole Lot Of Loving — Guys & Dolls (Magnet)
3 Fox On The Run — Sweet (RCA)
4 Fancy Pants — Kenny (Rak)
5 Girls — Moments & Whatnauts (All Platinum)
6 What Am I Gonna Do With You — Barry White (20th Century)
7 I Can Do It — Rubettes (State)
8 Swing Your Daddy — Jim Gilstrap (Chelsea)
9 Funky Gibbon/Sick Man Blues — Goodies (Bradley)
10 Only You Can — Fox (GTO)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 1, 1970

1 Bridge Over Troubled Water — Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
2 Can't Help Fallin' In Love — Andy Williams (CBS)
3 Knock Knock Who's There — Mary Hopkin (Angel)
4 Wandering Star — Lee Marvin (Paramount)
5 That Same Old Feeling — Pickettywitch (Pye)
6 Young Gifted And Black — Bob and Marcia (Harry J)
7 Let It Be — Beatles (Apple)
8 Na Na Hey Kiss Him Goodbye — Steam (Fontana)
9 Don't Cry Daddy — Elvis Presley (RCA)
10 Something's Burning — Kenny Rogers & The First Edition (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 2, 1965

1 The Last Time — Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 Concrete And Clay — Unit 4 Plus 2 (Decca)
3 The Minute You're Gone — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 For Your Love — Yardbirds (Columbia)
5 It's Not Unusual — Tom Jones (Decca)
6 Silhouettes — Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
7 Come And Stay With Me — Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
8 Goodbye My Love — Searchers (Columbia)
9 Catch The Wind — Donovan (Pye)
10 The Times They Are Changin' — Bob Dylan (CBS)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	**Greatest Hits**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	4	1
2	(2)	**Tell Me On A Sunday**	Marti Webb (Polydor)	6	2
3	(1)	**Tears And Laughter**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	1
4	(12)	**The Crystal Gayle Singles Album**	Crystal Gayle (UA)	3	4
4	(—)	**Star Tracks**	Various (K-Tel)	1	4
6	(16)	**Twelve Gold Bars**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	6
7	(8)	**Heartbreakers**	Matt Monro (EMI)	3	7
8	(3)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	24	1
9	(5)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	21	1
10	(6)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel (CBS)	2	6
11	(14)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	17	7
12	(10)	**Nobody's Hero.**	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	3	9
13	(11)	**The Last Dance**	Various (EMI)	9	1
14	(15)	**The Specials**	(Two Tone)	21	7
15	(9)	**Outlandos D'amour**	Police (A & M)	41	7
16	(7)	**Get Happy!**	Elvis Costello (F Beat)	7	2
17	(19)	**Light Up The Night**	Brothers Johnson (A & M)	6	15
18	(22)	**Loud And Clear**	Sammy Hagar (Capitol)	2	18
19	(18)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	25	2
20	(21)	**Pretenders**	Pretenders (Real)	11	1
21	(—)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	1	21
22	(17)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	26	3
23	(26)	**Make Your Move**	Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	2	23
24	(24)	**Too Much Pressure**	Selecter (2 Tone)	6	3
25	(20)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	8	4
26	(—)	**On Through The Night**	Def Leppard (Vertigo)	1	26
27	(27)	**Permanent Waves**	Rush (Mercury)	10	8
28	(23)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	20	2
29	(—)	**Facades**	Sad Cafe (RCA)	1	29
30	(29)	**Greatest Hits Vol.1**	Cockney Rejects (EMI)	2	29

UP AND COMING:

Initial Success — B. A. Robertson (Asylum).
Phoenix — Dan Fogelberg (Epic).
Her Best Songs — Emmylou Harris (K-Tel).
Harder . . . Faster — April Wine (Capitol).
Songs The Lord Taught Us — Cramps (Illegal).
Look Hear — 10cc (Mercury).

The hunt is over, the boys relax, displaying the fruits of their success. This eight-man team stalked the pictured tenor saxophone for three days through dense undergrowth. It was seduced by a bait of albums from Ace Cannon, Sonny Stitt and Boots Randolph; in fact it was the latter's rendition of 'Yakkety Sax' that brought the inquisitive horn close enough for a rope to be thrown around it. The saxophone was then sedated with a few playings of Acker Bilk's 'Stranger On The Shore'. Now quite tame, it is part of this week's highest chart entry band, UB 40. However it still flares up from time to time and wails on an 'A' sharp so fierce that it caused the pupils of one band member's eyes to evaporate (bottom right). A Constable writes: "If you see a saxophone at large — do not 'have a go'. Walk slowly away whistling the solo from 'Walk On The Wildside' until you reach a phone box. Once inside you may contact The Horn Squad at 439 8761."

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Another Brick In The Wall**	Pink Floyd
2	(4)	**Call Me**	Blondie
3	(3)	**Working My Way Back To You/Forgive Me Girl**	Detroit Spinners
4	(2)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen
5	(5)	**Longer**	Dan Fogelberg
6	(7)	**How Do I Make You**	Linda Ronstadt
7	(9)	**Ride Like The Wind**	Christopher Cross
8	(8)	**Too Hot**	Kool & The Gang
9	(6)	**Him**	Rupert Holmes
10	(12)	**Special Lady**	Ray Goodman & Brown
11	(13)	**Fire Lake**	Bob Seger
12	(14)	**I Can't Tell You Why**	Eagles
13	(16)	**With You I'm Born Again**	Billy Preston & Syreeta
14	(17)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
15	(11)	**Refugee**	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
16	(10)	**Second Time Around**	Shalamar
17	(22)	**Lost In Love**	Air Supply
18	(25)	**You May Be Right**	Billy Joel
19	(20)	**Three Times In Love**	Tommy James
20	(15)	**On The Radio**	Donna Summer
21	(23)	**And The Beat Goes On**	Whispers
22	(27)	**Sexy Eyes**	Dr. Hook
23	(18)	**Desire**	Andy Gibb
24	(29)	**An American Dream**	The Dirt Band
25	(19)	**Give It All You Got**	Chuck Mangione
26	(21)	**Yes I'm Ready**	Teri DeSario
27	(—)	**Pilot Of The Airwaves**	Charlie Dore
28	(—)	**Think About Me**	Fleetwood Mac
29	(26)	**Heartbreaker**	Pat Benatar
30	(—)	**Even It Up**	Heart

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd
2	(4)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(3)	**Mad Love**	Linda Ronstadt
4	(2)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
5	(7)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
6	(5)	**Damn The Torpedoes**	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
7	(8)	**The Whispers**	The Whispers
8	(6)	**Bebe Le Strange**	Heart
9	(10)	**Phoenix**	Dan Fogelberg
10	(12)	**Light Up the Night**	Brothers Johnson
11	(11)	**The Long Run**	The Eagles
12	(9)	**Fun And Games**	Chuck Mangione
13	(15)	**American Gigolo**	Original Soundtrack
14	(13)	**Permanent Waves**	Rush
15	(27)	**Departure**	Journey
16	(22)	**Get Happy!**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
17	(14)	**On The Radio Greatest Hits Volumes 1 & 11**	Donna Summer
18	(19)	**Love Stinks**	The J. Geils Band
19	(17)	**In The Heat Of The Night**	Pat Benatar
20	(20)	**Ray, Goodman & Brown**	
21	(21)	**Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School**	Warren Zevon
22	(18)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
23	(26)	**Pretenders**	Pretenders
24	(16)	**. . . But The Little Girls Understand**	The Knack
25	(23)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
26	(—)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
27	(24)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool & The Gang
28	(29)	**After Dark**	Andy Gibb
29	(31)	**Every Generation**	Ronnie Laws
30	(28)	**London Calling**	The Clash

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

1 You're The One — Pat Kelly (Ethnic Fight)
2 Hard Times — Pablo Gad (Burning Spear)
3 My Sweet Girl — Natural Mystic (Negative One)
4 The General — Ranking Dread (Deb.)
5 I Adore You — Love and Unity (Studio 16)
6 Rainbow Culture — Aswad (Island)
7 Moving Out Ever — Rod Taylor (Unity Promotions)
8 Lovers Rock — Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
9 Give Me What Me Want — Winston Godling (Starlight)
10 Mr. Sua Beana — Alton Ellis and the Heptones (Cha Cha)

Chart supplied by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1. Tel. 437 3535

DISCO

1 Check Out The Groove — Bobby Thurston (CBS)
2 Together We Are Beautiful — Fern Kinney (Warner Bros)
3 Working My Way Back To You — Detroit Spinners (Warner Bros)
4 Don't Push It — Don't Force It — Leon Haywood (RCA)
5 Just A Touch Of Love — Slave (Warner Bros)
6 Right In The Socket — Shalamar (RCA)
7 Young Child — Ronnie Laws (United Artists)
8 Get Down Mellow Mellow Sam — Players Association (Pye)
9 Tonight I'm Alright — Nerada Michael Walden (Warner Bros)
10 Cuba — Gibson Brothers (Island)

Chart supplied by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1. Tel 629 1240.

INDIES

1 Fever — Cramps (Illegal)
2 Food For Thought — UB40 (Graduate)
3 In The Beginning — Slits/Pop Group (Rough Trade)
4 White Mice — Modettes (Mod.)
5 Better Cream — Wah! Heat (Inevitable)
6 1980 — First 15 Minutes — Various (Neutron)
7 Mark Of Slavery — Iganda (021 Records)
8 TK Treason — Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)
9 Fiery Jack — Fall (Step Forward)
0 Big Noise From The Jungle — Tiller Boys (New Hormones)

Chart supplied by Bonaparte Records, 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey. Tel. 681 1490

NEWS

Live LP plan, as stars mass for Stranglers galas

THE STRANGLERS will — in the enforced absence of Hugh Cornwell — be joined on stage by an incredible array of talent, when they play their two concerts at London Rainbow this Thursday and Friday. The confirmed line-up at press-time includes Ian Dury, The Cure, Steel Pulse, The Members, Hazel O'Conner, Peter Hammill, Robert Fripp, John Cooper-Clarke, Richard Jobson of The Skids, Wilko Johnson, John Ellis from Peter Gabriel's band, Toyah Willcox, Nik Turner and Phil Daniels. And that's in addition to the four official support acts each night!

Obviously not all the guests will be appearing in both concerts — though some, including Dury, intend to do so. And there are plans to record both shows, with a view to releasing a live album, from which all royalties would be donated to The Cure — not the band of that name, but the drug addiction centre founded by a trust set up by The Who and Eric Clapton.

Meanwhile, Cornwell has sent word from his prison cell that "it's a bit like being in a monastery." He says the food is palatable, but the room service non-existent! He's hoping to spend the next few weeks writing material for a new album, though he's not been helped by the authorities' refusal to allow him to have his guitar sent in.

● *Tickets for the re-scheduled Stranglers gigs at the Rainbow on June 3 and 4 (reported last week) should be available by the end of this week at the box-office.*

MORE CLASH, MARTHA; RECORDS RE-EMERGE

THE CLASH have slotted in one extra June date, during the period when they're playing the six concerts postponed from February. It's at Newcastle Mayfair on June 13, and it's the only "new" date they'll be doing at that time.

MARTHA & THE MUFFINS have added two dates to their British tour, reported last week — at Edinburgh Tiffany's (April 29) and Canterbury Odeon (May 6).

THE BOYS have been reduced to a four-piece for an unspecified period, because their Norwegian keyboards man Casino Steel has been banned from leaving Norway until he pays an outstanding tax demand — and he's been threatened with jail if payment isn't met by the end of May. This means that Steel will be absent from the band's next London gig at the Marquee on April 26, which they intend to fulfil as a quartet — and they may have to retain that format for their European tour in May.

THE TEENBEATS have London dates at Fulham Greyhound (this Saturday), Clapham 101 Club (April 14), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (17) and Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (May 2), plus a gig at Hastings The Carlisle (April 18). Others are being added, all intended to promote their single 'Can't Dance To The Music', issued on the new Red Shadow Music label in mid-April. Red Shadow also plan a 12-inch super-single in early May, comprising six Teenbeats numbers, including three live tracks.

THE RECORDS with new man JUDE COLE (left)

THE RECORDS return to live action this month, after almost a year's absence, and with new guitarist Jude Cole (ex-Moon Martin) replacing Huw Gower. Following their support spot in The Jam's Rainbow concerts next Monday and Tuesday, they have London gigs in their own right at Kensington Nashville (April 11 and 12), Islington Hope & Anchor (14 and 15), Camden Dingwalls (17) and the Marquee (19 and 20). Out-of-town dates will follow to tie in with the impending release of their new Virgin single (as yet untitled) and album 'Crashes'.

THE FEELIES, the New Jersey four-piece whose debut album 'Crazy Rhythms' was widely acclaimed, fly in to play their first (and only) British date at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday, April 18 — along with The Monochrome Set and a third act still to be finalised. All tickets are £3.

THE VAPORS, currently hitting the high spots with their single 'Turning Japanese', headline a one-off London show at Camden Music Machine on Saturday, April 12.

Members and

THE MEMBERS are back on the circuit this month after a lengthy absence and,in order to re-establish and re-acquaint themselves with their supporters, they are confining their activities to club venues. They've so far confirmed 11 dates, but many more — including visits to Scotland and Ireland — will be announced next week, to make a total of around 30 shows.

They kick off with a 1.30pm matinee at London Fulham Greyhound on April 12, then play London Hammersmith Clarendon (17), Scarborough Penthouse (18), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (19), Nuneaton 77 Club (21), Plymouth Fiesta (22), Exeter Routes (23), Port Talbot Troubadour (24), Newport The Village (25), Northampton County Ground (26) and Nottingham Boat Club (28). The band, whose new single 'Romance' has just been released, will have their second album '1980, The Choice Is Yours' issued by Virgin on April 18.

Magazine are on the road

MAGAZINE plan to open their spring UK tour with a boat trip out of Liverpool — they'll be playing on April 23 aboard the *Royal Iris,* which has previously been used for gigs by Elvis Costello and Paul McCartney. And the highlight of their more orthodox dates is a London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on May 1.

Rest of their confirmed schedule — which is quite different from that prematurely and inaccurately reported elsewhere two weeks ago — is Liverpool Mountford Hall (April 26), Ayr Pavilion (27), Glasgow Tiffany's (29), Sheffield Phoenix Hall (30), Northampton Guildhall (May 2), Hull Wellington Club (5), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (6), Bristol Trinity Hall (7), Derby Ajanta Cinema (8), Leeds University (9) and Guildford Surrey University (10). Further dates will be added, including gigs in Manchester and Edinburgh. The support act has still to be named, and there will be a third local band at each venue.

HOWARD DEVOTO of Magazine

Magazine's third album 'The Correct Use Of Soap' is now set for April 25 release by Virgin. At the same time comes the third single in their trilogy — titled 'Upside Down' (not on the LP), it's coupled with a remixed version of a song from their debut album called 'The Light Pours Out Of Me'. The band begin a European tour on May 19.

Matlock's new band

GLEN MATLOCK has formed a new band called The Spectres. He's featured on bass and vocals, along with Danny Kustow (guitar and vocals), Graeme Potter (drums), C.C. (sax and keyboards) and Art Collins (saxes). They are currently negotiating a record deal, and have London gigs as Kensington Nashville (April 8), Clapham 101 Club (17), Crystal Palace Hotel (18), North East Polytechnic (25) and Islington Hope & Anchor (30) — while out of town they visit Guildford Wooden Bridge (April 16) and Coventry Warwick University (May 3). More dates are being added.

Beach Boys and Santana set for Wembley Arena

THE BEACH BOYS are now confirmed for two concerts at the Wembley Arena in June, as forecast in last week's *NME.* The dates are Friday and Saturday, June 6 and 7, and tickets are priced £7 and £6 — plus some with a slightly restricted view at £4.50.

The box-office is accepting postal bookings immediately (make cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd" and enclose SAE), but is not opening to personal applicants until next Tuesday (8). Promoters are MAM in conjunction with Concerts West.

It's understood that an approach has been made for The Beach Boys to headline an open-air rock concert in Scotland during their June visit. This would be at the Loch Lomond Bear Park — the site which last year staged a show with The Boomtown Rats, The Stranglers and the Average White Band, among others. A spokesman confirmed that negotiations had been taking place, but was none too optimistic about the outcome.

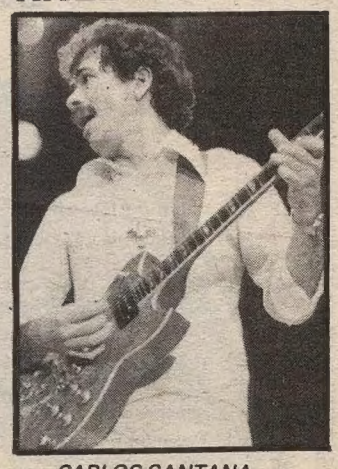
As previously reported, The Beach Boys are expected to top the bill at this year's Knebworth concert, which was originally intended to take place on August 30. But it now seems there's a strong possibility of it being brought forward to Saturday, June 21, in which case it's understood that Santana would also appear on the bill.

The Beach Boys' new album 'Keepin' The Summer Alive' and single 'Oh Darlin' are released this week by Caribou Records, distributed by CBS.

SANTANA are also set for Wembley Arena, just before The Beach Boys appear at the venue — they play three nights there on June 2, 3 and 4. This will be the first British visit since October, 1978, by the band — whose latest album 'Marathon' and single 'All I Ever Wanted' were recently released by CBS. Tickets are priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, and they are available only by postal application from the promoters — Mel Bush Organisation (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 43 Woolverton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.

● **LINDISFARNE** headline the first-ever outdoor concert to be held in the grounds of Himley Hall near Dudley on Sunday, June 1. The Blues Band are special guests.

TOGETHER AT KNEBWORTH?



CARLOS SANTANA

Rejects rejuvenated

THE COCKNEY REJECTS, who made their chart debut last week with their 'Greatest Hits Vol. 1', celebrate by playing a short series of dates — kicking off tonight (Thursday) at London Camden Electric Ballroom. Then come Manchester Osborne Club (this Saturday), Paisley Bungalow Bar (Sunday), Aberdeen Music Hall (April 7), Forfar Reid Hall (8), Edinburgh Astoria (9), Hull Wellington Club (10), Retford Porterhouse (11), Lincoln Drill Hall (12) and Bradford Royal Standard (13). Their new single 'The Greatest Cockney Rip-Off' is issued by EMI this weekend.

DURY DATES IN MAY; TUBES AUTUMN VISIT

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS are being lined up for a short series of concerts in May, though their spokesman stressed that the gigs "won't be in England" — the implication being that they'll be in other parts of the British Isles. The one exception is likely to be St. Austell New Cornish Riviera, where they're scheduled to play a Saturday-night show in late spring. Full details are expected in a week or two.

THE TUBES are planning an extensive European tour in the autumn, which would include a string of major concerts in this country. At present, they're busy writing material for a new album, to be released at the time of their autumn visit. And they'll shortly be filming a cameo appearance in the new Olivia Newton-John movie *Xanadu,* with Fee Waybill and Vince Welnick also set for roles in Lou Adler's film *All Washed Up.*

THE MO-DETTES are on the road at Bristol Turntable (April 15), Coventry General Wolfe (16), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (17), Jacksdale Grey Topper (19), Wolverhampton Lafayette (20), Nuneaton 77 Club (22), Retford Porterhouse (23), Leeds Polytechnic (24), Halifax Good Mood (26), Huddersfield Coach House (27) and Doncaster Rotters Club (28).

SHAM 69 are still lacking a London date, with which to climax their short UK tour starting next weekend. Every venue they've contacted, from the Rainbow to the Lyceum, is unwilling to book them because of their riot-rousing reputation — so it now looks as though the tour will be confined to the provinces.

MUSIC BY POST
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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $57,00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

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AVERAGE WHITE BAND

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Tuesday 27th May
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Thursday 29th May
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
Saturday 31st May
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
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TOUR NEWS ROUND-UP

Otway-Barrett reunion

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT — who dissolved their successful partnership in 1978, mutually insisting at the time that the split was irrevocable — are back together again. They're playing two London shows, at the YMCA in Tottenham Court Road (April 15) and the Marquee Club (23), and it's understood that they're planning a full reunion tour. And besides producing Otway's new single 'Birthday Boy' (released by Polydor on April 11), Barrett is also featured on it. Barrett will, however, continue to run his recording studio and work on his new label Red Eye Records.
● STEVE GIBBONS is also back in business with a re-shaped band, with whom he'll be touring shortly. First confirmed date is St. Austell New Cornish Riviera on April 26.

Genesis dates re-set

GENESIS have now re-scheduled the two concerts they were forced to cancel last week, when Phil Collins was suffering from laryngitis — at Portsmouth Guildhall (March 24) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25). The Portsmouth show now takes place on May 9, and existing tickets are valid for the revised date. The Bournemouth venue is fully booked, so that gig has been re-set for Southampton Gaumont on April 10 — ticket-holders are having to claim cash refunds, and are having their ticket stubs returned to them, enabling them to re-book at Southampton. Despite fears of cancellation, the band's Hammersmith concerts took place last weekend, as scheduled.

GQ in Knebworth tent

GQ, the American soul band who scored a hit here last year with their single 'Make My Dream A Reality', make a one-off UK appearance at the National Soul Day event — which, as previously reported, is to be staged in a 15,000-capacity tent in the grounds of Knebworth Park on Spring Bank Holiday Monday (May 26). Also taking part are Eddy Grant & The Front Line Orchestra, Light Of The World, and a dozen top disc-jockeys. Tickets for the 11-hour show (starting at noon) are now available from all leading agencies.

Oldfield adds 14 more

MIKE OLDFIELD has added another 14 dates to his spring tour schedule, most of them before the initial batch announced four weeks ago. He starts with six university gigs this month — at Loughborough (April 9), Sheffield (10), Lancaster (11), Glasgow Strathclyde (12), Dundee (13) and Bradford (14). Additional concerts in early May are at Ipswich Gaumont (4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Gloucester Leisure Centre (9) and Oxford New Theatre (10 and 11). Then, at the end of his previously reported itinerary, he now plays Poole Arts Centre (May 27) and Dublin RDS Hall (31).

Hitmen hit many clubs

THE HITMEN are playing a string of London club dates this month, including Kensington Nashville (April 6, 13, 20 and 27), Covent Garden Rock Garden (7 and 28), Clapham 101 Club (10 and 24), Fulham Greyhound (16) and Camden Dingwalls (19). Object of the exercise is twofold — it serves as a warm-up for their own nationwide headlining tour which begins at the end of the month, and it promotes their current single 'She's All Mine' on the new Urgent Records label.

Alan Price headliners

ALAN PRICE headlines another UK concert series this month, visiting Hatfield Forum (April 11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (13), Slough Fulcrum Centre (14), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (20), Birmingham Town Hall (21), Bedworth Civic Hall (23), Crawley Leisure Centre (24), Eastbourne Congress (25), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (26) and Lincoln Theatre Royal (27). His new single is a double A-sider featuring 'Wake Up' and a re-working of the Animals classic 'House Of The Rising Sun', the latter also being the title of his latest LP — both out next week.

And the rest in brief

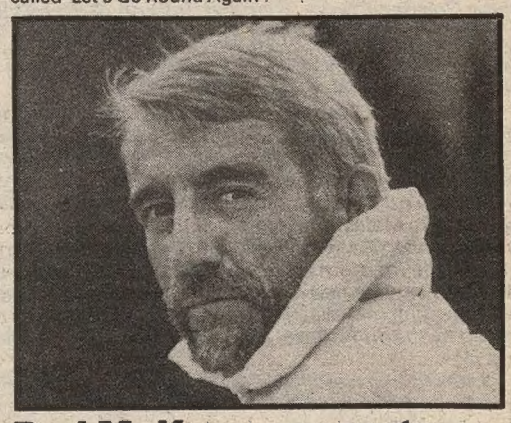
● THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS return to the UK in early May to headline a string of dates, as part of a full European tour — details to be announced shortly. Their new LP 'What's The Word' is issued by Chrysalis on April 11, preceded this weekend by the single 'The Crawl'.
● GLASGOW stages its annual free Kelvingrove Park Music Festival on Sunday, May 25. The event, which usually attracts about 7,000, this year features Bite The Pillow, The Cuban Heels, The Henry Gorman Band, Kim Beacon & The Detonators, Liberty Bodice and Jim Wilkie with The Mafia.
● THE BLUES BAND have added Bristol Granary (April 24), London Chelsea College (25) and Leeds University (May 7) to their lengthy tour, reported last week. And their concert at London's YMCA, Tottenham Court Road, is switched from May 15 to 23.
● MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS play London Nashville (tonight, Thursday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Cardiff Casablanca (April 10), Exeter Routes (11), Retford Porterhouse (12), London Dingwalls (15), Sheffield Limit (17), Burton 76 Club (18), Coventry Warwick University (19) and London Marquee (29).

Matchbox play Venue

MATCHBOX, whose third Magnet single 'Midnight Dynamo' is released on April 18, headline at London Victoria The Venue on April 25 — prior to leaving for their U.S. debut in early May, taking rockabilly back to the Americans! The Venue gig will introduce the band's new recruit Dick Callan (guitar, saxes, electric violin and harmonica), who has just joined them from Dynamite. On their return from the States, they set out on a new five-week British tour which is currently being lined up by the Derek Block Agency, with whom they have now signed.

AWB new gigs, album

AVERAGE WHITE BAND have made more changes to their upcoming UK tour, cancelling Derby Assembly Rooms (May 15), but adding extra shows at Birmingham Odeon (28) and Bristol Colston Hall (June 2). Their unconfirmed Liverpool venue (May 18) is now set as the Empire, and Aberdeen Capitol moves back by one day to May 21. The band will be augmented on the tour by an additional keyboards player, Mike Fraser, and two girl singers. Their new album 'Shine' will be issued by RCA in May, preceded later this month by a single from the LP called 'Let's Go Round Again'.



Rod McKuen concerts

ROD McKUEN undertakes one of his rare British concert tours this spring, having now recovered from the accident last August in which he broke both legs (one of them in 26 places!). He plays Brighton Dome (May 16), Gravesend Woodville Hall (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Camberley Civic Hall (22), Hatfield Forum (23), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (24), Birmingham Town Hall (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Sheffield Crucible (27), Eastbourne Congress (28), Slough Fulcrum Centre (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Swindon Wyvern Theatre (31) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (June 1). Promoter is Dudley Russell of Dolphin Concert Productions.

Sledgehammer hit hard

SLEDGEHAMMER, who recently supported April Wine in their UK concerts, have dates in their own right at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), Cheltenham Town Hall (Sunday), London Southall White Hart (April 8), Bradford Princeville (10), London Richmond Brollies (13), Exeter Routes (16), Barnstaple Chequers (17), Watford College (18), Canterbury Technical College (19), London Marquee (25), Buckley Tivoli (30), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (May 2) and Leeds Fforde Green (11). Now featuring new bassist Gerry Sherwin (replacing Terry Pearce), they have a new single out on Valiant Records — aptly titled 'Sledgehammer'.

OFF

COSTELLO'S HIGH FIDELITY

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions get happy this weekend and release a new single on F-Beat Records called 'High Fidelity'. The B-side is an up-date of the old Betty Everett hit 'Getting Mighty Crowded' — and on the limited edition 12-inch version there's a bonus track, a newly recorded version of 'Clowntime Is Over'. And Clive Langer, who's just completed a UK tour with Costello, has his single 'Splash (A Tear Goes Rolling Down') issued by the same label on April 11. Langer and his band, The Boxes, are now recording their debut album.

EDDIE COCHRAN ANNIVERSARY

RELEASED by Liberty-United on April 25 is a four-LP boxed set titled 'The Eddie Cochran 20th Anniversary Album', commemorating the rock'n'roll star's death in 1960. It spans his entire recording career, plus previously unissued tracks and studio dialogue. The set, which includes an eight-page booklet, retails at £15.99.

● The new **Blondie** single — previously announced as 'Call Me', the theme from Giogio Moroder's film *American Gigolo* — is rushed out this week by Chrysalis. Moroder's instrumental version of the same number is on the B-side.
● **The Carpettes'** new Beggar's Banquet single 'Johnny Won't Hurt You' is available in a double pack, with a free live single featuring 'Keys To Your Heart' and 'Total Insecurity'. From the same label comes 'Red Exposure', the first UK album by **Chrome**, their previous three LPs having been issued on their own Siren label in the States.
● Stiff have signed an incredible New York band called **The Plasmatics**, fronted by former sex-show star Wendy O. Williams who strips, destroys TV sets, wrecks guitars with a buzz saw — oh, and sings as well! And their guitarist sports a blue-rinsed Mohican haircut and wears a nurse's uniform. What they actually *sound* like remains to be seen, when their debut album — produced by Jimmy Miller — is released shortly.
● The third **Van Halen** album, 'Women And Children First' is issued by Warner Brothers today (Thursday).
● **Desmond Dekker** has recorded a brand new version of his 1969 chart-topper 'Israelites', for release by Stiff this weekend. There's also a limited quantity available in ten-inch form at £1.49.
● **The Rolling Stones'** long-awaited new album is now scheduled for release on their own label (through EMI) in mid-April. The title is understood to be 'Emotion Rescue'.
● This week sees the launch of the new AMI label, founded by Cliff Cooper, and pressed and distributed by Pye. First single sees the re-emergence of former hit group **The Tremeloes** with 'The Lights Of Port Royal', followed next week by **The Little Roosters'** debut with 'That's How Strong My Love Is' and **Billy Max** with '200% Devotion'.

Saxon wield big axe, top venues captured

SAXON, the Yorkshire outfit who have supported practically every leading heavy metal band in the business, have now been lined up for their first-ever headlining concert tour. They'll be featuring material from their new album 'Wheels Of Steel', issued by Carrere this weekend — from which the title track was recently released as a single, and is already a chart contender.

The band play Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall this Saturday (5), then play a series of gigs in Europe, returning to open the tour proper at Newcastle City Hall on April 21. Other confirmed dates are Grimsby Central Hall (22), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Abertillery Metropole (25), Retford Porterhouse (26), Redcar Coatham Bowl (27), Sheffield City Hall (28), Maidstone Mid-Kent College (29), St. Albans City Hall (May 2), London Camden Electric Ballroom (3), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (4), Bradford St. George's Hall (5), High Wycombe Town Hall (7), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (8), two shows at Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9) and Birmingham Odeon (10). Several more dates are still being finalised.

It's full throttle, as Essex opens 38 laps

DAVID ESSEX — never one to do things by halves — will be playing no less than 38 dates in his British concert tour, which opens towards the end of next month and continues into July. His schedule takes in many towns he's never previously visited, and climaxes in a full week in London's West End.

Dates are Glasgow Apollo (May 26), Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Middlesbrough Town Hall (29), Scarborough Futurist (30), Sheffield City Hall (June 1), Derby Assembly Rooms (2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Bradford St. George's Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (7), Liverpool Royal Court (8), Birmingham Odeon (9), Coventry Theatre (10), Oxford New Theatre (11), Clacton Princes Theatre (12), Margate Winter Gardens (13), Stoke Jollees (14), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (17), Ipswich Gaumont (18), Reading Hexagon (19), Gloucester Leisure Centre (20), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Plymouth New Palace Theatre (22), St. Austell New Cornish Riviera (23), Southampton Gaumont (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), Poole Arts Centre (26), Brighton The Centre (27 and 28) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (June 29 to July 5).

● JUDIE TZUKE has added Reading Hexagon (May 12) and York University (16) to her previously reported spring tour.

HACKETT HITS THE UK TRAIL

STEVE HACKETT and his band are set for a major 20-date concert tour in the early summer. It will tie in with the release of his new Charisma album, which he's just completed — and which is preceded this week by his latest single 'The Show'/'Hercules Unchained'.

Dates are Derby Assembly Rooms (June 11), Ediburgh Odeon (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Sheffield City Hall (17), Hull Theatre (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Oxford New Theatre (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Coventry Theatre (24), Guildford Civic Hall (26), Southampton Gaumont (27), Poole Arts Centre (28), Cardiff Top Rank (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (July 1), Canterbury Odoen (2) and London Hammersmith Odeon (4).

Tickets are available from box-offices and usual agents priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Derby and Leicester (all tickets £3), Guildford (all £3.50) and Hammersmith (£4, £3.25 and £2.50).

SCORPIONS ON THE WARPATH

THE SCORPIONS fly into Britain next month to headline a six-concert mini-tour, taking in Newcastle City Hall (May 13), Manchester Apollo (14), Sheffield City Hall (16), Glasgow Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and Southampton Gaumont (19).

They are stopping off in the UK enroute for a major American tour, so that they can promote — albeit briefly — their second Harvest album 'Animal Magnetism', released on April 11. The LP is followed on April 18 by a single called 'Make It Real'.

It's understood that they'll be returning here in the autumn for a full-scale tour, which will include at least two London concerts.

Meanwhile, tickets for their six May shows are priced £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25, and they go on sale to personal applicants today (Thursday). The one exception is Sheffield, where it's postal booking only to City Hall Box-Office, Barker's Pool, Sheffield — make cheques and POs payable to "Sheffield District Council" and enclose SAE.

THE RECORD

ROBINSON'S S.27 RECORDING

TOM ROBINSON (left) is currently recording a new album with his recently-formed band Sector Twenty Seven (S.27). It's being produced by Steve Lilywhite, who has worked in a similar capacity with The Members, XTC, The Psychedelic Furs and Peter Gabriel. The LP is scheduled for British and European release in early June, when the band can be expected to abandon their policy of low-key gigs, in favour of more widely-publicised tour dates.

● Four-piece Manchester band **Crispy Ambulance** release their debut single on their own Aural Assault label, a double A-sider comprising 'Four Minutes From The Front Line' and 'From The Cradle To The Grave'. Available through Rough Trade, or at £1.20 (including p&p) from 40 Lonsdale Road, Levenshulme, Manchester M19 3FL.

● Singles from Fetish Records this week are 'Non-Stop' by U.S. duo **WKGB** and 'Telephoto Lens' by New Jersey band **The Bongos** — and upcoming next month is 'Subhuman' by **Throbbing Gristle.** The label, which is distributed by Spartan, is also importing selected items from New York's Lust/Unlust Music label — currently available are 12-inch EPs by **Teenage Jesus & The Jerks** and **The Love Of Life Orchestra,** and a solo album by Suicide's **Martin Rev.**

● If you either like or loathe the character of J. R. Ewing in BBC-1's *Dallas*, you may be interested in a double A-side single by **The Wurzels, 'I Hate J.R.'/'I Love J.R.'** — it's on Bristol-based J.M. Records, distributed through Pye.

● Tyneside label Neat Records, from whom The Tygers Of Pan Tang have just graduated to MCA, this month release singles by two more leading North-East bands — 'Name, Rank And Serial Number' by **Fist** and 'Back To The Grind' by **White Spirit.**

● **The Gang Of Four's** first single for nearly a year is 'Outside The Trains Don't Run On Time'. It's issued by EMI on April 11 on the re-activated Zonophone label.

● The previously reported three-track **Whitesnake** EP, issued by Liberty-United next week, is packaged in a luminous picture bag — the first time this technique has been used for this purpose. The luminous ink is re-charged either by daylight or artificial light, and therefore retains its glowing properties for some time.

● Latest singles releases on Lightning's Old Gold label — which specialises in reissues of former hits — are 'I Can't Control Myself' by **The Troggs,** 'Terry' by **Twinkle,** 'Donna' by **Ritchie Valens,** 'Viva Bobby Joe' by **The Equals** and 'The Streak' by **Ray Stevens.** And upcoming in the next week or two are 'Freight Train' by **Nancy Whiskey,** 'We Will Make Love' by **Russ Hamilton,** 'Lollipop' by **The Chordettes,** 'Charlie Brown'/'Poison Ivy' by **The Coasters,** 'Rhythm Of The Rain' by **The Cascades** and 'Louie Louie' by **The Kingsmen.** The label is also to issue a boxed set of **The Everly Brothers'** eight best-known titles.

● **Mink De Ville's** new Capitol single, out this weekend, is 'This Must Be The Night' taken from their album 'Le Chat Blue'. The two tracks on the B-side are 'Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl' and 'Lipstick Traces'.

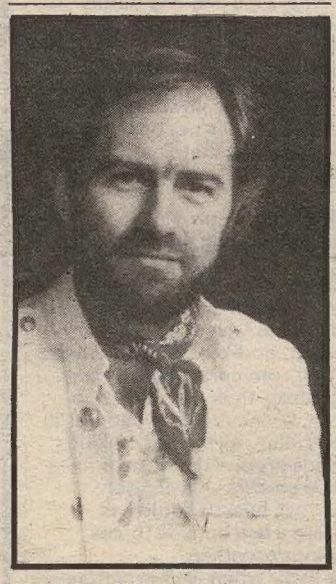
● **Ponty Bone,** the Joe Ely Band's accordion player, has a four-track EP out on Amazing Records titled 'West Texas Squeezebox Boogie'. Available from specialist shops, or at £1.60 (including p&p) from Honky Tonkin', 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Road, Penge, London SE20.

● Island launch a reissues series this month called Plundering The Archives — drawn from the Sue catalogue, their soul and R&B label of the mid-60's. They appear as ten-inch EPs in limited editions of 10,000, selling at £1.75. First release on April 18 is called 'Dance What'cha Wanna', and it features tracks by **Bob & Earl, Owen Gray, Robert Parker, Donnie Elbert, Billy Preston** and **The Righteous Brothers.**

● **Metabolist** have their single 'Identify' now available on the Dromm label — from the usual specialist shops, or by post (£1 inc. p&p) from J. Bailey, 18 Rokeby House, Caistor Road, Balham, London SW12.

McCartney solo coming up

PAUL McCARTNEY has a self-penned and self-produced solo single issued by EMI on April 11 titled 'Coming Up' — on which he's featured on vocals, bass, synthesiser, piano, guitar and drums. It's taken from his solo album 'McCartney II' (the first was ten years ago), scheduled for May release. The B-side of the single features a live Wings version of 'Coming Up' recorded at Glasgow Apollo, plus a band instrumental called 'Lunch Box & Odd Socks'.



Roy Harper in comeback

ROY HARPER is undertaking his first British concert tour for yonks, and it climaxes in probably the biggest London concert he's ever played — at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, on May 11. Other dates are Guildford Surrey University (April 26), Exeter University (28), Canterbury Kent University (29), Norwich East Anglia Univeristy (May 1), Leicester University (2), Colchester Essex University (3), Leeds University (6), Keele University (7), Birmingham Town Hall (8) and Manchester UMIST (9). Reason for this burst of activity is that it ties in with the April 11 release of his new Harvest album 'The Unkown Soldier' (his first new set for over three years), from which the single 'Playing Games' has just been issued.

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CATEGORIES EXPLODE!

AN ART BAND WHO ARE FUN! [redacted] A FUN BAND WHO ARE ART! CONTEMPORARY DIVIDES & QUARRELS MELT BEFORE THE TEARDROP EXPLODES!

By Adrian Thrills

Pix Pennie Smith

NEVER MIND the second coming of heavy metal. The most damaging of rock trends over the past 12 months has been the seemingly insatiable need to put things in boxes, to neatly label the unknown.

We love to stick tabs on whatever we don't understand: if something is conveniently classified, it can then be tidily tucked away to one side, its threat diffused, its cracks and irregularities neatly sandpapered over by an arbitrary earmark.

There are the days of broad generalisations and the destructive narrowmindedness those generalisations breed. The united front produced three years ago by the cleansing confusion of punk has been all but obliterated by divisive polarisation.

On one hand there are the happy go lucky 'fun' bands — ska, mod, rockabilly, new punk — with few aspirations other than an unpretentious good time for one and all. At the other extreme come the 'weirdos', all grey and inaccessible, intellectual and arty. Or so we are led to believe. The two camps are usually portrayed as opposing factions, each with its own respective champions and heroes. Both are supposedly mutually exclusive, totally incompatible with each other.

It is an unhealthy state of affairs, one which leads to a host of corrosive preconceptions and assumptions: if you dig, say, Madness, then no way are you gonna get anything worthwhile from a Joy Division gig, bub!

What a waste. What a needless, pathetic loss.

WHICH IS where The Teardrop Explodes come in. Branded by most of the casual critics as being a wee bit weird, a wee bit inaccessible, The Teardrop Explodes expose the redundancy of all the stereotyped labelling for what it is. In the terms of such limited, retrogressive indexing, they stand with one foot in each of the so-called camps. Shot by both sides. And, like the square peg pushed towards the round hole, they just won't go.

The Teardrop Explodes' blond, cordial vocalist Julian Cope was incensed recently at one of the reviews of the band's gorgeously persuasive pop single 'Treason' in another rock paper. It was a good review, deservedly praising the disc to high heaven, but doing so at the expense of 2-Tone, playing along with the factions game again and implying that you simply cannot groove to both The Teardrop Explodes *and* something from behind those corrupt 'enemy'lines. How stupid! (Teardrop and Madness, incidentally, share the same production team, Clive Langer and Allan Winstanley).

Perched on a stool by the window in a large Liverpool cafe two floors above ground level with the Merseyside rush hour madness gathering its early evening momentum below, Julian Cope reflects on the ludicrous musical dichotomy.

"It's getting to be like the early '70s again where you had the hippies into all their weird music and the soul types into all their stuff. Things seem to have come full circle and got back to the same old stage again.

"I don't want us to be in a position where people can take one look at us and immediately put us into one camp or the other. We lose out in a lot of ways 'cause we don't fit into one camp. But there again, I'd rather have it that way."

Mick Finkler, Teardrop's prosaic guitarist, nods in agreement over his untouched cup of tea.

"That's the way things work. People can't get to see every band around so they just go on what they read and if that tells them a certain band is a certain way, then they'll just file them away and forget about it. There's nothing you can do in the end except go out and play and hope for the best. But you're never going to appeal to everyone and there's nothing you can really do about it.

"You get people who are heavily into bands like Joy Division coming along to our gigs, probably expecting something similar, and then finding us too commercial. Then you have all the pop people who don't even bother to come to see us 'cause we're bracketed away as a weird band."

"I think a lot of people just hate the *idea* of us rather than the actual band," resumes Julian. "A lot of people are anti-us 'cause they associate us with too much artiness. But none of us have ever been near an art school! None of us are like that. We're as against that sort of thing as anyone else.

"I'm sure a lot of people would change their opinions of us if they met us. But most of them are never going to, so they just go along with the general view. People like that have such closed minds."

And so it goes. Where it's heading hardly bears thinking about.

BEING BRACKETED so arbitrarily with the left-field 'arty' bands has not been the only simplistic categorising that Teardrop have had to contend with since their genesis in November '78.

The "This-Week's-Akron!" province plunderers have seen fit to bag them simply as A Liverpool Band, as if that explains all. You know the sort of thing — a bunch of zany weirdos with a lumpy, multi-syllabled name and a nice Disneyland grin. In fact, drummer Fary Dwyer is the only born-and-bred Scouser in the trio. So much for that convenient little handle.

The fact that Teardrop, their buddies Echo And The Bunnymen, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and Pink Military all started making waves on Merseyside around the same time — the same week to be precise — is almost incidental. I say *almost,* because Julian is convinced there were a few outside forces helping to bring things together.

"We were really lucky when we formed 'cause there were a lot of people desperately hoping that there would be a new Liverpool scene. When people like us and the Bunnymen came along, it was the answer to all their dreams. The vibes were just right at the time. We started the new Liverpool scene, but it started us in the same way."

Despite the advantage of having had, until its recent closure, one of the country's most ambitious rock clubs on its doorstep — Eric's — Liverpool had been left remarkably untainted by the initial punk furore as far as local talent was concerned. There were bands, of course, but with the exception of The Yachts and Big In Japan, few of them got past the garage stage.

One such combo were The Crucial Three, formed in '77 by Julian with Ian 'Mac' McCulloch, now the leading quiff with Echo And The Bunnymen, and Pete Wiley, who more recently formed Wah! Heat. Julian had moved to Merseyside a year earlier from the Midlands to study teacher training and drama at college, academic aspirations which were rapidly ditched as soon as the band — the embryonic Teardrop — began rehearsing.

"Most of the stuff I was doing at college seemed so reactionary. There were a few of us who started going down Eric's every night, getting into the punk thing, and suddenly the college just seemed so pointless. So I left and started trying to get a band together.

"It was really good at that time, 'cause for ages I'd been trying to decide what I really wanted to do. As soon as punk came along, I knew that I had to form a band."

A series of name and line-up changes ensued with Mac and Wiley both eventually leaving to be replaced by organist Paul Simpson and guitarist Finkler who, faced with a choice between a university course and a career in rock 'n' roll, plumped for Teardrop — or A Shallow Madness as they were calling themselves that week.

Unhappy with their original drummer Dave — and with their first gigs imminent — they were put in touch with Gary Dwyer by local percussionist extraordinaire Budgie. Though he had been playing properly for no more than a fortnight, Dwyer fitted the bill perfectly and was slotted into the band for their debut gig with the Bunnymen at Eric's, by which time the Teardrop moniker had been heisted from a DC comic.

THE TEARDROP Explodes' progress since then has been a tale of three singles, all on the local Zoo label: 'Sleeping Gas', 'Bouncing Babies' and the current 'Treason'. The singles chart the group's development from the intense Pere Ubu and Fall-influenced outfit of the early days to the eloquent, funky pop of the present; from the disturbing, psychotic shades of 'Sleeping Gas' to the economic slickness and majestic hooks of 'Treason'.

Over the past year Teardrop have willingly sacrificed some of their early and sinister eeriness in favour of a more basic rock approach. They have grown simultaneously more direct and more soulful in their musical attack. The distinct change in emphasis can be traced partly to the departure last summer of organist Simpson, as Julian admits.

"Paul couldn't really play that well, but he was a real white noise merchant and a lot of the early songs were definitely his type of stuff. But once he left, we went in a different direction with a lot more form to the music.

"It was only after 'Bouncing Babies' (the second single, released last July shortly after Simpson left) that we really began to find ourselves. Until then, we never really knew how a song worked. But after that we started to get a lot more structured. We started to realise that things like middle-eights and choruses were vital!

"I hate the idea that some people think of us as a band without any real human element. I want to have loads of passion in our stuff. That's the reason that I really like people like Scott Walker. There's a lot of soul in his stuff. It's the same with someone like Robert Wyatt. Everybody thinks of him as a really cold person 'cause he used to write very heavy songs, but they were also very touching. You'd end up in tears listening to them."

Nowhere is The Teardrop Explodes' warmth and directness more apparent than onstage. There are no attempts at any grand image-making or any moves to distance or alienate the audience with Julian directing the set with a chumminess that borders on the bland.

"My favourite album of all time is 'Live At Max's Kansas City' by the Velvet Underground. I just love the way that Lou Reed speaks to the audience, saying things like 'hello, how are you?'. That's me really. I'm basically quite a pleasant person so why should I try to be something that I'm not?

"Even when we were doing some of our weirder stuff like 'Camera Camera' and 'Kirkby Workers Dream Fades' (both on the B-side of the first single 'Sleeping Gas'), I used to say things like 'this is the next song and it's called so-and-so and it's really fab'. I suppose I've always been a friendly person."

PAUL SIMPSON'S exit indirectly helped Teardrop find their feet musically, but it also left them with a problem. Without his billowing keyboards, their sound was reduced to a sparse skeleton of its former grandeur with no real flesh on the framework of Julian's loping bass and Mick's scratchy guitar. It was obvious that the three-piece line-up needed augmenting and Zoo co-director Dave Balfe, formerly the Big In Japan organist, was called in on keyboards at short notice as the band landed a useful support position on a Patrick Fitzgerald tour run by independent promoters Final Solution.

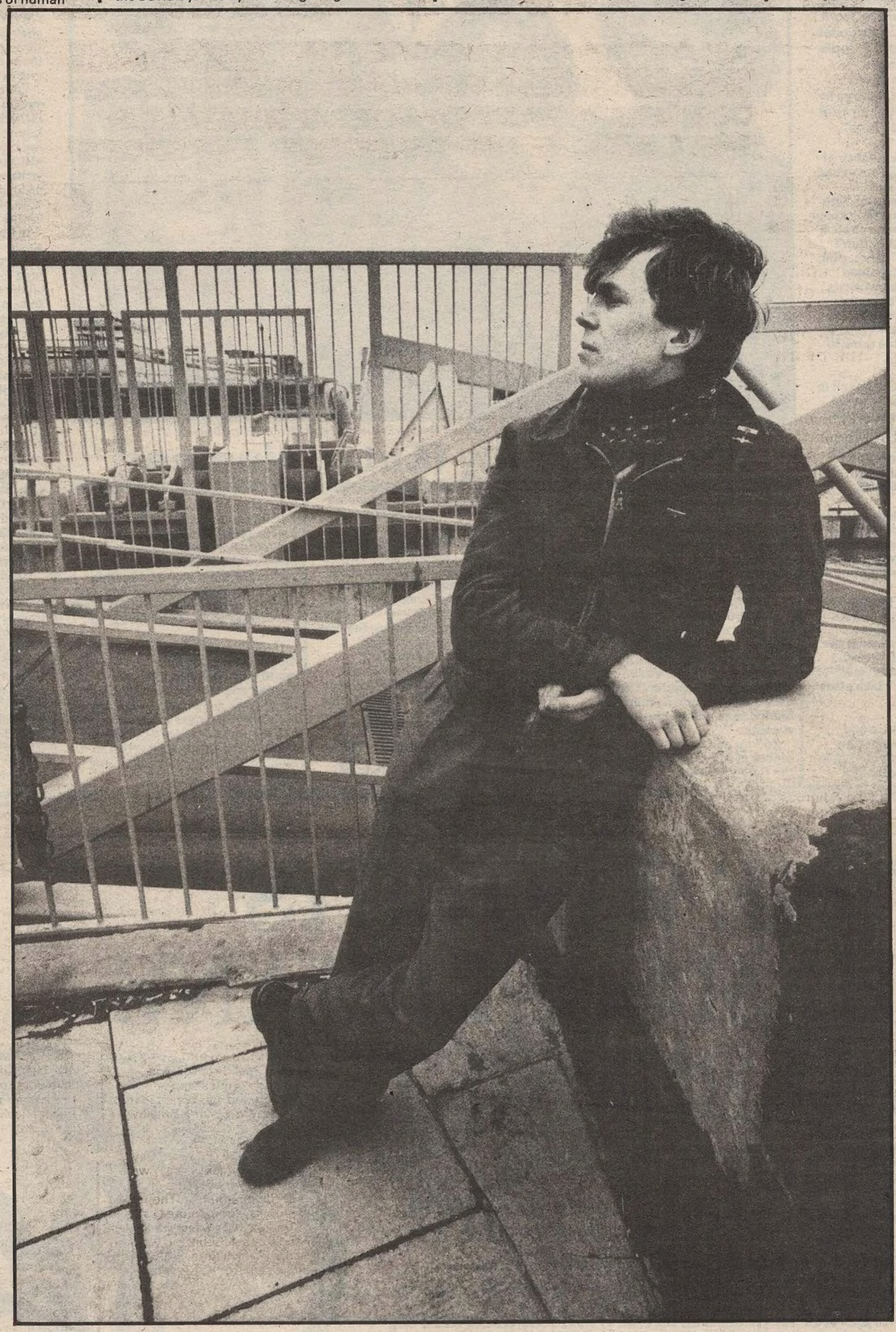
A year on, he is still playing stand-in keyboards in the group. They did find another organist a couple of months back but he only lasted five gigs before an SOS was relayed to Balfe, who immediately returned. Though still not a full-time Teardrop, Balfe is beginning to look more and more of a permanent fixture and his hands will be behind the keyboard when the group go into Rockfield studios later this month to begin work on their debut album.

Mick attempts to outline exactly what Balfe's role entails.

"The way it works is that we write the songs in rehearsals and he comes in later and puts a keyboard line over them. The songs are all more or less written by the time he comes in, which is why he doesn't get songwriting credits. He just helps us to arrange them really. But it is good to have someone outside the band arranging the stuff 'cause he can be more objective."

Outside help, adds Mick, was also partly behind the success of 'Treason'. Whereas the first two singles were produced by the Zoo team of Balfe and Bill Drummond — aka The Chameleons of Lori And The Chameleons fame — Clive Langer was at the control for 'Treason'. In addition to producing the song, Langer completely re-arranged the insidious *'Until you realise. . .it's just a story'* chorus, making drastic improvements — originally the chorus came in only at the end of the song. The move paid handsome dividends: the single has been the most successful Zoo release to date, shifting an impressive 16,000 copies in the first week of release, almost all of them, regrettably, well away from the chart return shops.

But 'Treason', a song about unease, does stand out as genuine proof of the group's lyrical strengths and sensitivity. Julian Cope, as the principle vocalist, is responsible for all the songwords and he writes from an intensely personal viewpoint, eschewing political or social comment at the expense of vivid thumbnail sketches of the vagaries of human relationships — love songs basically.



Surprisingly, both Mick and Gary seem happy enough to allow their singer to be the sole songwriting mouthpiece.

"Julian sings the songs, so he writes them all," shrugs Mick. "What he's singing is personal to him so there's no way I'm going to go up to him and say he shouldn't sing this or that. That would be stupid. It's a personal thing to him. But that's okay 'cause he's only speaking for himself. If he were making general statements, then he would be speaking on behalf of the group as a whole, which I wouldn't want. As long as he keeps the songs personal, it's fair enough.

"It's like if you were to ask us about our political beliefs. We could tell you our political beliefs, but it would be irrelevant to the band. Julian doesn't sing about politics 'cause he's got his own personal political beliefs and I'm not having him represent my political beliefs onstage. They could be completely different. Julian has got a completely free hand to say whatever he likes as long as he doesn't make statements on behalf of the band."

Sounds suspiciously like one almighty cop-out to me. But the group's vocalist justifies his strictly personal lyrics from another, more likely, angle. Over to you, Ju.

"I don't think it is a cop-out. I don't agree with the David Byrne way of writing songs where you can write an anti-love song and then defend it by saying that you're just writing from an anti-love point of view. I think that whatever a person sings is taken to be what they believe. You could be advocating violence, singing *'I'm a Nazi/I'm gonna jackboot on your head'*, and then argue that you've only been writing from a violent point of view. That would be the cop-out!"

But surely you can simply express an honest viewpoint, regardless of a persona.

"I suppose so," concedes the singer. "But I don't think of the lyrics as being a real cop-out simply 'cause I'm not sure what I actually do believe in a lot of the time. I'm still forming my ideas on a lot of things. Like whether we should send athletes to the Olympics. At one point I really thought we should stop them from going, but then I saw someone on TV who put the opposite argument and I changed my mind just because of that!

"If I could change my opinion 'cause of something like that, then I don't want to put myself in any sort of God position in any of the songs."

LIKE PENETRATION and Buzzcocks in '78 and Joy Division last year, Teardrop have benefitted immensely from being allowed to develop at their own pace, well away from the cramping commercial pressures of the London music biz vortex. The same has applied to their compatriots the Bunnymen and the entire Zoo operation, whose colourful, impressive progress has gone hand in hand with the sturdy growth of Teardrop.

Mick puts it down to the fact that everyone involved took the band seriously right from the off, taking time to rope in the right people and generally make the right moves at the right time. Julian begs to differ, inferring that their steady, unhyped growth was less conscious. It just happened that way.

"It was just a natural process where you took time to get your ideas sorted out. It's the same with someone like Joy Division. If they'd become well known earlier, they would have probably disappeared by now. Ian Curtis needed those two years to sort things out. If we'd done an album at the same time as 'Sleeping Gas' came out, I'd be cringing over it now. There's only a couple of songs that we were doing then that still stand up now. We're much more powerful now. There's a lot more spark to it."

Of course, they have still had to contend with the periodic bouts of blind prejudice along the way. Recently a lot of people have written them off as Talking Heads imitators, a comparison, incidentally, which Mick happens to find quite flattering. If parallels have to be drawn, though, the closest thing to Teardrop is probably the Subway Sect of the 'Ambition' single, although Teardrop are rapidly maturing into the lithe, elegant pop group the Subways never quite became. Julian Cope, interestingly enough, admits to a strong Vic Goddard influence in his songwriting.

Still, the preconceptions of a large percentage of their audience does give Teardrop something to fight against, something to prove.

As Mick reflects, "It's great to see the reaction of someone who is seeing us for the first time. There's so many people who simply don't expect us to be the way we are".

As far as I'm concerned there are only two types of music when it comes down to it — good and bad. As to which camp Teardrop belong in, well, that's up to you. Just ensure that it is your own open mind that makes the decision for you.

"When we formed there were a lot of people desperately hoping there would be a new Liverpool scene. Groups like us were the answer to all their dreams"

NME Cop-Out Competition: Fill in the missing names and post to Black Echoes, London W1. Pic: Santo Basone

We Are Family (Entertainment)

THIS IS the BBC calling the world: *"Aclackerter clackity clackity clack!"*

A mausoleum. At the very best, Beeb House is like a library reference section, its circular hallways full of secretaries and file clerks forever walking from A to B with clipboards and piles of notes under one arm. People greet each other with an expression close to a yawn, eyebrows raised, but always in silence. Just a breath of air that goes "Howryu?" and "Fine".

Nobody breaks step. The employees know the general air of *'it's all go, can't stop'* will save them actually having to stop and exchange boring pleasantries with faces that they only think they know because they pass them so often. If they thought about it, they don't even know "Howryu's" name. Still, *working for the BBC* is a phrase which seems to bond the workers with a certain masonic closeness. They're in. They know how it's all done and what goes on. A wink, a breath of air, see you for a drink in the green room later. . .

BUT THIS is a Sunday, and as I sit in the reception area even the usual low current of far off life is absent. Just a huge stone doughnut in White City being warmed by two women who sit at the reception desk. . . deep in their knitting. *"Aclackerter clackity clackity clak . . ."*

Without even the sanctuary of a newspaper to hide in, I have to sit on the lino settees and ogle the huge sterile CEEFAX TV set which never changes its data — the re-uniting of the Schild family.

Just when things are getting too much like being stuck in a lift for good health, word finally gets through and I'm allowed inside the catacombs. It's 3.30 and, though I don't know it yet, my 'interview' with Sister Sledge won't take place for another three hours.

THE SISTER SLEDGE dance and song combo are an irrespressibly happy quartet of real sisters — as in "That's our mom!!" — who first chiselled away at national morale with the exquisitely twee 'Mother Never Told Me', two minutes 25 seconds' worth of 1973 whose intro still remains one of the decade's most indelible: *"Shoobeedoobee doobeedoop bup bow!"*

The song was produced by 'The Young Professionals' — in reality Phil Hurtt and Tom Bell's younger brother Tony — and to the glittering UK, Sister Sledge was probably some session singer straight from church. It didn't matter. The joyous little snippet made its mark and Sledge sank without further success.

Zooom and up to 1978 and the offices of Atlantic Records where the rugged-chested, grey-bearded, together executives are beginning to realise that on their staff they have the two sharpest studio operators the disco era will ever see. Nile Edwards and Bernard Rodgers were just beginning to strike their formula and had had two smashes with 'Everybody Dance' and 'Dance, Dance' — good titles, eh? — and the execs at the firm laid before the two wizzes a list of all, er, 'resting' artistes currently on roster.

"Nile an' Ber-Nard took us on because of this deal with Atlantic," beams Debbie Sledge. "We've done our two albums now. . . I don't know what happens next." You betcha. Conviction runs deep when bonds are cemented in the US music industry. Personally, I always pictured the Chic twosome having some stronger ties with the Ohio family, figuring people worked with each other because they kind of 'got on' or 'dug' each other. I'm 22, I'll learn.

Greatest dancer: DANNY BAKER

Under the Chic wing, Sister Sledge have gone on to conquer the world with 'He's The Greatest Dancer' and 'We Are Family', in which they were really only required to do their business atop Chic's mighty underlay. Last Saturday's *Sun* captured them best when it called them "a four-part harmony group".

Acting under orders, Sister Sledge are currently lapping up all the world has to offer them. The globe is their oyster — they can dip in and have a basinful of anywhere they fancy. Which includes the hilarious *Little And Large Show* on BBC1. . .

I'M SITTING with my legs over the chair in front watching Ed Large go through his hundredth repetition of the same gag to an empty, unfriendly studio.

"Alloa 1, Goodbyeoa 2," he keeps saying with grim determination. BE FUNNY, DAMMIT!! But Ed can't be funny; he's too wrapped up in BBC red tape, too desperate to hold onto his star status to query the staff gag writers. He only cracks the production crew up at rehearsals with his obscene material. "Strictly for the fellas". . .

In the dressing room, somewhere on the 'red assembly area', I'm going through all the usual channels for a disco interview. . . and getting all the usual answers. They're happy to be part of the industry, the glitter clothes are important for a good (Family) show, never a minute's rest on the great showbiz treadmill, Debbie's braces on her teeth come off in about five months, we'd give our right arm to work with Stevie Wonder. . . Scuse us, we have a date with some dry ice and peak viewing time.

While the gals mouth 'Easy Street', their grandma looks on with a glistening tear a-welling in her eye. Not for her any notions of this being the weakest track from their hit and miss last LP — uh-uh, her girls have made it. Kathy, Debbie, Joan and. . . oh hang on, the other one'll come to me in a moment.

Maybe it's ironic that the perpetrators of such magical records have no idea of the class they are capable of. The disco dream you ordered. Shuffled here and there, they can do little else but smile and be thankful that they have the family to lean on when times aren't so good. Already Mr Edwards and Mr Rodgers are casting around for some new flesh to fill their vacant vocal spots — a Sheila B, a Norma Jean . . . a Sister Sledge.

Next time I must remember to bring my knitting . . .

ANYONE WHO BUYS GRAHAM GOULDMAN'S NEW ALBUM GETS A MEDAL.

Admittedly it's made of cardboard and you'd wreck the album cover if you cut it out but it's a medal nonetheless.

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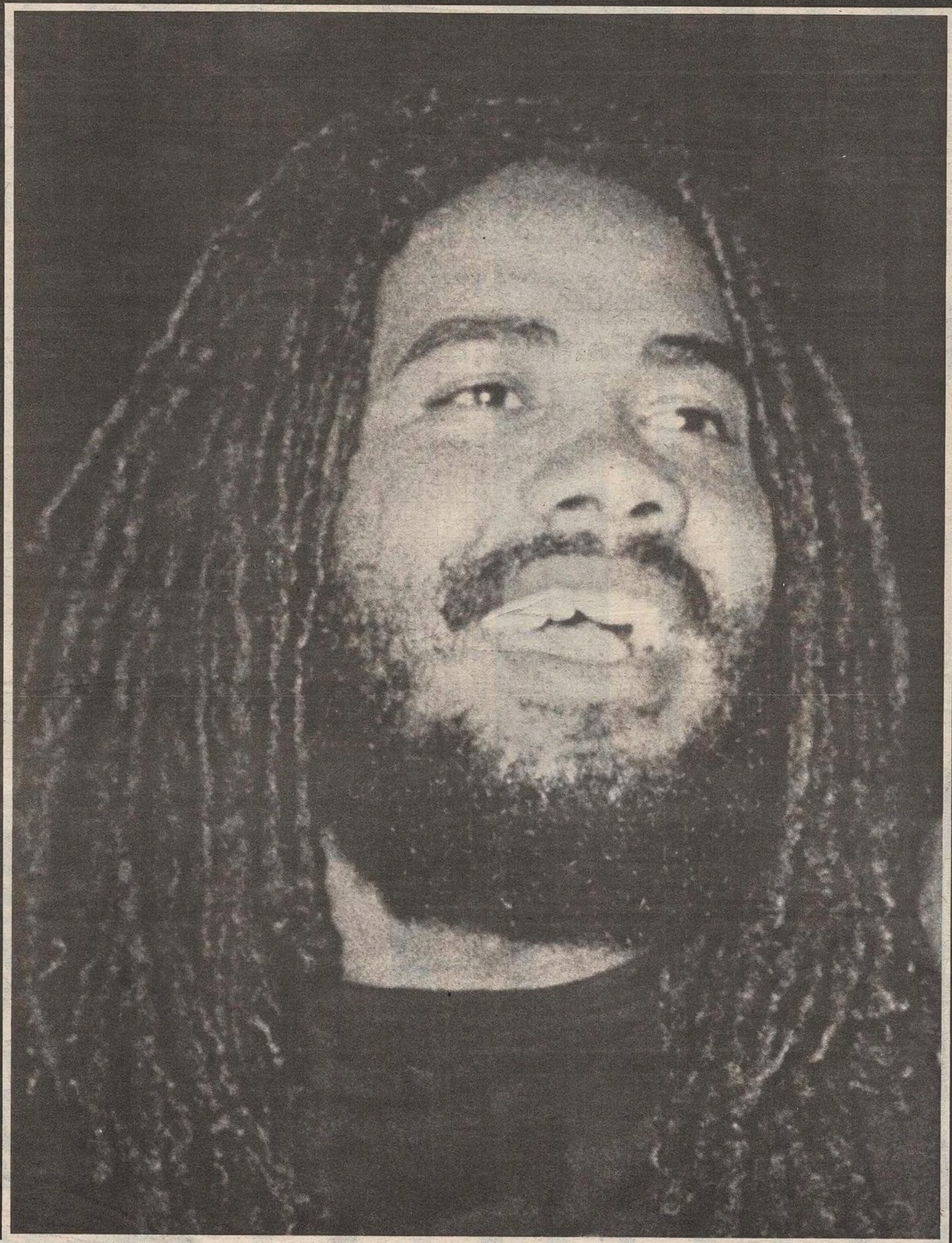

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5	5	THE POLICE – REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74	£1.25 OFF
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7	10	STATUS QUO – TWELVE GOLD BARS	4.99	4.19	80p OFF
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Cornwell: still keeping frisky. Pic: Steve Emberton

LAW AND ORDER SPECIAL

Thrills

GUNS ON THE ROOF, PART TWO

Killing Joke copy Clash shock!

KILLING JOKE'S Jazz Coleman upped his angry young victim credentials a thousandfold last week following a bizarre altercation with the forces of law and order.

Countdown to the debacle began last Thursday afternoon in the garden of Mr. Coleman's Notting Hill squat. Finding himself with a spare hour or two, he decided to get in a bit of target practice with his pellet pistol, popping off tin cans, shelling bog doors and roof tiles.

No sooner had he repaired for a cup of tea in the upstairs kitchen (Coleman and group occupy a basement) when thirty policemen 'arrived' in five squad cars and two helicopters, most of them in bullet-proof vests and several waving guns and alsatians and kicking doors down yelling "put that gun down or we'll shoot".

Mr. Coleman, oblivious to the furore, casually wandered downstairs to gain access to his flat whereupon, he claims, he was jumped by five or six burly officers, bundled into a squad car and rushed to the neighbouring Ladbroke Grove station house.

It was here that a 'bearded officer' pulled out a gun, he says, aimed it at his head and told him: "If we'd seen you with that gun in your garden we'd have shot you. And not in the legs either."

He was subsequently interviewed ("I was shoved around but not beaten up") and then placed in a cell with a man with a blanket over his head who'd also been arrested for possessing a dangerous weapon.

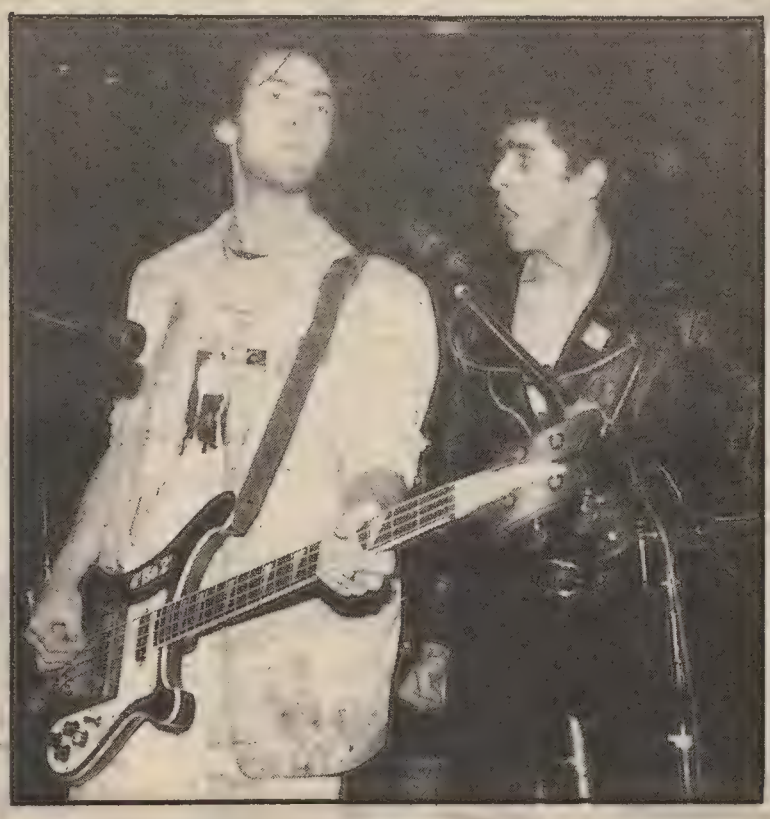
Four and a half hours later, says Coleman, officers discovered the pellet gun and he was released without charge but with the admonition: "Let that be a warning to you."

Scotland Yard confirms the tale — the thirty police and helicopter bits — and says the invasion was probably the result of a 999 call reporting an armed man in the area.

It's quite possible that doors were kicked down and a certain amount of gun waving took place, said a spokesman. This would be normal "in a case of this sort".

As to the charges of heavy-handedness, Mr. Coleman is invited to "make complaint at any police station and the allegations will be looked into."

GEORGE DIXON



Jazz Coleman (right) exaggerates the original story. Pic: Vernon St Hilaire

Prisoner F48444 speaks at last

Hugh Cornwell isn't finding life in Pentonville Prison quite as bad as was feared. Cornwell has gained remission on an original spell of three months for his celebrated drug offences and despite a projected 31 days of hard labour *Thrills* still found him in good spirits. "It's a bit like being back at school" quoth the Manchurian biochemist.

Cornwell is sharing a cell with one other prisoner (male) but isn't confined to the room all day. Hugh works in the prison canteen serving food and cleaning. Last week he earned 19p, not a bad haul for The Stranglers incidentally, and then went and blew the lot on a Kit Kat and some Black Cat Chews. Spendthrift!

When our Lord of Cornwell asked one of the top screws if he could have a guitar *en suite* he was told "We've got a bus driver in here and he can't have his bus".

There are several Stranglers fans to swap reminiscences with in the nick, one of whom had tickets for the forthcoming Rainbow dates which Her Majesty's Dis-Pleasure will not allow him to attend. Cornwell gave his blessing to the concerts as they now stand, with guest stars including John Cooper Clarke, Robert Fripp etc.

Anyone wishing to communicate with Hugh can write to him, or F48444 as he's affectionately known now , at Pentonville, London N7.

Meanwhile the rest of the band are threatening Hugh with a visit next week. Think of the possibilities when the guvnor swings back those large iron gates.

FRANK MORRIS

Thrills

DANGEROUS VISIONS

He fought the law . . . *Peter Dean as Jack Lynn*

. . . and the law won. *Derek Martin as Fred Pyall*

LAW AND ORDER: Danny Baker gives the breakdown

YOU MAY not know it, but G.F. Newman's *Law And Order* which has just finished its second run on BBC2, was lucky to make the screens at all this time around. After its original showing in 1978 the subsequent uproar from both police and prison authorities led to the Home Office 'asking', and the BBC agreeing not to repeat the programmes or sell them abroad. The Beeb's change of heart has little to do with integrity, though. The Operation Countryman 'clean up' campaign and the Beeb's potential loss of copyright on the show are more likely motives.

At it's simplest, *Law And Order* was the story of The System dealing with one villain who was active and 'overdue for some'. (The 'caught in the act' method of law enforcement being left back with the 'come quietly now sir' dream of the noble bobby). In four sections — *'A Detective's Tale' 'A Villain's Tale,' 'A Brief's Tale'* and *'A Prisoner's Tale'* — totalling five and a quarter hours, the series trod a fine line between film and documentary and went a long way toward giving TV its respectabilty and teeth.

Newman's writing and Leslie Blair's direction never stooped to the crass manipulation nor chummy siding of a cowboys and indian show like almost all other small screen law making/breaking. Never a suggestion of hissing the bad, stuffy old police in favour of chirpy, hard done by crooks, or worse, taking to our hearts the harrassed and overworked copper. The programmes underlined and illuminated the total dependence for livelihood with which one faction clings onto the other, the backhanders, high-priced liberty, low-priced trust, the charade of police enquiries, the randomness of arrest.

On one side The Police safe, comfy and very approachable, holding the keys, the threat of law, a farcical public respect and ultimately the power. On the other hand the criminals have just the information — honour among what? — and, more importantly, the money to keep affairs turning over until such a time when either a lapse in favour or stepping way out of line will cause them in turn to be 'overdue' for a spell inside. *Law And Order* didn't sit back in its armchair and offer us quaint old moral judgements — getting alarmed at the notion that a body of 'public guardians' should be corrupt, whatever next? — but rather served as a sharp reminder of what *is* all around us, lest we really should fall in love with *The Sweeney* or for the 'one bad apple' cop-out that usually follows police 'clean ups' within themselves.

In case you're still cynical enough to question *Law And Order's* cold 'lesson', here's what Frank Williamson — ex-Chief Constable of Cumbria — said after the first showing: "I shall bring the wrath of God down on me for saying this but, regretfully, I have seen a number of detective inspectors in the Met who looked just like the leading character." If asked to re-edit the series, Williamson later added, he would not have changed a word.

Tagged as a series about corrupt detectives, only the most naive viewer could accept such a generalisation. One of the more chilling lines came when Fred Pyall — the leading detective featured — was asked by solicitor Alex Gladwell whether certain moves requested of him by a client, moves that might embarrass Pyall in court, would in any way jeopardize the pair's 'understanding' with regard to future 'arrangements'. Pyle looked at Gladwell incredulously and reminded him . . . 'these are just jobs we are doing, Alex.' Everything could be squared up one way or the other.

Only on the last episode, in which Jack Lynn, the villain, is methodically broken in prison, did I find the old emotions rising — possibly not a good sign because, until then, the programmes hadn't needed to dramatise to illustrate. But maybe I was angry at just how frail an invididual's spirit — or rock'n'roll's wafer thin one for that matter — is when faced with The System. However many bravado lyrics and manifestos are ballyhooed about, (and let's face it, The Clash are strictly hoodlums from *Dixon Of Dock Green),* its a daft romantic dream to suggest any glory might come from *'taking them on at their own game'.* Because that's what it is — *their* game.

Then again, you might think you're Mr Unbreakable and that The Law is an emotional, logical animal that street gangs can out-fox. Well, I hope that you, Mr Springsteen and The Angelic Upstarts'll be very happy together. Or perhaps you watched *Law And Order* and came away unimpressed, life's not like that, too much stereotyping. If that's so then you've been too long away from the moulds in which those types were cast and one day, God forbid, you'll be stuck in some stark cell trying to tell some overbearing PC that he's been watching too much television.

DANNY BAKER

Pic: Steve Adams

Tito and the Tennis Shoes

A bit of a leg-pull

AFTER Franco's protracted demise, it's now Tito's turn to discover that dictators aren't allowed just to die when the mood takes them.

Commenting that "Any other 87-year-old would have died in peace a month ago", *The Sunday Times* revealed that a psychiatrist was ministering to the medical team; so great was the strain.

But it's an ill wind etc. and Penge-based chuckle-rockers Tennis Shoes sunk effortlessly to the occasion with 'Tito Can't Dance Anymore', which describes the effect of Mr. Yugoslavia's amputation on the country's music scene: *"No more getting funky, no more rapping to the beat/ Sarajevo's top DJs are all begging on the street".* (In fact, the opposite happened, a radio diet of partisan songs driving the nation's youth disco-wards.)

"It was written on Sunday 10th February when we first heard of him as 'grave', rehearsed on Tuesday and performed on Thursday," reveals dapper, bespectacled Ken Dampier. "We've been doing it ever since — he's done us proud."

The song turns out to be a melodious surf ballad. What has audience response been like?

"They seem to find it funny, but they're a warped bunch. We've yet to be followed by Bulgarians with umbrellas."

Only one Tennis Shoe went to art school.

UNI DEXTER

Miller: day of mourning

IN THE wake of last week's tragic death of reggae star Jacob Miller, killed in a road accident, Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley declared last Sunday an official day of mourning with the Inner Circle vocalist's body lying in state in Kingston's National Stadium.

The gesture can be seen, on one hand, as an astute political move, coming at a difficult time for Manley's People's National Party, with a general election only six months away.

But it is also a genuine tribute. It was Jacob, after all, who held up the hands of rival ghetto gunmen Claudie Massop and Buckby Marshall at the 1978 Kingston Peace Concert just as Bob Marley held up the arms of rival politicians Manley and Edward Seaga at the same gig.

Miller, 25, died when his car hit a lamp-post in Kingston's Hope Road on March 23. Contrary to initial reports, however, the three children in the car all survived.

The last picture to be taken of the vocalist was in Brazil only a few days before the crash. It shows (left to right) Wailers' guitarist Junior Marvin, Miller, Brazilian soccer star Paulo Cesar and Bob Marley. The three JA musicians had been in South America as guests of Ariola Records.

Miller, incidentally, had plans to link up with Marley on a future recording project, plans which will now sadly never come to fruition.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Thrills!

Motown 100,000 Jacksons 0

THE three-year-old legal wrangle between the Jacksons and Motown, their former label, has finally ended with an out-of-court trouncing for the singing fivesome.

The settlement provides for a straight cash payment of 100,000 dollars plus the relinquishing of "other items" worth in excess of half a million dollars.

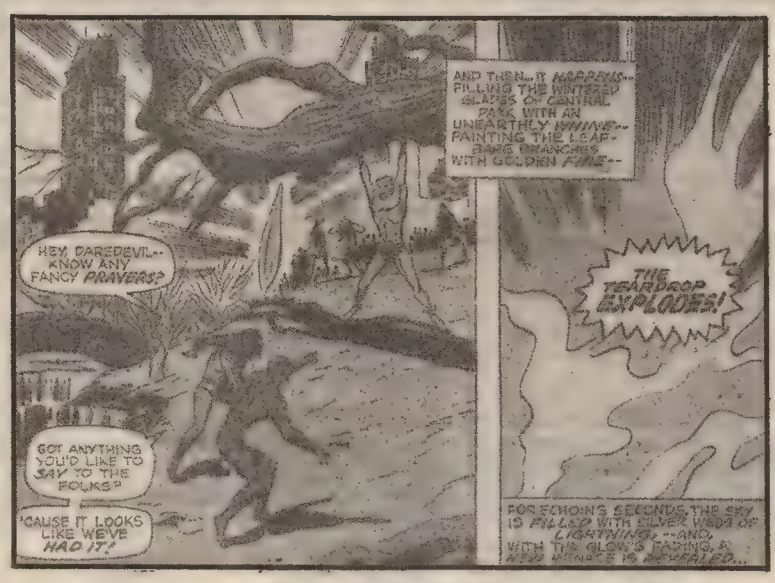
Motown also retains the 'Jackson Five ' nameplate and the right to repackage and re-release the entire catalogue recorded by the group during its tenure with Motown.

CBS, the Jacksons' new employers, offered no comment on the case. It is not yet known whether the group itself or the company foots the bill.

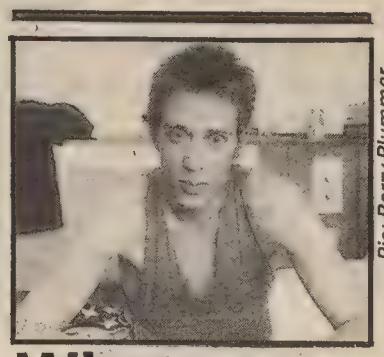
ANDREW TYLER

Thrills!

Pic: Fin Costello


AND THEN... IT MORPHS... FILLING THE WINTERED GLADES OF CENTRAL PARK WITH AN UNEARTHLY HUMMM... PAINTING THE LEAF-BARE BRANCHES WITH GOLDEN FIRE...
HEY, DAREDEVIL-- KNOW ANY FANCY PRAYERS?
THE TEAR DROP EXPLODES!
GOT ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO THE FOLKS?
'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE HAD IT.
FOR ECHOING SECONDS, THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SILVER WEBS OF LIGHTNING... --AND, WITH THE GLOW FADING, A KIND OF MUSIC IS BORNED...

Yes, as revealed earlier in this issue, here's where that name comes from. And even though this comic *(Daredevil — The Man Without Fear,* June 1971) is said to be worth close on a fiver, *Thrills* spares no expense to bring you the graphic details. Now you know who tore the sky down.



Pic: Barry Plummer

High Times Gets Higher

IT LOOKS like subscribers to the druggy's answer to *Playboy, High Times* magazine, will be kissing goodbye to their full colour centrefolds of Nepalese Temple Balls and Thai Sticks.

In future, the *Exchange & Mart* of the drug paraphernalia world will be featuring "all kinds of highs — like mountain climbing, massage, fasting, creative art — while continuing to have the most reliable information on recreational drugs."

The move follows a power tussle on the mag which made Gabrielle Schang — widow of HT's Tom Forcade who commited suicide last year — publisher and president of the Trans-High Corporation. Ms Schang is 28. *High Times* is 6.

DUN DOPIN

Trouser Press Presses On

FINALLY, after months of subterfuge and heart wrenching literary angst America's contribution to the rock 'n' roll truism that life is *always* greener on the other side is now available for general consumption. This means that the excellent Trouser Press magazine can be ordered (back issues too) from Ezy Rider, 14 Forrest Road, Edinburgh EH1 2QN Scotland (Tel. 031-225 6601).

Kenny Rogers 'hated' shock!

SUPERBUCKS Kenny Rogers (earnings for 1979 estimated at 20 million dollars) is fast becoming acquainted with the flip side of stardom.

A woman signing herself 'God Queen Barbara' has been threatening him with violence unless he vacates his six million dollar Bel Air "dream house".

The threats, he says, are upsetting wife Marianne and, as a consequence, he's put the mansion under a 24 hour security guard.

Meanwhile, his hyperbolic manager, Ken Kragen, continues undeterred with his three-year masterplan to elevate Rogers into the megastardom bracket.

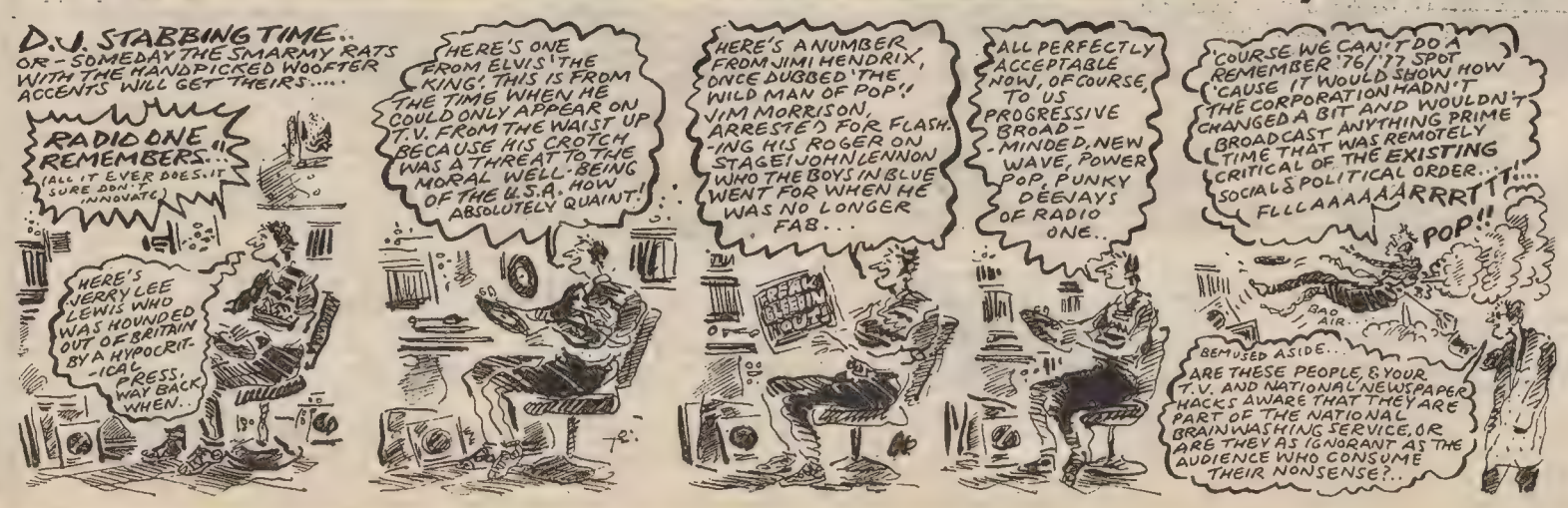
"Kenny is the biggest entertainer in the world right now", he tells *Variety,* "with the possible exception of Donna Summer. But he's not the biggest star. Burt Reynolds and Barbra Streisand are bigger. Even Kris Kristofferson has bigger status because he's a movie star too."

Kragen intends to amend things by deploying what he calls "a visual counterpoint to the music".

The assault begins with a broadway musical and thereafter a movie version of the new 'Gideon' album. A TV film based on 'Coward Of The County' is also in the works.

"There are no barriers", says Kragen, "in the demographics."

Lowry — Not Only Rock 'n' Roll


D.J. STABBING TIME..
OR - SOMEDAY THE SMARMY RATS WITH THE HANDPICKED WOOFTER ACCENTS WILL GET THEIRS....
RADIO ONE REMEMBERS...
(ALL IT EVER DOES IT SURE DON'T INNOVATE)
HERE'S JERRY LEE LEWIS WHO WAS HOUNDED OUT OF BRITAIN BY A HYPOCRITICAL PRESS, WAY BACK WHEN..
HERE'S ONE FROM ELVIS 'THE KING'. THIS IS FROM THE TIME WHEN HE COULD ONLY APPEAR ON T.V. FROM THE WAIST UP BECAUSE HIS CROTCH WAS A THREAT TO THE MORAL WELL-BEING OF THE U.S.A. HOW ABSOLUTELY QUAINT!
HERE'S A NUMBER FROM JIMI HENDRIX, ONCE DUBBED 'THE WILD MAN OF POP'! JIM MORRISON, ARRESTED FOR FLASHING HIS ROGER ON STAGE! JOHN LENNON WHO THE BOYS IN BLUE WENT FOR WHEN HE WAS NO LONGER FAB...
ALL PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE NOW, OF COURSE, TO US PROGRESSIVE BROAD-MINDED, NEW WAVE, POWER POP, PUNKY DEEJAYS OF RADIO ONE..
'COURSE WE CAN'T DO A REMEMBER '76/'77 SPOT 'CAUSE IT WOULD SHOW HOW THE CORPORATION HADN'T CHANGED A BIT AND WOULDN'T BROADCAST ANYTHING PRIME TIME THAT WAS REMOTELY CRITICAL OF THE EXISTING SOCIAL & POLITICAL ORDER...
FLLLAAAAAARRRTTT!...
POP!!
BAD AIR
BEMUSED ASIDE..
ARE THESE PEOPLE & YOUR T.V. AND NATIONAL NEWSPAPER HACKS AWARE THAT THEY ARE PART OF THE NATIONAL BRAINWASHING SERVICE, OR ARE THEY AS IGNORANT AS THE AUDIENCE WHO CONSUME THEIR NONSENSE?..

Whatever happened to Richard Hell

JUST OVER a year ago Richard Hell and his re-vamped Voidoids were touring Britain with Elvis Costello, working in new material for an album to be produced by Nick Lowe under the auspices of Col. Jake Riviera. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy, and as things turned out, it didn't.

Hell returned to New York and disbanded his band towards the end of the year, leaving two tracks, 'Time' and 'Don't Die', as their final testimonial. These have just been released on an EP by *New York Rocker* founding editor Alan Betrock's Shake Records, along with two songs — one a primitive version of 'Love Comes In Spurts' — from an early demo by The Neon Boys, Hell and Tom Verlaine's first band.

The prototype punk intends to keep releasing singles until he can get an "acceptable" album deal, and has been keeping himself out of trouble writing a column for *The East Village Eye,* a sample of which appears on pages 16/17 of this week's *NME.* He also has a 50-page novelette called *The Voidoid* due out from Traveller's Digest Publications later this year, and will soon be seen in his first screen role, co-starring with Carole Bouquet in Ulli Lommel's *Blank Generation.*

ACE SYMBOLIST

Thrills!

HIGH·FIDELITY

F-BEAT RECORDS

B W GETTING MIGHTY CROWDED

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

INITIAL QUANTITY WITH HIGH FIDELITY SLEEVE AND LABEL XX3

12" VERSION WITH EXTRA TRACK CLOWNTIME IS OVER XX3T

RRP £1.60

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ SCREEN DREAM ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Return Of The Son Of Quadrophenia

NOT SATISFIED with the success of *Quadrophenia*, Who manager Bill Curbishley and his partner in the film business, Roy Baird, are to make what they describe as an "extension" of their recent hit, called *Get Off My Cloud* which they say will be "a hard look at swinging England of the 1960s" . . .

And following hard on the heels on the rave review of the Sex Pistols film in *Variety* comes news that Steve Jones and Paul Cook have been signed up by Lou Adler to appear in his new film entitled *All Worked Up*. They will play The Bollock Brothers . . .

Even more outrageous is the news that a Canadian film production company is planning to remake the Brando classic *The Wild One* only this time it will be about a rock band terrorising a small town. The biggest laugh is that the part of the band leader has been offered to Elton John . . . !

Meanwhile Dolly Parton widens her career base by starring alongside Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin in *Nine to Five*, a movie about secretaries, for which she will write three songs . . .

Unemployed Beatle Ringo Starr shortly begins filming with Barbara Bach in *Cave Man* described as a prehistoric comedy . . .

That current favourite Bo Derek of *10* fame has, along with her husband, acquired the rights to Tarzan and they plan to make a movie of it starring themselves . . .

James Cagney fans will welcome the news that the 80-year-old veteran will return to the screen for a small but "important" role in Milos Forman's *Ragtime*, based on the excellent novel by E. L. Doctorow . . .

Also good news is that John Frankenheimer is to direct *Pursuit*, the story of D. B. Cooper who parachuted to fame from a hijacked airliner with a small fortune and is still officially on the loose. Rumour has it that Henry Winkler has turned down the part and Treat Williams, *Hair* star, is now being considered . . .

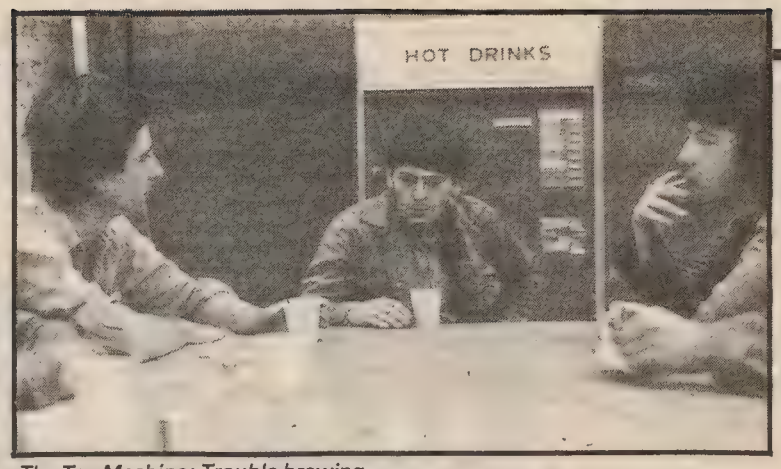
Finally Clint Eastwood continues his on-screen romance with Sondra Locke in his new movie *Bronco Billy* in which he plays the boss of a ramshackle Wild West rodeo staffed by reformed ex-cons, presumably hired from his most recent picture . . .

DICK TRACY

Thrills/

Lowry

"We're going to do a realistic remake of the '50s rock'n'roll movie. Instead of the kids and the old folks settling their differences in the last reel, the music sends the local hoods wild and they hang the sheriff, rob the bank, burn down the church and highschool, rape the local glamour puss, turn the other kids onto dope and everybody dances all over the mayor's grave."



The Tea Machine: Trouble brewing

Make Your Own Movies

REFLECTING the health upsurge of the independent recording business comes a not particularly new, but definitely revived trend towards independent film making. An even more healthier aspect of the celluloid renaissance is its increasing involvement with rock. Apart from the big production jobs (by independent standards) like *Rude Boy* and *Jubilee*, more young filmakers are expressing their dissatisfaction at the mindless tripe being forced upon them at the local bijou.

In the northwest there's the Liverpool Visual Communications Workshop, two releases on Factory films and now, the Manchester Film and Video Workshop, is about to issue *The Tea Machine*, a twenty minute long 16 mil movie with a backing track by Steve Hopkins of John Cooper Clarke's Invisible Girls fame.

Tea Machine was written by Mike Rowe and he plays a major role as Angry, a packing case maker who flips when the tea machine prices go up on the shop floor. The fact that he's actually a real case maker and the film was shot at his factory on Saturdays means that the dialogue, while at times sitting uneasily in the mouths of the largely amateur cast, contains enough realism to get you involved in the story. What is essentially more exciting is that he could get the facilities to make a film at all.

John Compton the director explains, "Mike came along to a meeting we had a few years ago where we were reading and commenting on pieces of writing that had been produced by the group. *The Tea Machine* was a chapter in his novel then, and he read it out and we discussed the idea of making a short film out of it." After a couple of years and several rewrites the project finally got under way at the end of last year, with financial assistance from North West Arts and the Arts Council.

What the Video Workshop offers is the chance for anybody to go along and find out the hows and whys of making a film. If you want their help they have a fully qualified technical team who can do the job for you. If you want to go it alone they can let you hire a full range of cine and video gear at a really cheap rate. One spin off from *The Tea Machine* is the music. It's one of the first totally original scores written for an independent movie in England and Hopkins' tune, entitled 'Tea Machine Dub', which meanders in and out of the film would hold its own as an ordinary single, as well as a soundtrack recording.

With more projects lined up, the Workshop hope to start producing material of more interest than the standard 'socially aware' *cinema verite* style that bogged down independent productions in the '70s.

Support your local Workshop, you might be the new Roger Corman.

C P LEE

SQUEEZE

THE NEW ALBUM
ARGYBARGY
INCLUDING THE HIT SINGLE ANOTHER NAIL IN MY HEART

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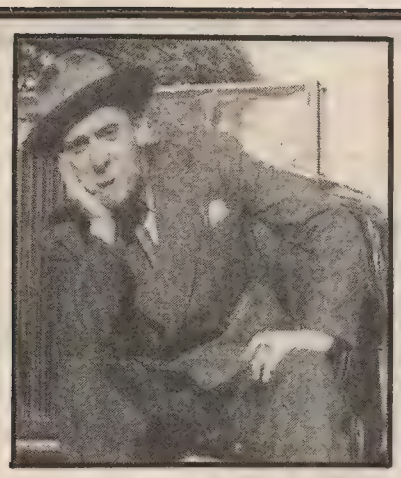


Fact or Fiction . . .?

WELCOME back to a brand new series of *Thrills'* top-rated family quiz show . . . *You're Putting Me On.* Just answer true or false.
Neither James Osterberg nor Elvis Presley have ever appeared on the Ed Sullivan show from the waist down!
Emperor Haile Selassie wore make-up and had a chihuahua called Lulu.
Marc Bolan did not drown in a Paris bath-tub in the early '70s.
Sting is a natural blonde.
Bob Geldof will not allow a mirror in his house.
King Crimson had a strong skinhead following until Greg Lake left.
Hank Marvin used to smear his chest with peanut butter on stage.
Jake Riviera used to be an art student.
Gary Numan is unhappy about his complexion.
Lemmy once took speed.
Stiff supremo Dave Robinson says: The only good musician is a hungry musician.

Thrills

Eagles drive man to desperation!

A 28-year-old Texan truck driver called Joseph Paul Rivera recently attempted what has to be history's very first hi-jacking of a record company. The distraught trucker walked into the New York offices of Elektra Records and demanded to see either Jackson Browne or the Eagles, whom he seemed to believe would give him $2500.00.

Rivera needed the money to get his truck back which had been stolen by a friend while he was in hospital recovering from a mugging.

The receptionist sympathised with his problems but pointed out that the stars he mentioned were not available at that time. Elektra didn't actually keep their top acts stashed in the New York office.
When he heard the bad news Rivera pulled out a gun fired a shot into the ceiling and grabbed office manager, Ruth Manne as a hostage.

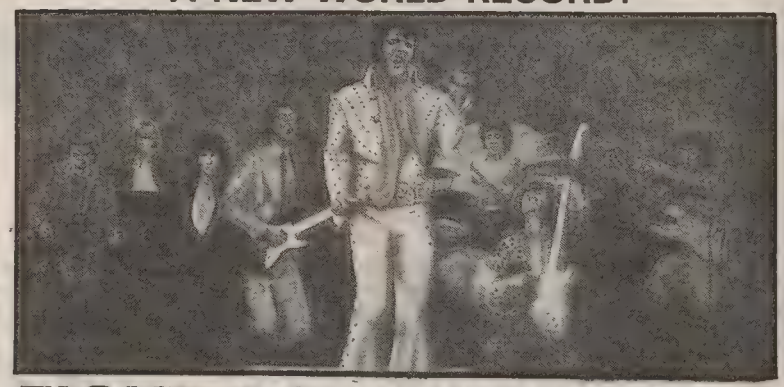
Fearing a full scale siege was breaking out, police contacted Radio Station WPLJ for their cooperation. At just before 1.45 disc jockey, Jimmy Fink put on the Eagles' 'Desperado', with the introduction "This is a desperate trucker".

And as soon as he heard the lines *"Desperado why don't you come to your senses you've been out riding fences",* Rivera burst into tears and handed his .32 calibre pistol to Ms Manne. He was later charged with kidnapping, unlawful possession of a weapon and endangerment.
Being an outlaw ain't what it used to be.

MICK FARREN

Thrills

A NEW WORLD RECORD!



EIGHT ROCK CORPSES EXPLOITED IN ONE GO!

"A GALACTIC supernova is an exploding star which exerts tremendous force and displays immense brightness prior to its demise and disappearance into outer space," it says here. Just fancy that. 'Supernova' is also the title of a record and projected musical heading for London's famous West End in which well known dead rock stars are seen through the eyes of its central character Rudi Crescent (!) "in an attempt to reflect the very real pressures that face top artists in the music world" (ie death).

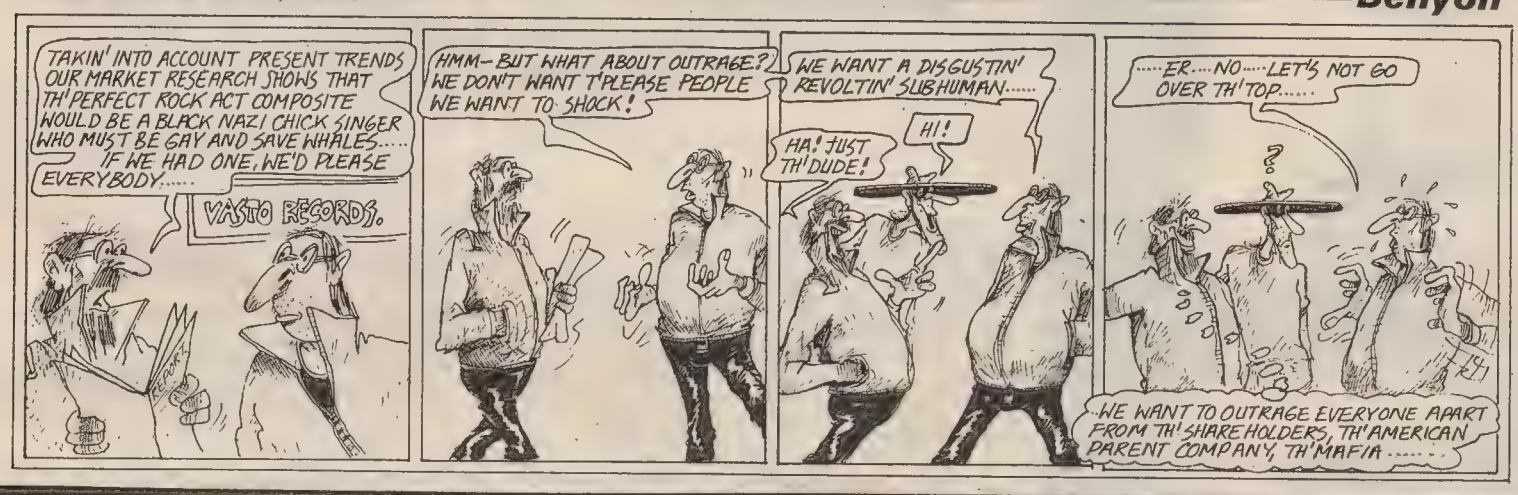
The instigators of this remarkably tasteless project (at least if it had been in *bad* taste it could have been funny) are Dave Montague (label boss of Circular Records) and journalist Linda Mascolo. They seem to have taken the most hackneyed musical and biographical details from the lives of Brian Jones, Eddie Cochran, Hendrix, Morrison, Holly, Bolan, Moon and Presley, trussed them together without sequence, rhyme or reason and regurgitated a package of notable tedium.

Mr Montague politely countered *Thrills* suggestion that 'Supernova' bore no relation whatsoever to these dead persons' reality by insisting that each song represented a time and style which members of the public would decide upon. Speaking as a member of the public I can only vouchsafe that a lyric (supply your own tune) which runs *"I got a dinosaur in my closet/And I'm really getting down because it"* is unlikely to pack 'em in the aisles — and that's one of the good ones.

On the evidence of this record, the whole project is trite, sentimental and naive and doomed to failure by the absurdity of its subject matter. And the remaining lyrical gems couldn't find a space on the outgroove of National Lampoon's infinitely more relevant 'Lemmings'. Buy that instead, necrophiliacs. This one hasn't even got a Paul McCartney song.

BROTHER DUANE

The Lone Groover — Benyon


TAKIN' INTO ACCOUNT PRESENT TRENDS OUR MARKET RESEARCH SHOWS THAT TH' PERFECT ROCK ACT COMPOSITE WOULD BE A BLACK NAZI CHICK SINGER WHO MUST BE GAY AND SAVE WHALES..... IF WE HAD ONE, WE'D PLEASE EVERYBODY.....
VASTO RECORDS.
HMM—BUT WHAT ABOUT OUTRAGE? WE DON'T WANT T'PLEASE PEOPLE WE WANT TO SHOCK!
WE WANT A DISGUSTIN' REVOLTIN' SUBHUMAN.....
HA! JUST TH' DUDE!
HI!
.....ER....NO....LET'S NOT GO OVER TH' TOP.....
?
WE WANT TO OUTRAGE EVERYONE APART FROM TH' SHAREHOLDERS, TH' AMERICAN PARENT COMPANY, TH' MAFIA .....

BEGGAR'S PRICE 3·65

Angelic Upstarts We Gotta Get Out Of This Place

BEGGAR'S PRICE 3·80

Motors Tenement Steps

BEGGAR'S PRICE 3·68

Chris Rea Tennis

NEW RELEASES THIS MONTH

THE COLUMN TO WATCH FOR TOP SELLING NEW RELEASES

Artist	Title	Company	Cat No	BEGGARS PRICE
WEEK ENDING APRIL 4TH				
Angelic Upstarts	We Gotta Get Out Of This Place	Warner Brothers	K56806	£3.65
Genesis	Duke	Charisma	CBR101	£3.60
Motors	Tenement Steps	Virgin	V2151	£3.80
Carl Palmer (ELP)	1PM	Ariola	ARL5048	£3.45
Chris Rea	Tennis	Magnet	MAGL5032	£3.68
Saxon	Wheels Of Steel	Carrere	CAL115	£3.65
Chrome	Red Exposure	Beggars Banquet	BEGA15	£3.65
Gerry Rafferty	Snakes & Ladders	United Artists	UAT30298	£3.95
WEEK ENDING APRIL 11TH				
Fabulous Thunderbirds	What's The Word	Chrysalis	CHR1287	£2.80
Humble Pie	On To Victory	Jet	JETLP231	£3.64
Ian Hunter	Welcome To The Club (Double)	Chrysalis	CJT6	£4.15
UK Subs	Brand New Age	Gem	GEMLP106	£3.20
WEEK ENDING APRIL 18TH				
Magazine	The Correct Use Of Soap	Virgin	V2156	£3.80
Members	1980 The Choice Is Yours	Virgin	V2153	£3.80
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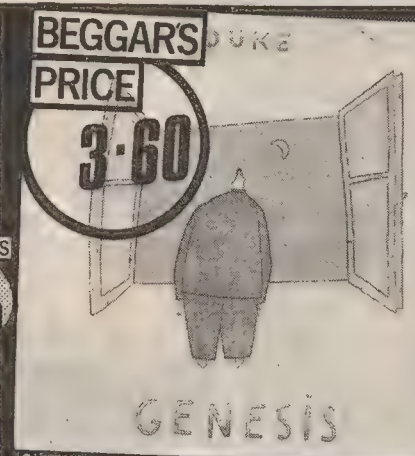

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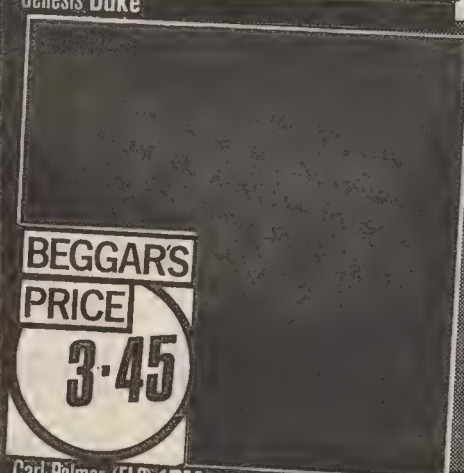
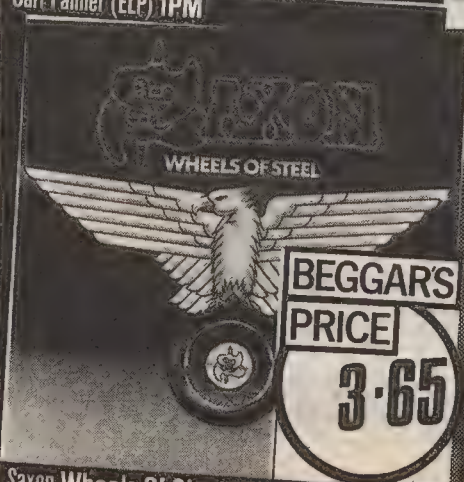


Carl Palmer (ELP) 1PM



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These days Richard Hell doesn't talk to journalists. Instead, he writes.

In particular, he writes a regular column for the New York alternative paper 'East Village Eye'.

Hell's column, 'Slum Journal', doesn't usually concern itself with music. But last month, in the feature reprinted below, Richard Hell turned briefly to a subject close to his heart: the story of punk and the way he believes lazy journalists have put a twist in the tale.

". . . the journalist declared, in three columns, that the Investigator, Erik Lonrott, had dedicated himself to studying the names of God in order to come across the name of the murderer. Lonrott, accustomed to the simplifications of journalism, did not become indignant."

—Jorge Luis Borges
"Death And The Compass"

MY MOTIVES for becoming a columnist for the *East Village Eye* were largely created by my experience as an aspiring public figure, rock and roll variety. After seeing the music writers in action, I wanted (and still want) to be able to talk about them and back to them without having to talk *to* them. But then I kept putting off writing about them until now for fear it would seem like sour grapes, and because the lies were probably no greater in proportion to the positive and flattering 'news' than in gossip on a neighbourhood level.

Still, there is at least one thing about the processes of journalism that I'm sure is worth pointing out: namely that, at least in music writing, half of the material printed is untrue. I've sworn to ignore them, but, at the risk of looking as bad as they do, I've got to get all this off my chest before aspiring to Erik Lonrott's calm.

The clearest example of the phenomenon in this case, and most controversial, is my role as an originator of many traits that became identified as 'punk' or 'new wave'.

The fact is that London punk was copied from New York punk in 1976. English punk was created in that year when Malcolm McLaren tutored his associate in the clothing business, Bernard Rhodes, and the two bands they immediately formed, The Sex Pistols and The Clash, in the styles which Malcolm brought back to England from me (Television) and The New York Dolls (who were already famous there). The only strong stylistic trait of the two British groups that wasn't taken directly from the Dolls — their sound, primarily — or me was their political emphasis, which was Malcolm's speciality. (When he managed the Dolls for the last six or eight months before they broke up, he dressed them all in red leather and had them play before a giant Communist flag backdrop.)

Now, none of this is difficult to establish, and this is not to give it much weight, but it's the sort of petty subject that fascinates journalists, and I resent the large number of obnoxious and embarrassing (untrue and/or out of context) lines they've written in discussing it. Virtually none of these writers care about writing the truth or making the simplest fact check because they know that their readers will accept any statement they see in a newspaper or magazine as fact if the writer presents it as such.

If a passing sentence says Hell started ripping his shirts in imitation of the pictures he found in English fan magazines, as a writer named Cynthia Heimel wrote in *New York* magazine a few weeks ago, a reader will believe it without question. The writers, knowing this, use the papers to present their opinions and attitudes in the guise of the truth by fabricating entire sets of information to support their theses. All that would have been necessary from Heimel, for instance, was a phone call. (She might have been referred to *Punk* magazine #3 of April 1976 that contains an interview and photos of me wearing ripped and safety-pinned T-shirts made a year before the first English punk groups were manufactured.)

The point is that the writers don't care because they know how intimidating newsprint is to the ordinary reader.

One would think that New York (if not American) chauvinism would weight at least local writers toward those particular facts, but they are so astonishingly petty that a different kind of pride interfered: the Heimel type is so intent on seeming to be among the avant chic that she has to pretend to be a real punk-initiate, a real insider, by picking out others to describe as derivative. It's really disgusting and happens every day.

FOR THE RECORD, and in chronological order, the groups that established the characteristics that soon became identified as new wave, and who predated Malcolm's single contribution of an overt political message, were The New York Dolls (the bridge from the previous era and most responsible for the sound that became known as punk), Television (while I was in it), The Ramones, Patti Smith, and then also Blondie, The Talking Heads, and The Heartbreakers. All these groups existed before any English punk, which was modeled on them.

Television was the turning point. I originated virtually all the visuals — haircut, torn (via Patti) and safety-pinned clothes, '50s suits with loosened ties, leather jackets (which The Ramones soon improved on), and shirts with scattered geometrical shapes (initiated by Verlaine) and personal messages drawn on them (the first being "please kill me" which Richard Lloyd was talked into wearing at Max's one night).

The first English punks also lifted a lot of ideas from such things as *Punk* magazine and our songs, such as '(I Belong To The) Blank Generation' (soon to become 'Pretty Vacant'), 'Love Comes in Spurts', 'I Don't Care', and 'You Gotta Lose', which were performed regularly at CBGB by Television in the same pre-British period. All of this is documented in the New York press of 1974–75.

(I will insert a little overt advertisement here.) This whole subject arose again in part because I've been working on a four song EP that contains two of those early songs. They were incredibly chaotic, hard-driving rock and roll songs (music by a different Verlaine than later recorded), influenced mainly by The Velvet Underground and the sort of American punk of the late '60s that was made by the groups on Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' album, like The Standells, The Shadows of Knight, The Seeds, etc., and The Stooges. The other main line, at least for me (I got most of my music education from Verlaine), was the mid-'60s English Invasion of The Beatles, Them, The Who, The Kinks, The Rolling Stones, and The Yardbirds (and the '50s rock and roll that comprised half of all those groups' repertoire).

We've recently finished re-mixing two of the tracks that Verlaine and I recorded in 1973 with Billy Ficca on drums in a four-track basement studio in Brooklyn. They've just been issued on Alan Betrock's new Shake Records as an extended play 45 with two new songs: 'Don't Die' and 'Time' by me and the Voidoids on one side and 'Love Comes in Spurts' (no resemblance, outside of the title, musically or lyrically, to later recorded versions) and 'That's All I Know (Right Now)' by The Neon Boys on the other.

These latter songs were the dying words of the group we called The Neon Boys, which lived maybe six months altogether. It was my first group, my first attempt to play bass, and my first visit to a studio (we never reached the point of playing in public). A few months after we made the tape, Terry Ork brought us Richard Lloyd and we formed Television with The Neon Boys material for a repertoire. But in a real way they were the first modern punk

Hell in London, the endless winter of '78/9. Pic: Pennie Smith

"I WAS ROBBED!"

Or: How I Invented Punk Rock

By Richard Hell

songs recorded; The Dolls are the only other contenders.

As I was saying, I began writing for this paper in order to have some public access without having to speak to journalists. I had decided to start my music career over with the benefit of what I had learned. This applied to my relationship with music papers as well. I had originally planned to stop dealing with them altogether and use this space instead (though this is the first time I've written about music). Since then, in order not to seem to be causing myself and record companies that invest in me pointless harm, I've modified this to say I'll answer in writing any inquiries from commercial papers at the rate they give their other journalists. Of course, I don't expect this to happen very often and so I'm going to use this opportunity to get these arguments about the past out of the way and onto the record for good.

The order that the events occurred is a matter of record, though there may be some disputing of exactly how and why things happened this way — I give my explanation.

NEW WAVE music was carried in its entirety from New York to London by Malcolm McLaren and The Ramones. The Ramones, by touring in 1976, and Malcolm, by bringing the news of Television and our styles and attitudes to the kids he attracted with copies of my clothes to his clothing store in London, SEX. (As well as on the racks, he had the *Punk* interview mentioned above hanging on the walls there when he was recruiting the members of the Pistols).

We had deliberately started a scene in New York (1974-75) by convincing Hilly Kristal, the owner of CBGBs, a Hell's Angel and wino hangout on the Bowery to let Television present live music there every Sunday night. Like the Dolls at the Mercer Arts Centre, we figured that was the best strategy for acquiring a following.

It worked, and The Ramones soon formed (we knew Dee Dee) and started playing there. Patti Smith, who was still reading poetry with ten-minute interludes of electric guitar accompaniment from Lenny Kaye, wrote about us in *Hit Parader* and soon was playing there as her band expanded. We were being written about in the newly founded *SoHo News, Interview* and the *Voice,* getting the same kind of coverage in N.Y. as The Velvet Underground or Dolls had.

But as the scene grew it looked more influential than that, and as short-haired and unpracticed driven new groups formed, *Punk* magazine appeared and, just when Malcolm, then the Dolls' manager, turned up and began hanging out at CBGBs, independent records began to be pressed. But it was still confined to New York City, which was the advantage Malcolm had.

The great advantages of England for good new rock and roll are: one, that it's taken as seriously by the U.S. press as our own charts, and two, that because the whole place isn't much bigger than New York, news travels fast there and similar events gain the importance for the whole nation as would be given them by the local press in a city the size of New York. In other words, the number one new group in London is not only necessarily the #1 in Britain (even The Beatles moved there quickly), but is considered by Americans to be the equivalent of American national news here. (I'm glad that this was true because it greatly benefited the scene here and good rock and roll everywhere, but it is the phenomenon responsible for the spectacle of American asshole journalists trying to look like they belong with the hipsters on the bandwagon they hopped by means of pontifications on the authenticity of the styles they're trying so desperately to adopt.)

It's amazing how much looser the British national press is than ours. The most influential music papers are the London weekly tabloids — *New Musical Express, Sounds,* and *Melody Maker* — that operate for the whole country with the flexibility of a neighbourhood newspaper.

They got *here* long before our own national press. I have the clipping from when *NME's* Nick Kent, who had heard about us from Malcolm, did about three pages with pictures on me just as we were getting The Heartbreakers off the ground in early '76 (issue of March 27), that described the whole scene in minute detail, bemoaning the lack of such fertility in Britain with these words:

"The immediate ramifications of this burgeoning N.Y. rock scene were actually felt by yours truly on his immediate return to the Old Country by simply noting the shocking lack of any new bands playing parallel London venues to CBGBs and the like who even seemed aware that rock and roll could be something more than a mindlessly competent regurgitation of old licks. The fact is that just about every band with the marked exception of the unique and very wonderful Roogalator and also, possibly, The Sex Pistols (themselves a rather obvious New York consciousness band who fortunately anchor this pitch firmly within their Shepherd's Bush origins and outlook), seem totally unwilling to even dare commit themselves to commenting on their environment, to develop a decently relevant attitude to current times. In the final analysis, this whole New York thing — this new perspective — by rights should not be confined to the incestuous precincts of downtown Manhattan. It should be usurped absolutely everywhere new rock 'n' roll is being shaped and formed." (This was one of the first mentions of the Pistols in print.)

Well, he got his wish, but I wouldn't be surprised if that particular article is what got him chain-whipped by Sid a little later.

The first few English groups were very self-conscious about their origins because so much of their notoriety was due to what seemed so astoundingly unique about them (while they knew that there existed a few local travellers who'd seen where they'd copped their act). They vehemently put down all things American ('I'm So Bored With The U.S.A.' by The Clash) and particularly New York ('New York' by The Sex Pistols) in public. (England today is so derivative of the U.S. that it's practically a diluted version, which understandably enrages the kids, but it's pretty ironic that they rallied behind these musical expressions that were made partly to disguise their own U.S. origins).

But privately, the first times I met both Glen Matlock and Sid Vicious they each surprised me by insisting on continuously apologising for the theft of specific riffs and ideas I hadn't even noticed they'd used.

But it is the media people who are the villains — ideas are public property, they were meant to draw attention anyway, and you can come up with as many more as you need to replace the ones that get worn.

The very largest of the American papers, including the ones like *Rolling Stone* that supposedly specialise in music, are the ones that invariably begin their essays into 'punk' with the blanket statement that it originated in England, often followed by a few overt thrusts at denigrating the supposedly secondhand American counterparts. That is insulting. They do it out of a stronger self-interest than chauvinism: the hope of looking competent as journalists, which prevents them from admitting they were two years behind the news when they read about it in the British press. They move so slowly because, unlike their colleagues there, they are huge and therefore extremely conservative, using other freer journalists as their sources rather than the actual news events.

It's also an insult to the large number of American rockers who have been misled by it into thinking that they got their culture secondhand.

I think I've just about gotten this out of my system, and I hope it will have an effect on the way you read these papers. Even straight interviews, or maybe *especially* interviews, since they appear, with their quotation marks and all, to be so certainly legitimate.

Finding the truth in a newspaper article is about as easy as guessing the title of an abstract expressionist painting. I know how hard it is to be aware of — I still can't help forming opinions on the basis of newspaper 'information'. And in the long run one can't help being affected by it.

But do be sceptical, because the effects of untrue information from trusted establishments can have the nastiest effects on its subjects. For instance, the rumour the FBI has admitted to starting, and which the press promulgated, concerning Jean Seberg (whose stillborn baby was falsely rumoured to have been black) that eventually led to her suicide. A doubly uncountable number of such journalistic crimes, and many many more with effects of lesser atrocity, are never exposed. The writers know denials just emphasise the issue while making the accused look foolish. In fact the papers have such power they should be legally forced to supply on demand the proof of any statement they make that's not preceded by the words, "in my opinion," or an attribution, in the same way politicians have to report the sources of their income.

To close out I'll make one more clarification: that I'm an appreciator of lots of modern British groups (particularly the earliest ones' latest music) and could have spent these paragraphs admiring their famous variations on our theme, but obviously that wasn't my purpose, and I'll be glad to return next issue to subjects and aims more conducive to good writing than music-industry criticism.

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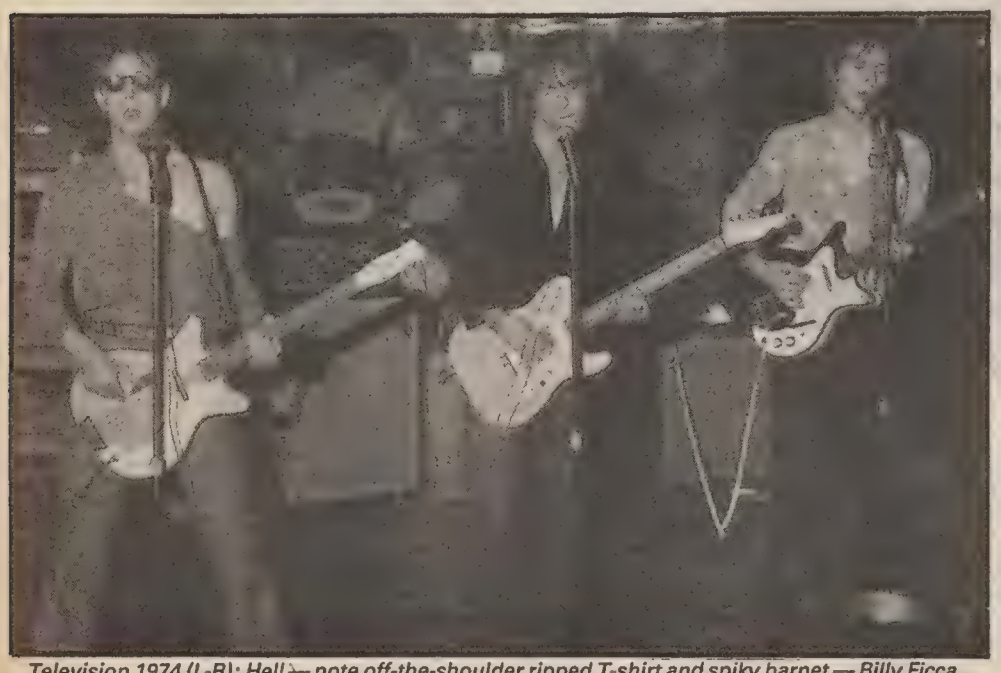

Television 1974 (L-R): Hell — note off-the-shoulder ripped T-shirt and spiky barnet — Billy Ficca, Richard Lloyd, Tom Verlaine. Pic: Bob Gruen.

Richard Hell

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SINGLES

Above: The Motown family, March '65

Reviewed by Tony Parsons

The most rereleased catalogue of all

BLONDIE: Call Me (Chrysalis). Theme from the Paramount Picture *American Gigolo* and fully-fledged flatulent wallyhood for the wet man's Barbara Windsor. Heads down, no nonsense, mindless Blondie; bang Giorgio on the wall. Moroder's second foray into HM — it'll take more than an apologetic synthesizer and a verse in Francoise *Mind Your Language* Pascal French to pull the sleeveless denim jacket over my eyes — and decidedly tepid it is, too, after the brawny glory of Donna Saxon's 'Hot Stuff'.

'Call Me' has a deaf aid firmly pressed to the floor; the transformation of strobe sister Debbie circa the American Number One 'Heart Of Glass' to the hairy-chested Harry here was undoubtedly prompted by the phenomenal success in Blondie's fatherland of those Heavy Metal meat-eating maidens Pat Benatar and Ellen Foley. Back in the old country those two have got so much platinum on the walls that they make Blondie look like Wreckless Eric. Well, it must gall them something awful, mustn't it? And, if nothing else, Blondie have always been "with-it" — some of us can remember the Deb of a few years back proclaiming, *"Remember* — we're not punk, we're power pop".

Old folk trying to move with the times. It reminds me of the flairs that my uncles wear.

RAMONES: Do You Remember Rock 'N' Roll Radio? (Sire). The sow's ear remains the same, despite the non-producing production credit of Phil Spector. How little does a person have to do to stop being your hero? I'd always have rather had one of his pictures to some of his product anyhow — that's the way it is with heroes. Magic,

SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES: The Tears Of A Clown/Tracks Of My Tears
● SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES: Going To A Go-Go/Whole Lot Of Shakin' In My heart/Yester Love
● JNR. WALKER AND THE ALL STARS: Road Runner/Shotgun
● MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS: Heatwave/Dancing In The Street
● MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS: Jimmy Mack/Third Finger, Left Hand
● MARVIN GAYE: Too Busy Thinking About My Baby/Wherever I Lay My Hat
● MARVIN GAYE: I Heard It Through The Grapevine/Chained
● MARVIN GAYE: I Heard It Through The Grapevine/DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES & THE TEMPTATIONS: I'm Gonna Make You Love Me
● MARVIN GAYE & KIM WESTON: It Takes Two/It's Got To Be A Miracle (This Thing Called Love)
● FOUR TOPS: Walk Away Renee/You Keep Running Away
● FOUR TOPS: I Can't Help Myself/It's The Same Old Song
● FOUR TOPS: Reach Out, I'll Be There/Standing In The Shadows Of Love
● THE CONTOURS: Just A Little Misunderstanding/First I Look At The Purse
● ISLEY BROTHERS: Behind A Painted Smile/This Old Heart Of Mine (Is Weak For You)
● ISLEY BROTHERS; This Old Heart Of Mine (Is Weak For You)/There's No Love Left
● THE ELGINS: Heaven Must Have Sent You/Stay In My Lonely Arms
● MARY WELLS: My Guy/What's Easy For Two Is So Hard For One
● JIMMY RUFFIN: Farewell Is A Lonely Sound/I Will Never Let You Get Away
● JIMMY RUFFIN: What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted/MARV JOHNSON: I'll Pick A Rose For My Rose
● THE MARVELETTES: When You're Young And In Love/The Day You Take One (You Have To Take The Other)
● R. DEAN TAYLOR: There's A Ghost In My House/Let's Go Somewhere
● EDWIN STARR: Stop Her On Sight (S.O.S.)/Headline News
● EDWIN STARR: Agent Double O Soul/Back Street
● EARL VAN DYKE: 6 By 6/All For You
● FRANK WILSON: Do I Love You (Indeed I Do)/Sweeter As The Days Go By
● BARBARA RANDOLPH: I Got A Feeling/Can I Get A Witness/You Got Me Hurtin' All Over
● YVONNE FAIR: It Should Have Been Me/You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover
● THE VELVELETTES: Needle In A Haystack/He Was Really Saying Somethin'
● MICHAEL JACKSON: Ben/MARVIN GAYE: Abraham, Martin and John
● DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES: Baby Love/Stop! In The Name Of Love (All Motown).

Baby, baby, baby, let me run my fingers through your sleeves. . .Motown is the only record label in the world worth feeling affectionate about. Other outfits have had more taste and less cliches but none have given such sustained JOY!! and I'm having to restrain myself from saying that that's what it's all about. What other inanimate object broke your heart so sweetly and so many times? I was born with Presley in the house but this was the first music I ever loved. I could quibble about some of the choices for re-release but I'm way too won over to use this megaphone to split processed hairs.

Motown got sneered at circa the late '60s and early '70s because it found going cabaret preferable to going underground. Sure they put out plenty of dross but — quite right, too! Who said you have to be a cult status commercial pratfall just because you're black? All those Uncle Tom Blandly accusations are prissy and racist — *nobody* has released a greater ratio of monsters to insignificants than Motown.

Motown was the optimum jukebox, on a higher plane than the rest, and if you didn't want in then you had to have a heart made of unset blancmange. Motown irretrievably blurred the line between pop and soul — talk about transcendental mediation — with music that was as carefully crafted as it was irrestistible, that displayed an astute fiscal fitness acumen surpassed only by the consistently concise and contagious excellence in the grooves. Motown: synonymous with infectious, ingenious ingenuity; The Sound Of Young America. You heard it in the UK and zing went the strings of you pop sensibility. Motown was the one that the others would have to match.

Smokey Robinson — a windpipe that you could cut glass with and word-wielding powers that made Percy Bysshe Shelley look like Judge Dread. . .the yearning and sass of the All Stars. . .the steaming revelry of the Vandellas. . .the relentlessly tuneful, tremulous crack-ups of the Isleys. . .the hammy urgency of the Tops. . .the Velvelettes, making feisty, finger-clicking cynicism seem like a virtue. . .and all those one hit wonders, so many faded sepia-coloured photographs. . .either I'm too sentimental or this must be Motown.

Let me hear you say yeah, but I've got them all already. If not, then you're about due for either a special treat or a wreath.

mythical moments like Spector on the David Susskind *Open End* show in the early '60s with balding, big band DJ William B. Williams and his fellow fogie the sagging Susskind DARING to try to humiliate the First Tycoon of Teen, the Godfather of Jerry Dammers, by reciting his lyrics with a smirk and saying why didn't he make *real* music, *good* music — and Spector turns on them, cuts them up, asks Williams why doesn't he play good music on *his* show, and starts rattling off names at them ("Monteverdi?, A. Scarlatti? D. Scarlatti? That's 'good' music, why don't you play that, hmmm? Oh, you never heard of them, huh?"), finally leaving the atrophied geeks with their heads reeling and tongues lolling silent. Moments like that mean more to me than the entire ropey Ronettes catalogue with the weedy, ridiculously overrated 'River Deep, Mountain High' stuck on top ever could.

Just like Eddie — the *idea* of Cochran is infinitely preferable to the actuality. Malcolm of the Ants understood that once. Only once because, obviously, if he still understood it he wouldn't be of the Ants. This record is Chris Montez meets Madame Tussaud. The Ramones, I presume. But mine eyes are dry. Ripped down the poster years ago, Phil.

RICHARD HELL: Don't Die/Time (Shake). The CBGB's Class of '76 have certainly come a long way. Yet none have trod such a nihilistic slippery slope as Sick Dick. Strange to think that he started out sharing the same changing closet as Blondie and The Ramones. Blondie have such massive commercial appeal, the

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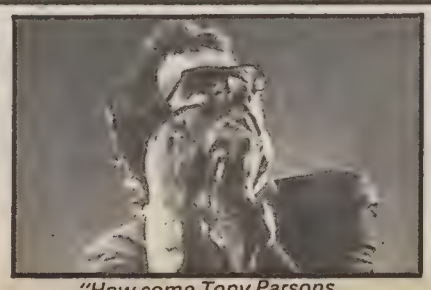
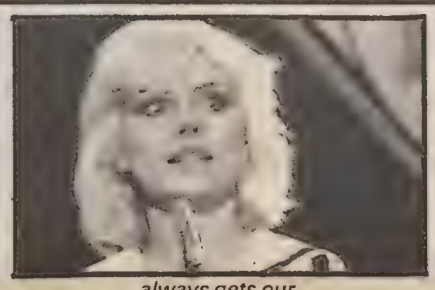
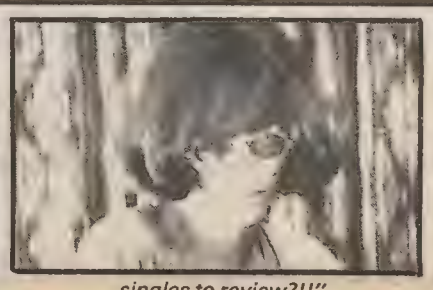


"How come Tony Parsons . . .



. . . always gets our . . .



singles to review?!!"

SINGLES

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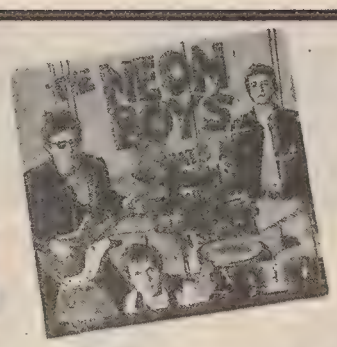

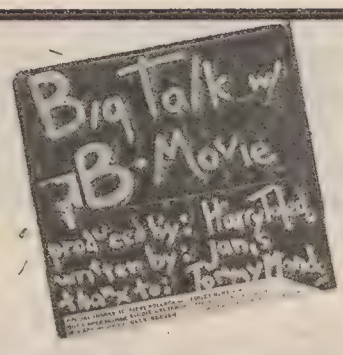

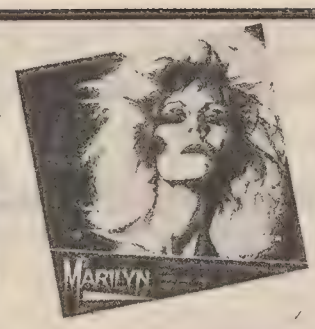

bone-brained brethren have done equally well for themselves in the critical credibility stakes and Richard of the nether regions has done neither. So Blondie get produced by the Dionysus of disco Giorgio Moroder, The Ramones get produced by buried-alive legend Phil Spector and Richard Hell gets what he deserves, a production job by, um, Richard Hell. Here we find Hell weighing in with a nihilistic busman's holiday, sort of a systematic rejection of all beliefs and institutions filtered through 'I Write The Songs'.

THE CHARLIE DANIELS BAND: Uneasy Rider (Epic). Too many Ol' Grandads spoil the 'Motorpsycho Nightmare'.

CARLENE CARTER: Do It In A Heartbeat (Warner Bros). A song written by America's greatest living poet but I'm sure that Nick Lowe stole it from Smokey Robinson somewhere along the line. But my Miracles triple anthology provides no clues; it's just out of reach, that wily old sod. If it wasn't so good-humoured this would be listless. Still, anyone who's married to someone who boasts about how many Germans his dad killed is much more than all right by me.

ELVIS COSTELLO: High Fidelity (F Beat)
CRISPIAN ST. PETERS: You Were On My Mind/Pier Piper (Virgin). Crispian St. Peters' main claim to fame is that he once claimed he was going to be bigger than Elvis without a hint of satire. He was the first person to do this and apparently the last; others appear to have learned from his mistake. These days Crispin makes Simon Dee look like a hot property.

Elvis himself is a changed man these days: rumour has it that as soon as he started flying through the air with a grin and a wire on *Top Of The Pops* (in our house we reckoned it was a kept promise to his pantomime-age son) cocoa plant shares plummeted on the stock market. But we don't want no Stills-noses round here . . .

You've got to admire Costello. He could have played safe and grown richer by being nothing more than a superior Jags. Instead he chose to stick his horn-rims out and become the only person with sufficient ego and guile to plunder '60s soul with the honourable intention of improving on it. Everybody else is content to stick it up on a pedestal, or in a glass case, or hanging from the wall in some museum, just dusting it off and wheeling it out to worship and name-drop in interviews like it was Holy Mary Mother of God instead of the greatest music ever made. Costello doesn't waste it. He might even pull it off. But not here; 'High Fidelity' can't stand up for lolling about, going nowhere. It feels like the wee small hours when you don't feel speedy any more but it's still in your system and you're jaw-clicking sleepless. They should have stuck out the overwhelming 'King Horse'. It could have been his second number one and Berry Gordy Junior would have been round within the hour with the contract and black-face make up.

PATRICK D. MARTIN: Luci' 'Lectric (Deram). Bryan Ferry for basket weavers.

CHEAP TRICK: I'll Be With You Tonight (Epic). Too old for The Knack? Well, steer clear of this one — it has all the slick, sharp, ironic bite of Bon Scott's poltergeist.

THE BEACH BOYS: Oh, Darling (CBS). Wheelchair prints in the sand of some faraway beach; slothful love song with a libido that lacks interest or desire crooned by the nondescript to be bought by the non-existent.

IAN MATTHEWS: Da Doo Ron Ron (Rockburgh). We are stardust, we are golden, and we've got to get back to the spartan camp.

THE RADIATORS: Television Screen/Psychotic Reaction/Enemies/Teenager In Love (Big Beat). Anybody who manages to do a bad version of 'Psychotic Reaction', cuts a cover that makes Dion look like the very last bastion of potent vitality and gets sufficiently hot and bothered about stuff like TV and the music press to write songs about them has got to be a right wally whose first big mistake was giving up that day job. What a Tommy Vance this lot turned out to be.

RAY, GOODMAN AND BROWN: Special Lady (Mercury). *"Pop went the weasel in my mind!"*. Psychedelic! Like something pre-salvation Dylan (I'm not knocking it; Dylan's greatest periods have been (a) when he was on a lot of amphetamine and (b) when he was on a lot of God — and that's the way it should be) would have said about some Uriah Heep of CBS Records & Tapes. What were once The Moments are now The Stylistics of the '80s. This is sublime, a Radox bath for the ear drums, but you can bet your last Kruggerand that they'd be a real pain in the khyber — stop me if I come on too King Billy — without a sturdy song behind them.

SLINKY AND THE EPHS: Temporary Thing (DinDisc). This is Kevin Fitzgerald's favourite record. It's quite a nice dance record but one assumes our kid was drunk in the murky bowels of Eric's with some young lady he likes immensely the first time ever he heard its beat.

DESMOND DEKKER: Israelites (Stiff). Funny, I don't remember it like this. It was slower, fuller, more finely boned and casual. Desmond has been hauled out of somewhere to re-record and anti-climax. Either that or I've lost all sense of time. But it's still a great record. Required listening for anyone whose hair was too long or trousers too short to enjoy themselves in the '60s.

THE WORMS: I Dig The Rain (Local)
THE GALACTIC SYMPOSIUM: Money/Y.M.C.A. (Vague)
THE TOY DOLLS: Tommy Kowey's Car (GBH)
MAGGIE BRITTON: Bright Water (The Songwriters Workshop)
JOHN HARDMAN: Little Comfort In The Night (Gallery)
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS: Books (Merciful)
ZIGGY HEROE: The Apart Man (Crypticks)
GENERAL ACCIDENT: Computer Dating (Quicksilver)
THE DECORATORS: Twilight View (New Hormones)
THE FUNBOY FIVE: Life After Death (Cool Cat Daddy-O)
SKI PATROL: Everything Is Temporary (Clever Metal)
CURTISS A: I Don't Wanna Be President (Twin Tone)
JANIS AND THE BUMBLEBEES: Big Talk (Rip Jack)
MARILYN: Sex Means Nothing When You're Dead (Marilyn). Time was when those lovably independent labels were seen as a ductless gland of flashy integrity that would forever pump an endless stream of 'Spiral Scratch'-standard cottage industry bijoux across the firmament of the music industry. *But. . .*: Marilyn and Janis are Manhattan camp-tack. The former could well be something Warhol left on the side of his plate for Mister Manners when he discovered Arab royalty. She signs off with a devastating *"Sex means nothing when you're dead, DARLINK"*, which is almost worth sitting through the whole song for. Take her home for tea with your mum, Janis writes a great gossip column for *New York Rocker* but unfortunately her warbling is akin to Joan Baez being strangled. Curtiss A get all hysterically unnecessary, sounding as if they're turning down a definite offer of the nomination from both parties down on bended knees.

Next up we have a selection of sounds from the unctuous new underground. You know — those bands that don't really exist beyond life in a parallel universe where figments of Better Badges imagination live in the real world. From A Certain Ratio down to Funboy Five, Ski Patrol and General Accident, these miserable merchants of doom and gloom, dire discordancy and grubby dub are truly not the stuff to make all reactionaries turn on their boot heels and flee. They're just closet-wallies (I saw these people in '77, kid, and they had hair down to their femoral arteries back then) party-pooping at a time when the sharp end of mainstream has never been more pointed (Paul Weller, well-known Clash bassist, now that's what I call a singer-songwriter; he makes me glad The Jam are the only band I ever helped to load their van back in the

■ *Continues page 57*

THE BLACK HOLE starring MAXIMILIAN SCHELL, ANTHONY PERKINS, ROBERT FORSTER, JOSEPH BOTTOMS and YVETTE MIMIEUX and ERNEST BORGNINE.
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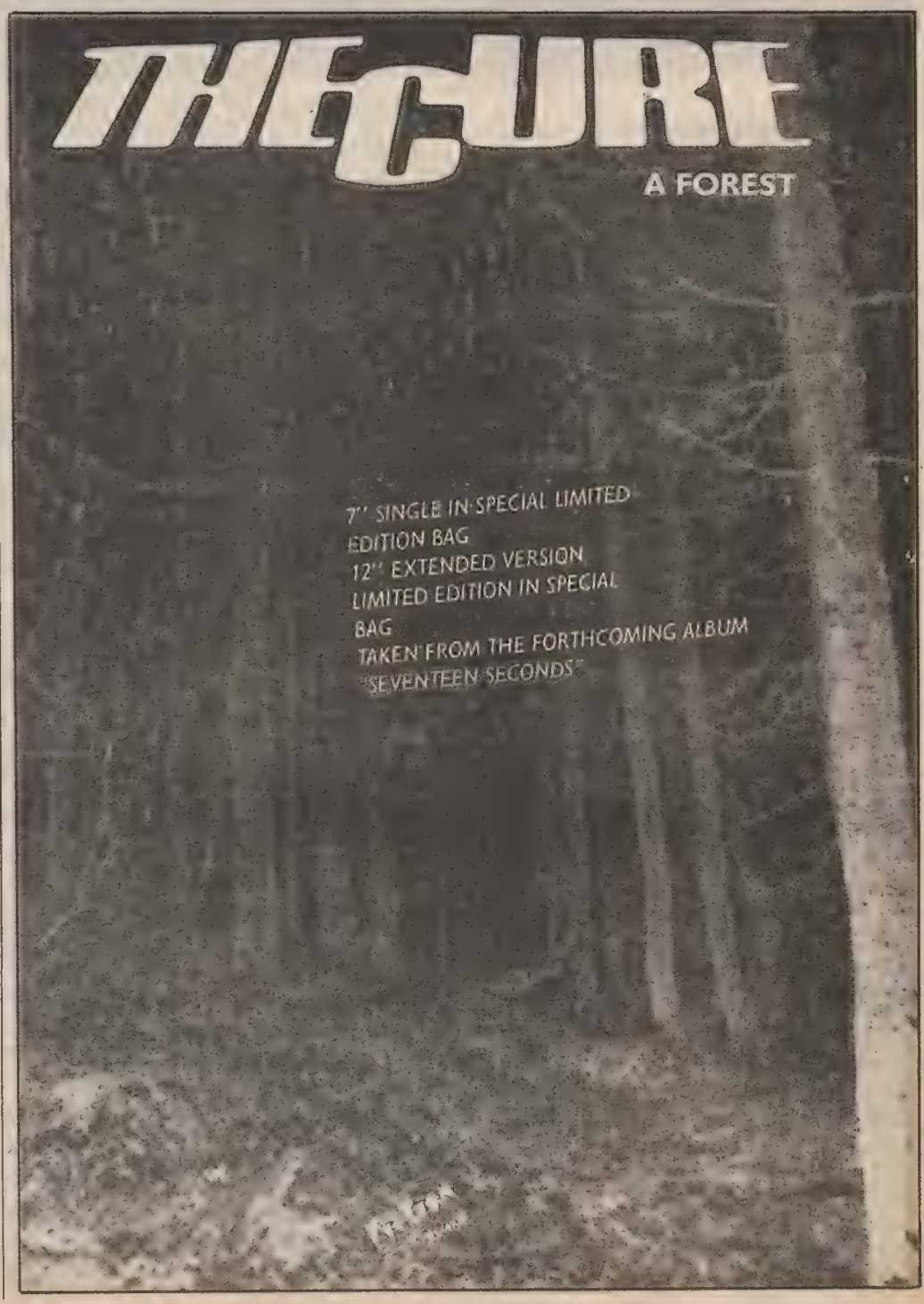
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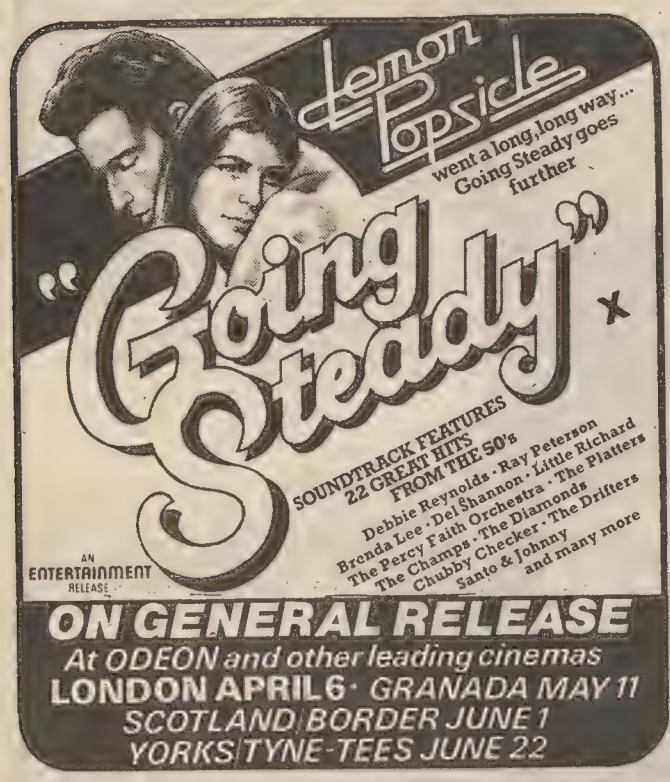
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FROM SUNDAY APRIL 6

Silver Screen

North Dallas Forty

Directed by Ted Kotcheff
Starring Nick Nolte, Mac Davis and Charles Durning
(CIC)

AS PHIL Elliott awakens to the harsh morning sunlight filling his room and slowly heaves his battered body from bed to bathroom, each movement and consequent gasp of pain recalls in slow motion flashback the occasion of each injury.

As he blissfully sinks into a hot bath taking another drag on the first joint of the morning his peace is abruptly shattered by a trio of rednecks who take the bathroom by storm, firing shotguns into the ceiling, and drag our reluctant hero off into the woods.

This is recreation according to the adage the he who works hard plays along the same lines, and for the bruised figure in question it is entirely appropriate. Phil Elliott is a professional ball player and these are some of his friends.

North Dallas Forty is a concrete and effective film about the plight of a disaffected youth who is no longer young nor as disaffected as he was, but whose intuitive sense of truth still lurks among the sacrificial corridors of corporate competition and haunts the ruins of his own ideals.

Physically declining, the armour of beer-swilling, back-slapping male comradeship is also beginning to show the rust, and his colleagues' philosophy ("Hey, we're all whores anyway, we might as well be the best") sounds hollow in his ears.

He seeks solace by moderately flouting the system, smoking dope in the training room while all around him sweating torsos enact a macabre mechanical ballet of muscle and metal, dropping fistfuls of pills stolen from the team's medical cabinet and taking the piss out of the scripture-quoting head coach; safe in the knowledge that he remains the best catcher on the team, arguably indispensable. Then along comes the girl . . .

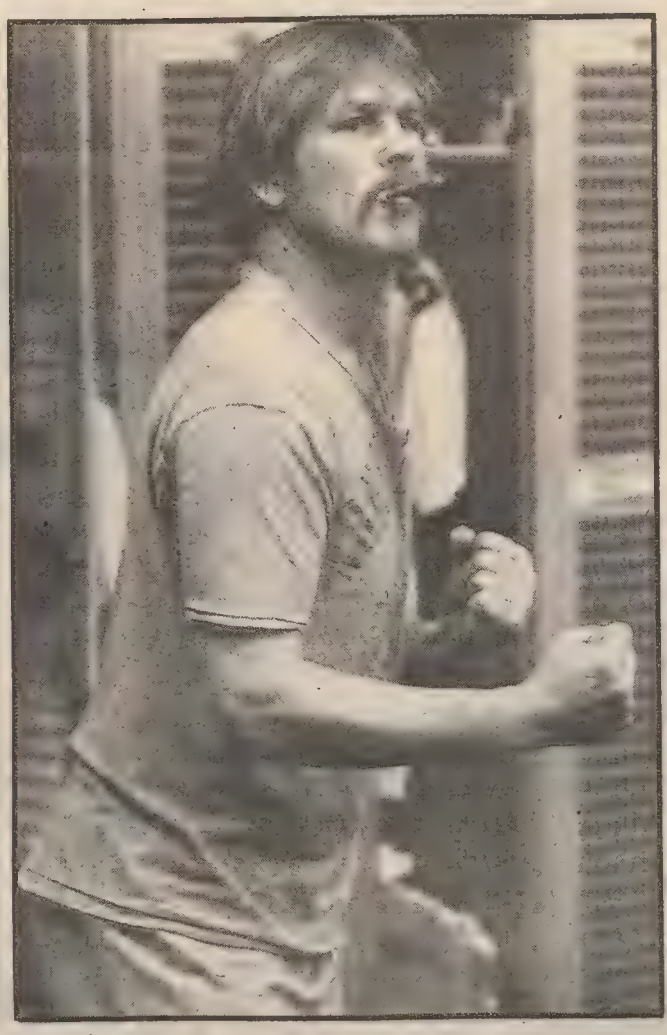
Essentially a film founded on traditional Hollywood values, it nevertheless succeeds in expressing them at least ten steps away from the subjective chauvinism of yore.

Written by an ex-member of the team, the images of large company manipulation and computerised tactics resonate alarmingly. Equally convincing are the games themselves and the extraordinary pre-match scene in which each player psyches himself up into a murderous rage while Elliott's battered, bloated body — literally held together by half a mile of adhesive tape — is pumped full of painkillers.

The movie hits its targets squarely while retaining an honest and ambivalent attitude towards the central character, and it still remains consistently entertaining.

All this, and funny too.

Neil Norman



The funny games people play

And Justice For All

Directed by Norman Jewison
Starring Al Pacino, Jack Warden and John Forsythe
(Columbia)

LIKE a wino savaging his wounds, American commentators can't help but claw at their nation's shortcomings. Always in public and invariably accompanied by the most terrible wailing and breastbeating.

It's common rumour that America is run by lawyers and Italian criminals. Coppola's already had his say with his Mafiosa kinfolk *(Godfather's One* and *Two)*. Now it's the turn of director Norman Jewison who, unkindly perhaps, pitches Al Pacino into the brutal heart of the American judiciary, requiring him to emerge with both the head of his enemy (a deviant judge) as well as his scruples.

Pacino — as incorruptible young lawyer Arthur Kirkland — sets about the task with the kind of remorseless energy associated with modern American theatrics. Sobbing and pummelling his fists at every turn, lurching from one sorry betrayal to the next.

And no wonder he weeps when all about him are insane, corrupt, uncaring, lustful or fatally inefficient.

That Arthur can survive this hopelessly crude world at all is a wonder unto itself. And there's the nub.

Twenty years ago, MGM would have laid on a clean-cut triumph. The evil-doers (decently scaled down) would have been pulverised amidst scenes of wholesome jubilation while any lingering doubts among moviegoers would have been thrust out by the sheer emotional scale of the finale.

Jewison, of course, baits us with a more modest proposition. Does Arthur *want* to survive this incurable filth? Does he even care for his personal victory knowing that such a victory would amount to nought on the large scale?

It's a movie that should have turned the stomach given the subject matters. And sure enough the tell-tale tag lines are all there. Most of them echoing the views of Alexander Solzhenitsyn who

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Jane and Bob and Hoss and ...?

They steal horses, don't they?

three years ago accused the American law business of being concerned not with justice but with serving the letter of the law. If the small print is observed, he said, everyone celebrates, even if the outcome is morally repugnant and plain screwy.

And *Justice* is a screwy film. Too screwy. Instead of providing a measured critique, it attacks with a claw hammer. Every judge is a lunatic, every advocate corrupt and confused. The Ethics Committee is steered by prurient cranks. Pacino's girlfriend is too tall for him. Arthur remains our only hope and even he seems dangerously unstable.

Of course it's a funny film. Fine performances, wacky dialogue, skilful manipulation of the senses by Jewison. What it doesn't do is leave you with feelings of revulsion, or even disquiet. It succumbs instead to the urge to entertain at all times whatever the cost in credibility. You laugh, you cry, and you fall back elated.

I think we've been screwed.

Andrew Tyler

The Electric Horseman

Directed by Sydney Pollack
Starring Robert Redford and Jane Fonda
(CIC)

DIFFICULT to get excited by *The Electric Horseman*, but it's agreeable enough entertainment. Marking something of a minor return to form for director Sydney Pollack — who's not done a lot in the years since *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* and *The Yakuza* — it's a mild, though far from toothless, satire on the American propensity for crass commercialism.

Robert Redford, working with Pollack for the first time since 1972's *Jeremiah Johnson*, is a surprisingly forceful presence as Sonny Steele, a five-time world champion rodeo cowboy who, bruised and battered, has opted for the easy life via a lucrative contract with one of those huge faceless conglomerates. His sunshine features smile out from the nation's favourite cereal box and all he has to do to earn his money is make personal appearances at promo binges done up in a fancy western outfit which makes the Blackpool illuminations look dim. Sonny's so pleased with this arrangement that he's permanently soused.

When a triple Crown-winning thoroughbred stallion, pumped full of sedatives and steroids, is required to jump through the same hoops on behalf of the company, Sonny sobers up and takes off, pursued by an inept police force and a determined TV reporter (Jane Fonda — who'd've thought it?).

Useful performances are also put in by John Saxon (the steely-eyed company big knob) and Willie Nelson (Sonny's imperturbable pal — and yes, he gets to air his tonsils on the sountrack), but Valerie Perrine as yet another huge-boobed dumb hillbilly gal is a bit wearisome.

Using his favoured widescreen format, Pollack makes much of the Utah location's natural grandeur and Owen Roizman's photography is easy on the eye throughout. Similarly, the lackadaisical adventures of the handsome stars are easy on the mind; I found myself drifting along with the movie, seduced by its through good-naturedness.

Not much of a recommendation, granted, and that I like *The Electric Horseman* as much as I did quite shocked me.

Monty Smith

Animalympics

Directed by Steven Lisberger
(Barber Rose)

REAL events have conspired to render this effort entirely redundant. But even without the dubious toing and froing of Thatcher, Carter and co, *Animalympics* would amount to 79 minutes of bland irrelevancy. A product of the lukewarm Hollywood intelligensia who's idea of heavy wit is to pit cartoon beasts against each other on track and field.

Psychological content is nil. Political content is nil. It operates, instead, as mild-mannered spoof of local television sports commentary in the U.S. — a genre that is presumably judged unremittingly hilarious by the Lisberger studio and the likes of 10cc's Graham Gould who provides an album full of songs.

The soundtrack probably deserves a second hearing but indisolubly linked with Byonique Boar, daschund Kurt Wuffner and all the other lizards and crocks at Pawprint Stadium it might never get one.

Andrew Tyler

On The Box

Good Friday April 4
KING OF KINGS: The 'Holiday Matinee' (well that's what they call it) is your standard Hollywood religious epic — lots of breast-baring, soul-searching and unrelieved tedium, even if Rip Torn is Barabbas. Nicholas Ray directed in 1961 (Cecil B. did it all before in 1927, with none of the ludicrously portentous verbiage) and Jeffery Hunter's the handsome Christ. Going to church is probably more fun. **(BBC 2).**

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN: Rather more fanciful theological claptrap in Michael Anderson's whimsical 1968 adaptation of a turgid Morris West potboiler; Russian Pope Anthony Quinn cedes all his Catholic riches to the poor. Also involved in this highly likely tale: Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud and David Janssen as a newspaperman, presumably because he drinks so much. **(ITV all regions).**

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT: Kevin Connor's cut-rate 1974 version of an Edgar Rice Burroughs nonsense has the familiar ingredients — sunk sub survivors roaming a volcanic island replete with hairy apemen, weak-ankled women and puggled, magnified lizards. Doug McClure, John McEnery and Susan Penhaligon grunt what lines there are. **(BBC 1).**

MARNIE: A peculiar Hitchcock — nervous Tippi Hedren as a klepto, Sean Connery unhappily cast as her employer — made in '64 from an inferior Winston Graham thriller. It'll probably look better with hindsight (if not back projection, ha ha) and I'm certainly game to give it another go. **(BBC 2).**

Saturday April 5
SHAFT IN AFRICA: The third of the Shaft flicks has Our Hero going native to scupper a slave-trade outfit. Violent rubbish directed by John Guillermin in 1973, with walking clotheshorse Richard Roundtree as the black Bond, Frank Finlay as the nasty white man. **(ITV London, Anglia and Grampian).**

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?: They certainly do, and they're not very kind to a bunch of '30s marathon dancers either. Sydney *Electric Horseman* Pollack's 1969 version of Horace McCoy's Depression-era novel is stunningly structured, an oppressive, enervating drama which is never too nudgingly a microcosm. A tremendous cast, with wilfully self-destructive Jane Fonda; aimlessly itinerant Michael Sarrazin, smarmily squalid Gig Young, Susannah York, Bruce Dern and Red Buttons all outstanding. **(BBC 2).**

STEELYARD BLUES: Jane Fonda again, here a high-price whore joining forces with car-wrecker Donald Sutherland and loony fantasist Peter Boyle (excellent as Eagle) in a jokey poke at authority. Dully directed by Alan Myerson in 1973, but carried through by the sheer class of the stars. **(BBC 2).**

PLAZA SUITE: Neil Simon's 1971 comedy, directed by Arthur Hiller, notable only for Walter Matthau's virtuoso performances — he's the lead in all three vignettes, as a randy Hollywood producer, a businessman on a second honeymoon and the flustered father of a reluctant bride. **(BBC 2).**

Monday April 7
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT: "Do it big, do it right and give it class," is not only *NME's* dictum, it used to be MGM's. And here's loads of clips from nearly 100 MGM musicals to prove it. It's got to be a laugh, what with Esther Williams poncing about under water and all. Also Sinatra, Kelly, Astaire etc. **(ITV all regions).**

SOME LIKE IT HOT: I don't care how many times you've seen it, Billy Wilder's 1959 classic is still one of the funniest films ever made. Tony Curtis (as Cary Grant) and Jack Lemmon (wetting himself) are the two musicians seeking solace with Marilyn Monroe as they flee Chicago mobsters in the '20s. George Raft, Pat O'Brien and Joe E. Brown are also integral to the pacey fun. All this, and Mike Mazurki too. **(BBC 1).**

THE GREAT WALDO PEPPER: George Roy Hill's 1975 tribute to the barnstorming antics of the post-WWI air circuses is a lot gentler than *The Sting* and *Butch Cassidy*, and probably better for it. Robert Redford, Susan Sarandon and Bo Svenson star amidst the stunts. **(BBC 1).**

Monty Smith

If you see no other film this year, see Kramer vs. Kramer.. ALAN FRANK, DAILY STAR

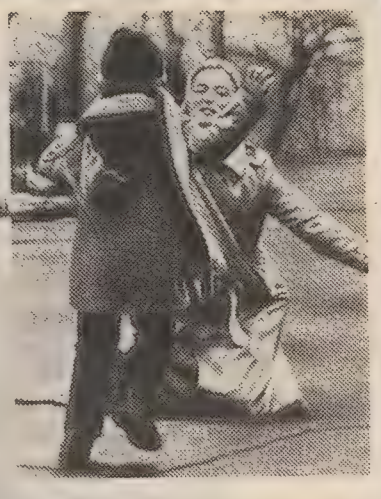
Kramer vs. Kramer is a film that has you reaching for superlatives – DAVID CASTELL, SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Much heralded and marvellous...Dustin Hoffman has never been finer – MADELEINE HARMSWORTH, SUNDAY MIRROR

A memorable event...Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep turn in marvellous performances – ARTHUR THIRKELL, DAILY MIRROR

An often funny and moving film...one is convinced by every scene – ERIC SHORTER, DAILY TELEGRAPH

There are three sides to this love story



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BOWNESS Royalty

TUESDAY APRIL 15
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THURSDAY APRIL 17
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❝ The programme director of Philadelphia's largest radio station extends his hand. "In Europe they kiss," Hynde tells him. "It's so much nicer than shaking someone's clammy hand." The publicist reaches for the Valium. ❞

"Gottle of gear, gottle of gear . . ."

Chrissie Hynde says hello to America. America cuddles up. Fly on the dressing room wall: Richard Grabel

Pix: Joe Stevens (left) and Ebet Roberts

The Talk Of Cherry Hill, New Jersey

THE POST-GIG, backstage ritual is an inevitable, formalised bore from which many artists would give their eye teeth to escape.

The artist sits in the Inner Sanctum of the dressing room like a Delphic Oracle. Publicists play the role of temple priests, ushering supplicants in and out of the Presence.

The supplicants are an elite group — press, radio people, managers of record store chains — and the play usually follows very set rules. Introductions are made, small talk exchanged, congratulations offered; all very predictable.

Tonight, at the Emerald City ballroom in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, it's The Pretenders' turn to play host — and they're expected to put on as good a show here as they just did on stage. Cherry Hill is actually a suburb of Philadelphia, which is a major market, and the local media heavies have got clout.

Chrissie Hynde couldn't seem to care less. She stretches herself out on a couch in the dressing room, twisting her body up into a convoluted ball, rolling her eyes and doing her best to ignore the people being paraded before her.

Ed Sciaky, a big bear of a man who is Programme Director of one of Philadelphia's leading rock radio stations, extends a hand which Hynde refuses to shake. "In Europe they don't shake hands," she explains. "They touch each other, they kiss, they hug. It's so much nicer than shaking someone's clammy hands."

Sciaky stares down at his feet like a chastised schoolboy. This is a man who will decide how many times a day The Pretenders' album will be played on an important radio station. The people from the record company look like they're ready to reach for the Valium.

The other Pretenders are mostly left out of this play of official pleasantries. Guitarist James Honeyman-Scott is off in a corridor talking with Chris Spedding, who joined The Pretenders onstage for the encore 'Stop Your Sobbing'. Drummer Martin Chambers and bassist Pete Farndon have slipped out of sight. Hynde is the one everyone wants to get next to.

IT'S EASY to see how she developed a reputation for petulance, and worse. Members of the press and radio to whom she is introduced are given the most cursory acknowledgements, a word of hello and perhaps a bored stare. Her attention is devoted to some female fans who've managed to get in by dint of local connections and who have taken up seats next to her on the dressing room couch. Their conversation is mostly trivial chatter about clothes, fashion, New York and London. But Hynde clearly prefers it to such weighty matters as thanking DJs for playing her record. Soon, the liggers get tired of being ignored and begin to file out.

As the crowd thins, Hynde becomes more relaxed, and starts spreading her conversation out a little more generously.

"I hate America", says the girl from Cleveland. "I hate the roads — you can't walk anywhere. I hate the music on the radio. It's all mental hospital music, stuff to keep the patients quiet."

Sciaky, the rotund Programme Director, takes exception to this last remark, and a lively argument ensues. Hynde insists that there is no "teenage music" being played on American radio, and that rock and roll should always be teenage music. Sciaky argues that the audience for his station is composed of the "18 to 34" age bracket, the famous sacred cow of American music marketing.

"But rock and roll is a young people's music," Hynde retorts. "It should be music that shakes people up."

"I don't know if our audience is ready for that," Sciaky replies, glumly shaking his head.

A young woman DJ from WYSP, a Philadelphia station that uses a tightly-programmed 'superstar' format, presents an even more reactionary argument. She claims that her listeners only want to hear the music that is already familiar to them, and that they would turn off to most 'new wave' product if she did try to play it. Hynde can hardly believe what she is hearing.

"That's what I'm talking about," she practically yells at the D.J. "That's why it's all mental hospital muzak, something to play on the elevators at Creedmore. It just keeps people in line." The argument leads to an inevitable dead end.

Out in the club, 'Brass In Pocket' comes on the sound system. "I hate this song, it's the worst we've done," Hynde says. "The vocal is too far out front. Whenever I hear that girl singing I want to kick her in the face."

Hynde looks around the room. "I hate it when people have to have their calling cards to get into a place," she says. "Especially when it's something like a guy has some cocaine, so people will let him into someplace like this, and they'll say, 'OK, he can stick around as long as we can use him for his drugs.' And when it's gone it's goodbye."

I ask whether the credentials that got most of us into this room — press and radio affiliations — aren't equally circumstantial and objectionable criteria.

"Sure, sure they are. But it's not as bad as people just using people for what they've got to hand out." Hynde begins going around the room, asking each person how they came to be there. One works for a newspaper, a couple for radio stations, another has a boyfriend who works for a record company. "What about fans?" Hynde wonders aloud and loudly "Isn't anybody just a fan anymore?"

Sure, I say, but there are lots of people being paid to make sure they don't get in here.

"When I was just a fan," Hynde says, "I'd do any kind of thing to get into someplace if I had to. I'd climb up fire escapes, I'd walk in backwards through exits. Don't kids do any of that these days?

"I remember once when I was a kid going to see The Kinks in Cleveland. Ray Davies was my hero, and I really wanted to meet him. So me and a friend sat outside the stage door, waiting for the band to come out. Finally they came out, and I was so embarrassed to be seen sitting there that I hid my head. As they walked by us he dropped his towel — he must have done it deliberately — and he bent down to pick it up, and he turned his head to me and just said 'Hello?' And I was in heaven — all the way home I just kept saying 'Ray Davies spoke to me!'

"I GUESS nobody inspires that kind of devotion anymore."

Despite her professed dislike for her native land, Hynde says she likes the touring life. "Yeah, I feel comfortable living out of a suitcase. I knocked around London for so long without a real place to live, I'm used to it. I've always been a natural traveller."

By now only a small group is left, and we decide to adjourn to the band's hotel for a drink. The bar, though, turns out to be closed, so it's up to the room Hynde and Farndon share for a smoke and a few minutes more idle chatter. Hynde regales us with a tale of her first and only meeting with Warner Brothers head Mo Ostin.

"I was invited to this party in London to hear the new Who album, and Mr and Mrs Ostin were there. Mo was standing there as the album was being played, boppin' his head like this (she demonstrates). So I thought, well, this is the guy who runs the whole show, I better introduce myself. So I stroll up and offer my hand and say, 'Hi, I'm Chrissie Hynde', a real brash and bold American. And I know his son, Kenny, so I told him, 'Oh I took good care of little Kenny when he was over here,' and I said it in a sort of insinuating way. And from behind me I hear a woman's voice say 'I'm little Kenny's mother!'"

Stretched out and relaxed on a hotel bed, Hynde is a very different character to the wary celebrity-of-the-day who had been on display a couple of hours earlier. Both she and Farndon are smiling happily when we leave. The tour is going well, the audiences love them and the album's on the charts. And tomorrow they get to get on the bus and get out of Cherry Hill.

"Strictly fake — honest!"

Pic: Joe Stevens

❝ "The music you play — it's all mental hospital muzak," Hynde yells at the DJ. "It just keeps people in line." ❞

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Ignoring the obvious hilarity of seven grown men (eight actually — Ed) hamming with a saxophone, we note that this photo may herald the creeping return of the flared trouser (Legarmenta Redundantus). This disastrous piece of news will be openly welcomed by Van Halen, Michael Parkinson and Graham Lock.

WITH THEIR TNT treatment of Joe Tex's 'S.Y.S.L.J.F.M. (The Letter Song)', an enthusiastic bunch of eight besuited North Londoners called The Q-Tips have come ascloseasthis up to redefining the essence of American soul music.

Even in these days of maximum Detroit and Memphis R&B, The Q-Tips' debut single on Shotgun Records punches out of the airwaves like the lethal left hook of Matthew Saad Muhammed.

The Q-Tips were born last summer out of the disillusioned remnants of the ill-fated Street Band: an aggregation which had the misfortune to score a hit with the nonsensical 'Toast'. Originally conceived as an in-jokey B-side, the joke backfired when their recording company Logo flipped the single.

The Street Band were instantly branded as heir apparents to those geriatric mirth-makers The Barron Knights.

"We were really green at the time," admits singer Paul Young with a grimace, "and if we'd have had any suss, we'd have made 'em put it out under a different name."

It was the beginning of a quick end. The Street Band's debut album was released to a burst of universal indifference, their demise being escalated when Paul Young severely damaged his vocal chords. Young lost not only his top octave, but also £600 in medical bills. As a result, three months' worth of gigs had to be cancelled.

The Street Band hadn't quite knocked it on the head when the Q-Tips were formed as a low-key therapeutic exercise for the convalescent singer.

"Actually," he reveals, "we'd put a soul band together two years earlier on a casual basis to work pubs, but truthfully, nobody really wanted to know about soul music at the time."

Eventually the frustrated Street Band fell to

By ROY CARR **Pix: PETER ANDERSON**

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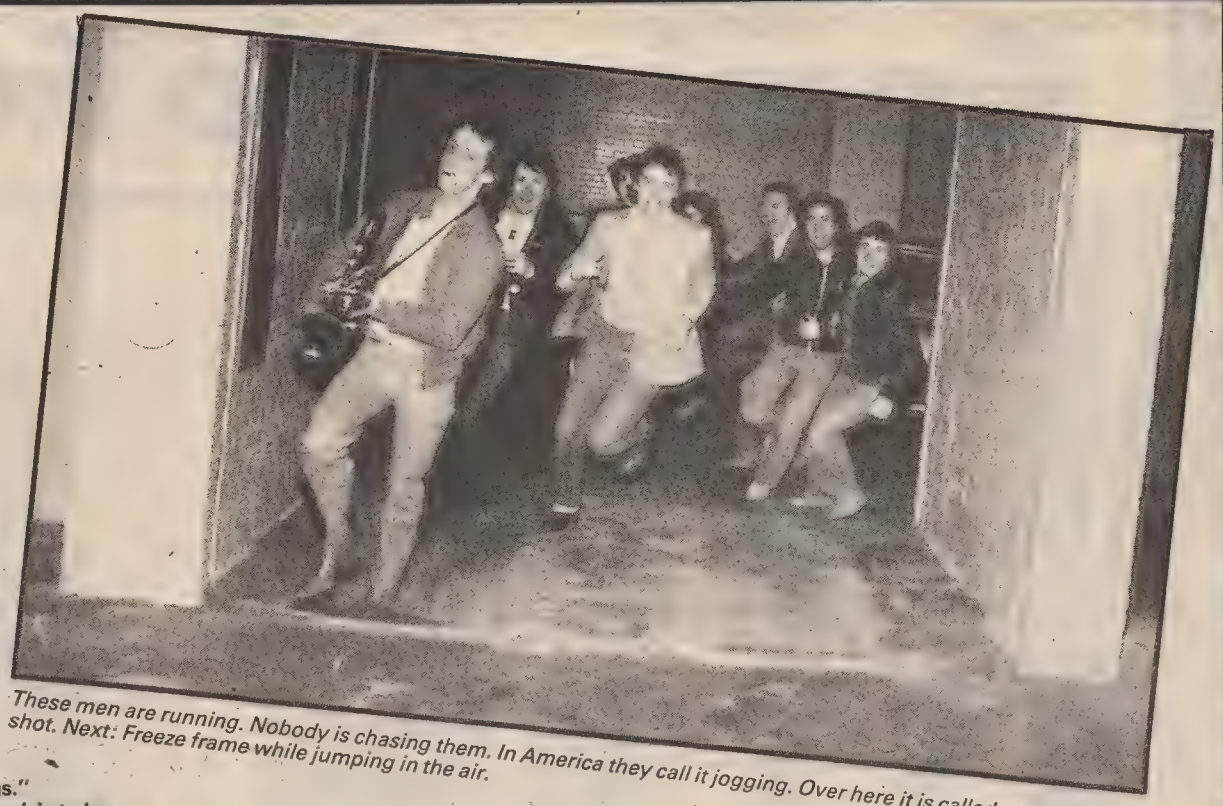
Q-TIPS FOR THE TOP



These men are running. Nobody is chasing them. In America they call it jogging. Over here it is called a publicity shot. Next: Freeze frame while jumping in the air.

pieces in financial chaos — an event which fortunately coincided with the newly revived Q-Tips not only suddenly being offered more work than they could handle, but finding themselves warmly embraced by legions of Jam fans.

IT WAS an opportunity too good to miss. The ex-Toasters — John Gifford (guitar) and Young — and their six newly acquired sidekicks spent £700 rush-recording the first Q-Tips single and releasing it on their own Shotgun label. And a more auspicious shoe-string label debut I haven't come across this year.

Paul Young is blessed with a rasping vocal fluidity. His performance is neither forced or laboured; nor does he lapse into grotesque parody. He possesses the same kind of blue-eyed soul sensibility that Rod Stewart, Paul Rodgers and Frankie Miller once exhibited before style became reduced to mannerism.

As it transpires, when still at school Young first fell under the spell of Free and, through reading various interviews, began checking out those artists like Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett who Paul Rodgers openly admitted were his influences.

Though The Q-Tips are regularly given the seal-of-approval from lapsed '60s soul fans, they're acutely aware of the pitfalls of unintentionally being type-cast as revivalists this early in their career.

"Sometimes," admits Young thoughtfully, "I feel that we shouldn't be playing so many covers. But since we started working the pubs, the gigs have poured in so quickly that we've been doing the same set for the last four months and so far only managed to include three of our own songs."

One such original, 'The Dance', is to be located on the flip of The Q-Tips' vinyl debut. A Gifford-Young composition, it's noticeably influenced by such Curtis Mayfield songs as 'The Monkey Time', with which Major Lance first established his reputation.

Apart from Paul Young's vocal skills, The Q-Tips have further toughened up the basic beefiness of the horn-dominated Stax sound with a 1980 sense of urgency. The fact that they've managed to transfer this characteristic to record gives them a definite edge over the likes of Secret Affair.

Gifford reckons that as they were working on a tight self-financed studio budget, there just wasn't any time to dissipate their energy: "It was a case of getting both songs down on tape as fast as possible without making things sound forced."

Paul Young takes up the conversation. "I know it might sound a bit strange, but the reason we achieved such a good sound was because it's been everybody's dream in The Q-Tips to be in a really good soul band and to wear suits! Look, when you've grown up listening to soul music, whatever it was that made all those original records *happen* . . . well, a little of it rubs off onto you. Those records had a certain *feel* about them . . . the musicians all understood the importance of natural dynamics. They may have been relaxed, but it was because of this that they produced what I can only describe as being . . . delayed energy."

GIFFORD INSISTS that the time is right for sweet soul music to be pulled out and dusted down. Nevertheless, even at this early stage in the game both he and Young concede that by the very nature of the style they've set out to refurbish, they're in a delicate situation.

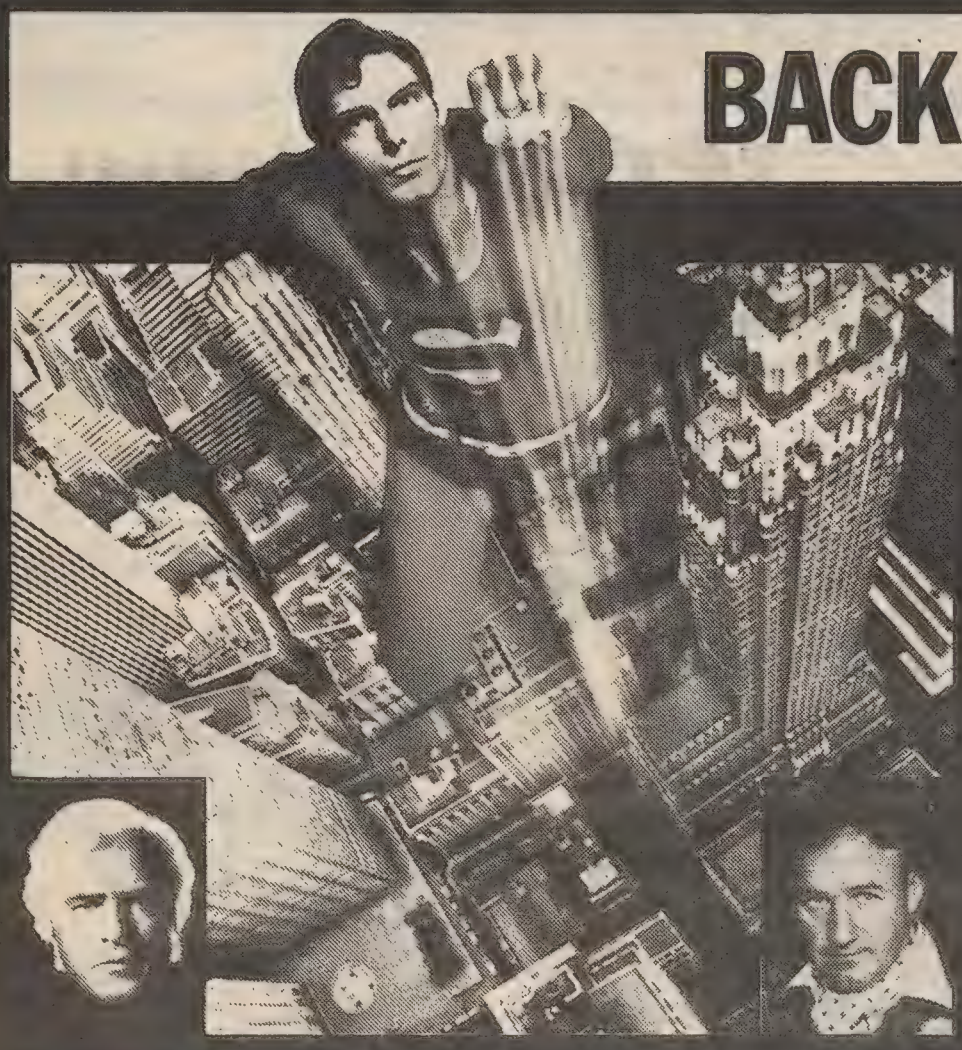
States Young: "We'd be playing ourselves into a blind alley from now until eternity if we restricted ourselves to just covers of old soul standards.

"The reason why we covered an old Joe Tex hit was simply because it *is* such a good song. What I try and do is this. I'll listen to, say, something like Wilson Pickett sounding all confident and sexy singing 'In The Midnight Hour' and then I take the basic lyric and try as best as possible, to re-interpret it in whatever way that naturally makes me feel good. What I *don't* try and do is to copy another singer's feel. That would be wrong.

"What a lot of people tend to ignore is that someone like Otis Redding used to interpret other artists' material . . . he did The Beatles' 'Daytripper' and the Stones' 'Satisfaction' plus a few other things. Now, apart from doing a few old covers and trying to write originals that can stand up on their very own — which ain't as easy as it sounds — what we'd also like to do is to look around at some of the songs currently being written by other artists and see if we can work out our very own treatments. Something like The Pretenders' 'Brass In Pocket' could turn out really well given a Q-Tips soul treatment and we plan to do that kinda thing.

"But we're not about to rush into things. A song must *feel* right. Our idea of a contemporary soul band is to achieve in our own particular way what made those soul things work the way they did back in the '60s."

Quite a formidable task — but so far, with 'S.Y.S.L.J.F.M.' The Q-Tips are 'T.C.B.'



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Coming Up For Press

After a year in faraway places, trans-world trotters The Members resurface in Chiswick to declare their future plans.

By NEIL SPENCER **Pix PENNIE SMITH**

JEAN CARROLL of The Members dance band runs his fingers through his spiky, turn of the decade non-sexist haircut, takes a pull on his vin ordinaire and throws me a sharp look of scrutiny.

"I know what they think," he says. "Last Year's Thing, right?"

I nod wryly, a little embarrassed. This is what comes of talking to rock stars outside of office hours. True enough, I admit, The Members' name isn't exactly calculated to send shivers of enthusiasm through the weekly editorial meetings of the world's most backlash-ridden rock weekly.

"Yeah, well, I don't care. I believe in the group, and I hope the new album surprises 'em. It's a great deal better than the first."

It will need to be. Not that there was anything lacklustre about The Members' long playing debut — indeed, 'At The Chelsea Nightclub' was one of the year's more promising debut sets, brimful of wit, zest, and lyrical and musical invention — but it's now pushing eight or nine months since the group played a British tour or reminded people what they look like on *Top Of The Pops* — and that, in our current volatile climate, is an uncomfortable length of time to maintain a profile as low as the brow of the *Sun's* arts page.

Will people re-mem-mem remember The Members? Is there life after one big hit ('Sound Of The Suburbs'), one minor hit ('Offshore Banking Business'), and one complete bomb-out ('Killing Time')?

JUNIOR MURVIN

POLICE & THIEVES

RE-RELEASED BY DEMAND

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PRODUCED BY LEE PERRY

ISLAND

Can there be a second coming for a group now comfortably ascribed by most critical opinion to the second league of the punk crop of '77?

These are questions which hover above the table where JC, *chanteur* Nicky Tesco and myself are sprawled in the drab but cosy confines of Tesco's living room in steamy downtown Chiswick. The questions don't need to be spelt out painfully, nor do they get dodged. JC and Tesco know the score. They're still regular gig-goers, avid record buyers; the fan within has not yet been scuppered by the business of success. Unlike many rock musicians, they maintain a keen interest in what's going on outside the group and, even more rarely, are not grudging in the admiration and praise they give to others.

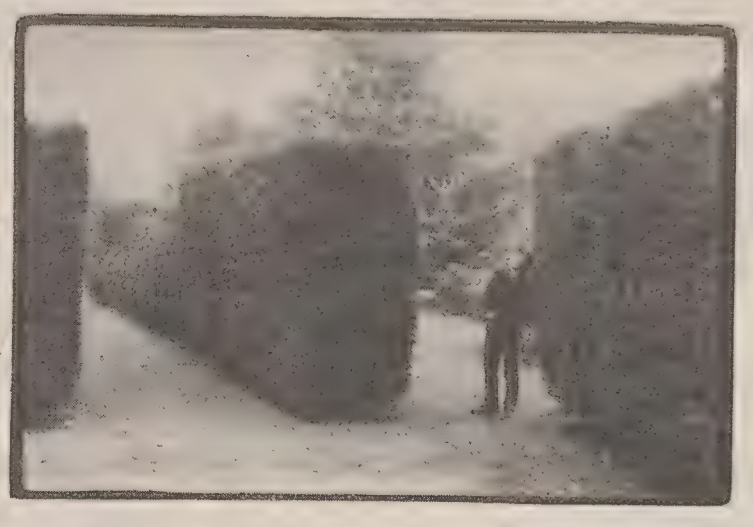
"I know it's going to be difficult," says Tesco, with a characteristic snort. "A lot has happened while we've been off the scene, and we'll have to prove ourselves all over again. It will make us work harder at the gigs, we're back in the clubs this tour; I'm really looking forward to it."

The protracted absence from the stage hides no slackness on The Members' part. The last four months of '79 were given over to a protracted world trek, the dust trail stretching across Europe, America and Australia, e'en unto New Zealand, where Camberley's finest appropriately enough became the first Brit punk rock combo to land in the southern hemisphere's answer to Surrey.

There is little doubt that the world tour had a near traumatic effect on The Members; they returned to midwinter Blighty simultaneously exhausted and elated from a surfeit of success, new experience and challenges. Back in London they slumped gratefully into the limboid season of the rock muso's almanac where one sits and watches other people's videos on TV, slogs through the three-quarter finished songs that have been joined together in the lost hours of tour bus and hotel room, and worries about the next record, the next tour, and just where the hell one is going to live in the naked city. (I haven't heard a Members' song about flat-hunting, but one, I'm sure, must exist, if only as a Platonic ideal.)

Nicky and JC take the English air.

"Of course the floor has been pulled from beneath bands like us who were cruising along OK last year. I like The Specials and Madness, and I'm in favour of ska . . . but a lot of people are just looking round for old numbers to cover and trying to revive something."



A ROCK STAR not on the road or in the studio is like a seaside resort out of season: private, haunted, a trifle aimless. So it was with The Members. They approached the dread Second Album with appropriate circumspection — probably too much. It took three months to make — seven weeks sitting about writing and rehearsing it, three weeks to actually record it. It's called '1980 — The Choice Is Yours' and it's released next week. More of that later.

There's no doubt the band have payed the home market price for the absent months. Other causes of both modernist and post-modernist persuasion have not been slow to assert themselves in the meantime. Ironically, one of the developments that's threatened to overtake and overwhelm The Members' already confused identity is the punk/reggae (con)fusion that the band themselves helped pioneer. These days of course, 'white reggae' isn't the dirty word it was two years ago when The Members started hitting their stride and making clumsy but sometimes convincing explorations into the form.

"We've always got a lot of stick for our reggae," agrees Tesco. "I think it's a weird kind of inverse racism to slag off a band for playing black-derived music, it's an antiquated attitude that has no place in this time."

JC concurs. "I don't care . . . reggae is just the music I listen to at home, just part of my environment; it's natural it will find its way into my music. They said the same thing about white bands playing blues ten years ago."

It seems to the present author that the various attempts at white reggae that have been made in recent years are erratic in the extreme, veering between the inspired and the absurd. Moreover, the successful explorations of the form by such as The Clash, and in a different context the 2-Toners, stand in danger of being discredited by the way in which every dolt in the music business is currently clawing their way onto the bandwagon when most have been happy to ignore and patronise reggae for years. As for ska — well, praise Jah it's been discovered at last; it was always too good to stay underground.

So spare a thought for the undervalued 'Offshore Banking Business' and Tesco's toasts; among white bands only Joe 'My name is Eraserhead' Strummer and Jah 'Man From Whitechapel' Wobble have better talkover technique.

These days however, it's Sting who's stringing the tortured white boy sentiments over reggae bass riffs and The Specials who have Rico blowing backup trombone on tour and *TOTP*. Ever feel, uh, left behind, lads?

"Of course, the floor has been pulled away from beneath bands like us who were cruising along OK last year," admits Tesco. "I like The Specials and Madness and I'm in favour of the ska thing as it's more racially uniting than straight punk.

"On the other hand a lot of people are just looking for an old number to cover and trying to revive something, rather than use the past as an influence and write something of your own, which is what we try to do. In any case we're just as much into modern stuff as ska — rockers, dub, talkover, which a lot of the newer bands don't like."

The Members have always refused to play the divide-and-rule tribal game; they're not the obsessive type. "I think when people come to see us they leave their classifications at the door," says Tesco. "They just come to hear the music. We have a cross-section at our gigs — Mods, punks, skins — let's face it, it's pop music, and I don't mean that in any derogatory sense."

You mean you can get the heavy metal night at the Reading Festival on their feet?

"I'm glad we played that night and not the 'New Wave' night, just to show people that there's an alternative music.

"It was an amazing experience working with all those metal bands," he sniggers. "There was a pecking order according to how many guitars you got — like Wild Horses had about 17 guitars and there's three of 'em. We own one each and a spare one. The pecking order is also according to how many roadies you got, and how many people are backstage wearing your tour jacket. We ended up getting into a fight with one of these enormous fat mid-western roadies, the type with the pony tails. It was inevitable, we were just going round taking the piss so openly, we were pretty drunk actually, there was all this free liquor in the record company tents . . .

"Still, we got a genuine encore. It was a good roar."

It's true, of course, the sound of the suburbs is tinged with more than the odd hue of the primal HM ooze, with lead guitarist Nigel Bennett all too apt to hurl steely power chords and twirly solos into handy gaps that present themselves between the punk backbeat, dubwise effects, Ventures-style instrumental breaks and sundry other components that might be isolated from The Members' repertoire.

Nigel himself laughs off the metal slur — "I used to worship Hendrix," he explains. Tesco thinks it "a part of what we are about", while conceding that the group have been "mixed too much like a hard rock band recently."

The hybrid quality of the group's music is hinted at in the group's catch-all name and the supermarket pick-up moniker of Nicky. They are at the same time archetypal — spawned in '77, one-off single and press raves '78, signed by Virgin '79 — and stubbornly individual, slipping between the tribal demarcations, just like the majority of the rock audience themselves do, as countless epistles to *Gasbag* testify.

See, The Members really are the sound of the suburbs, the sensible sons of semis all set up for jobs as bank clerks, commercial travellers, apprentices — the inner urban colouring book didn't even come into it, at least not until the point when Nicky Tesco took a bedsit in big, bad London and wrote 'Solitary Confinement', 'Soho A Gogo' and the like.

Up until the point when they formed the band, all The Members were working, living the type of 'rebellion' that most young people can afford, with humour as the main and sometimes only weapon.

JC: "Some bands get mileage out of being rebels and youth leaders; I like to give people music without feeling I have to back it up by posing . . . you can write songs about ordinary life without mentioning guns and all the rest. But I do think it's important that the time you live in comes into your songs. The other thing is not to take yourself too seriously.

"Going to America certainly brought home to me the Englishness of the band. Everyone's currently going for the mid-Atlantic sound, to try and win the American market, all except The Jam who have preserved their Englishness."

One strain in The Members' music is certainly coming from the traditions of suburban Englishness that in former times were the province of Ray Davies, Paul McCartney, Vivian Stanshall (whose 'My Pink Half Of The Drainpipe' was simply acid-era 'suburbs') and which is currently being tapped by bands like Squeeze, who have wrapped it up with an appealing line in '60s pop nostalgia to occasional killer pop single effect.

The Members' territory lies a little further out, beyond the last tube stops where John Betjeman's pre-war 'Metroland' began, now the conserve of commuter carriageways, *"Heathrow jets flashing over our homes"*, *"Frustrated Bagshott"* and his *"five minutes of glib advice"* on the phone-in.

It's the home of all those middle-aged men in sunglasses, white nylon shirts and yellow company cars with their suit jackets hooked up behind them. When

Continues page 57

SIDE ONE
POLICE AND THIEVES - JUNIOR MURVIN

SIDE TWO
SOLDIER AND POLICE WAR - JAH LION
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SIDE ONE
POLICE AND THIEVES - JUNIOR MURVIN
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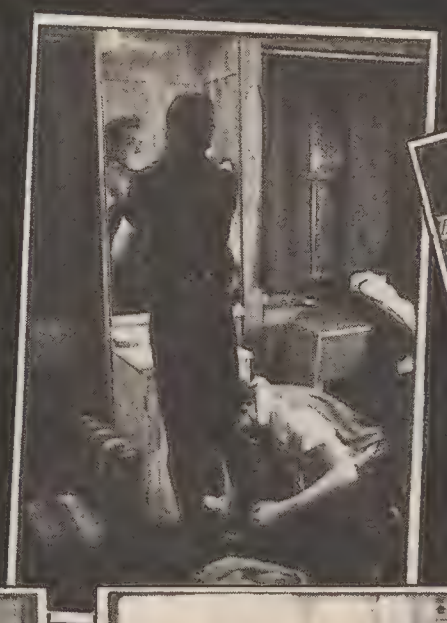
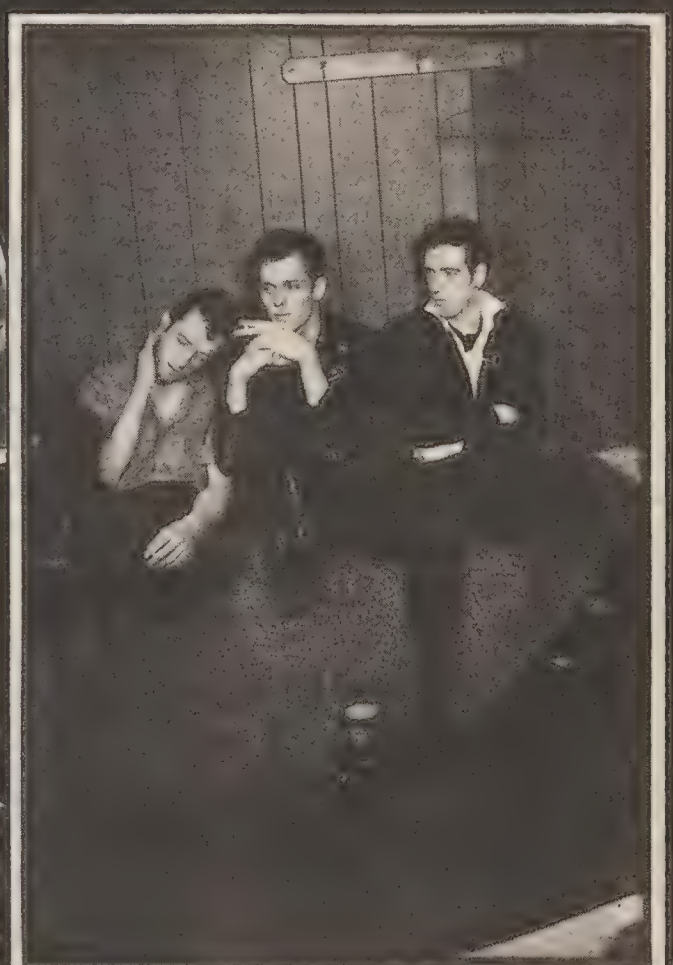
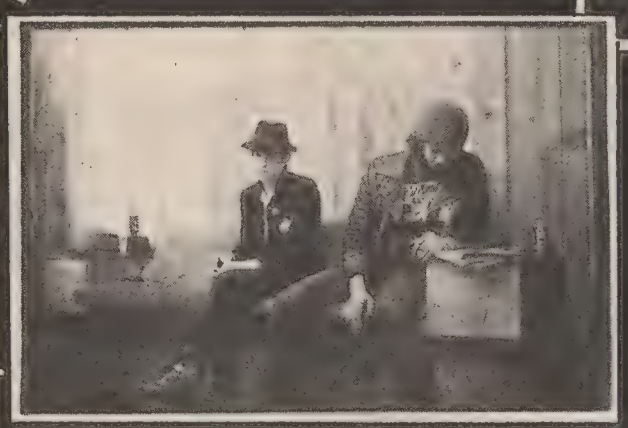
Ian Dury comes to jam...

Wayne Kramer, Debby Harry, Chris Stein and BIANCA....





Another wall — another T.V. show.

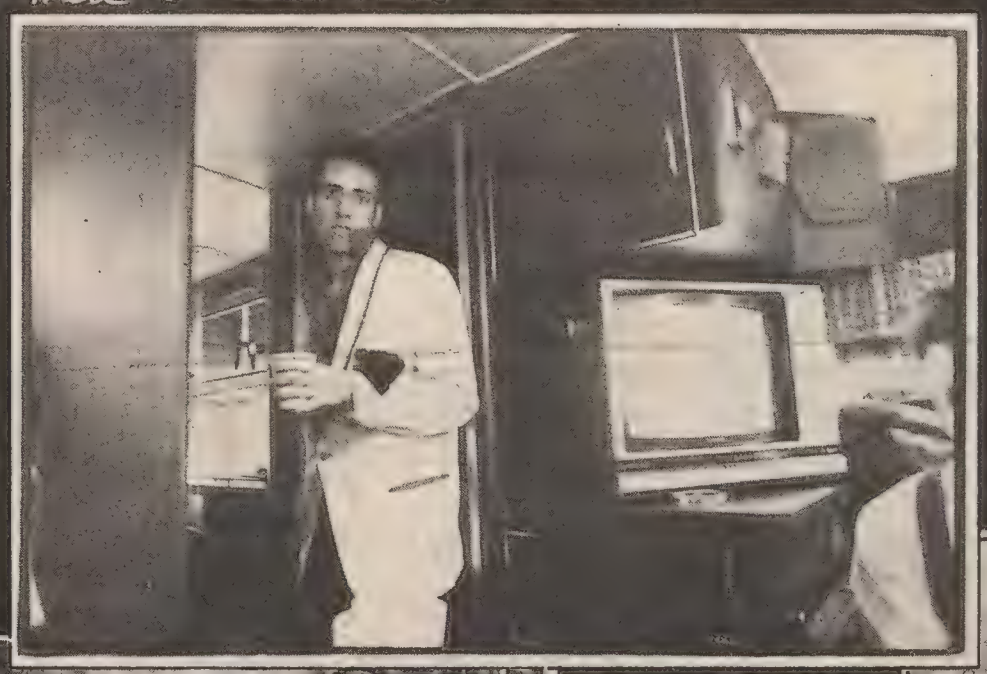


Hardy - 12 yr. old drummer... "Thirteen ... at midnight"

The Clash.. New York .. New Jersey.. B

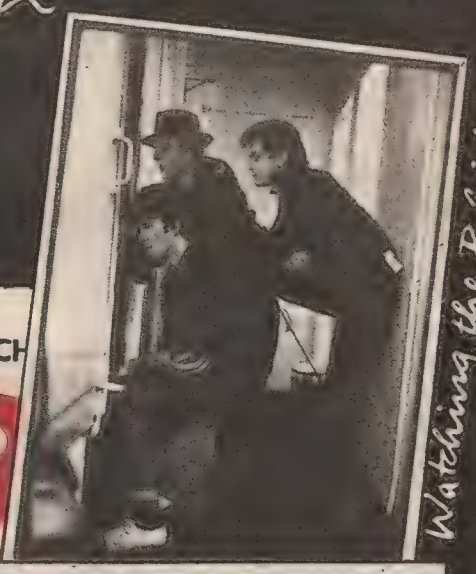
Pennie Smith

Then 5-hour ride to Boston



KOS

MARCH 9



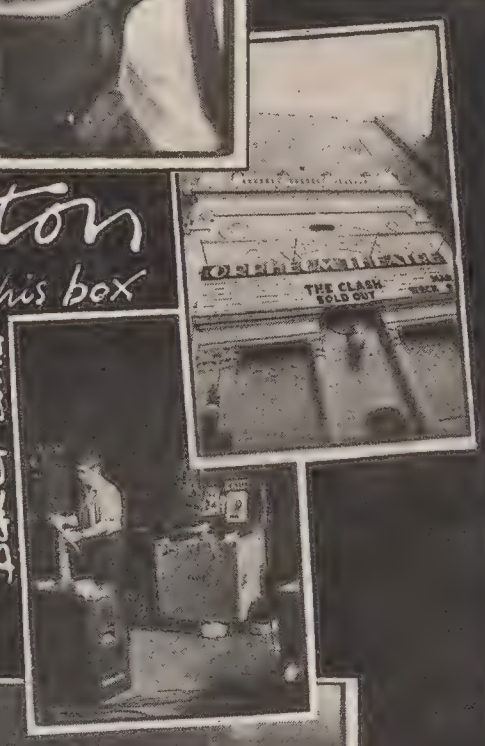
Watching the B Girls

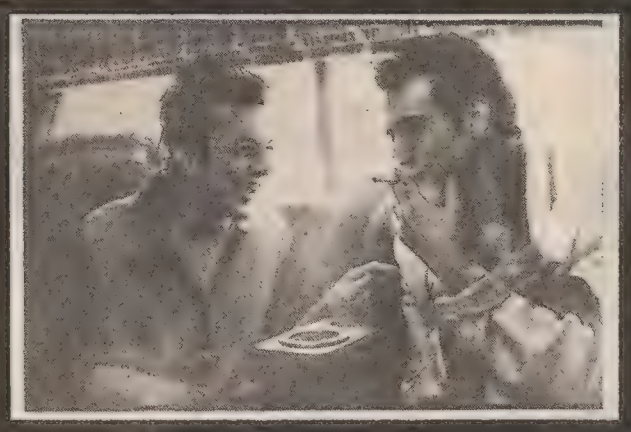
Caught 5 / napping

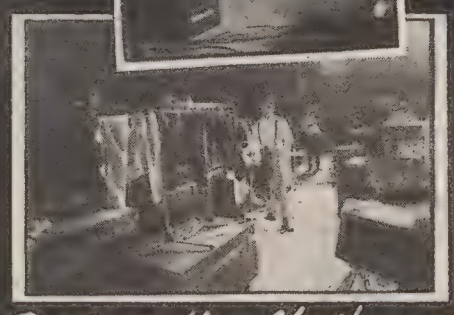
Boston

his box

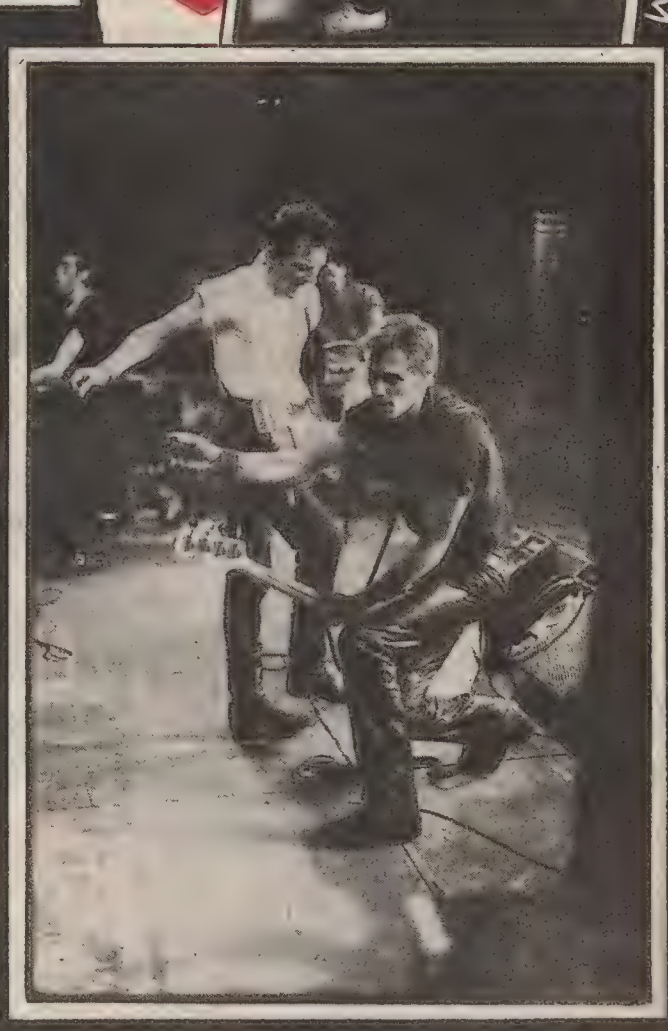
Baker and







Drying the Clash washing



MARCH 8 SAT.

New Jersey

Patched up by Johnny (Green)

THE CLASH
LEE DORSEY
MIKEY DREAD & GIRLS

Boston .... Detroit, ... New York ... 7-11 March '80

MARCH 10

Waiting — Flight to Detroit

Budget is in the airport.

Joe looses money — KOS

Joe finds Commodores — to New York with money

Flight 538

The Boston Hilton — A Girl on the Telephone

Pearl Harbour

MOTOR CITY

Lee + bus driver

Mikey Dread + Lee Dorsey

Ted Nugent arrives ... "Lets Jam ..." — Silence

— 4" of snow —

Last Gig, last song ... I'm so bored

Night off in New York

Diary by Pennie Smith

Look who's down at Woolworth.

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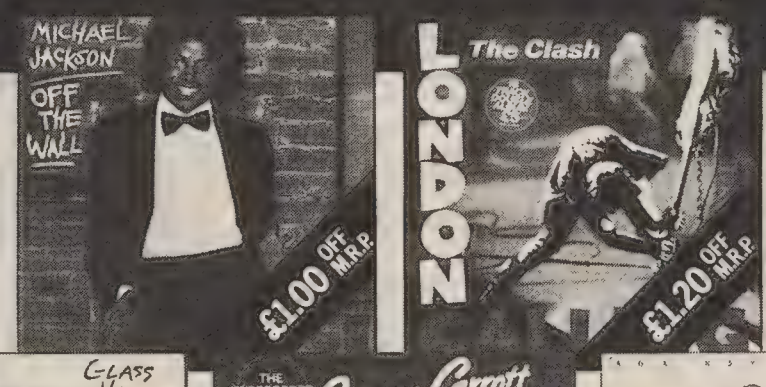

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WOOLWORTH Stars Cars COMPETITION

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And Woolco

In the corner of the pub something stirred. THE VAPORS were about to break their silence . . .

The Vapors, l to r: David Fenton, Steve Smith, Edward Buzalgette., Howard Smith. Pic: Mike Laye.

All Quiet On The Eastern Front

. . . "Sausages", they muttered darkly, then fell silent once again. PAUL DU NOYER listened intently.

LUNCHTIME peaks, the pub is alive; gossip and cackle and clinking glasses and cigarette smoke fill the atmosphere. Outside, the town's traffic roars and swears, and the gale-blown rain is crashing against the windows. In the midst of it all sits this private oasis of stillness, a pool of utter silence. This is our interview.

Soundlessly, The Vapors chew sandwiches and sip lager, staring down at the tape-machine before them, watching it wind around in its own sinister way. Their four faces present a tableau of expressions, ranging from mute suspicion to faint panic, via quiet bafflement and glum hopelessness. The Vapors find interviews something of an ordeal.

And all I'd asked them was how the group got together. So, while they're making their minds up let's make with the relevant data: The Vapors line up as songwriter David Fenton on vocals and guitar, Steve Smith on bass, Howard Smith, drums, and Edward Bazalgette, guitar.

Apart from occasional London gigs the band first picked up some attention through their support-slot on the last Jam tour and their first single, 'Prisoners' — one of last year's worthier debut efforts. And now of course, there's 'Turning Japanese'. A long-standing observer of their progress as a live act, I nurture fond hopes for the UA album they're now working on with Jam producer Vic Smith.

Anyway, thinks I, say something, lads, even if it's only goodbye . . .

"Sausages" says Edward suddenly. An obscure start, perhaps, but it's a start all the same.

Steve Smith takes up the story:

"There's been a band called The Vapors around for a long time in the Guildford area. There were three bands in Guildford that mattered — you wouldn't have heard of them — and the other two split up, which just coincided with a lot of people leaving The Vapors, or being thrown out; so we all came together like that.

"And then," (pay close attention, for here the plot thickens) "Bruce Foxton saw us at Godalming, and he gave us a couple of supports. Then Bruce brought John Weller down to see us" (Paul's father, of course, and Jam manager) "and they were interested in managing us and so it was agreed — and record companies are always interested in good management, it always helps. And we've gone on from there."

The Jam connection, however useful it's been so far, is described as "purely business" with no question of artistic debts or influence. Before their involvement, in fact, songwriter Fenton had no familiarity with the group outside of chart singles: "We never have sounded like them and it's not our intention to sound like them . . . I've only got to like them since I met them."

What The Vapors do sound like can't, much to their satisfaction, be very easily categorised. With a standard four-piece line-up, and emphasis on short structured songs, you could call it orthodox modern rock'n'roll with no single striking feature, maybe, but with a certain under-stated dynamism and disciplined energy, harnessed to Fenton's intelligent, often intriguing lyrics. And a low pose quotient, too.

"We want to be a mirror for the audience" he'll say, meaning that his aim is to articulate *their* emotions and concerns, albeit in a more thoughtful way, rather than to impose messages upon them or retreat into the well-worn star stereotypes. "The words are as important as the music." Proof of that comes with 'Turning Japanese', a good example of the sort of care he takes with lyrics, and typically strong on melody as well.

And what about that first single, 'Prisoners'? "Well basically, I hate having to explain things. *'We're all prisoners'*, that's the chorus. Whatever you do you're always a prisoner of something or somebody. You just can't get out of it: work, or school, or even this situation — I'm *your* prisoner."

Okay, we can take a hint. One last buttie and we're off, my tape-machine and I, hand-in-handle and off into the rain outside.

PRICE RIOT!

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MADNESS	One Step Beyond
POLICE	Regatta De Blanc
DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
DIRE STRAITS	Communique
BLONDIE	Eat to the Beat
EAGLES	Hotel California
EAGLES	One of these nights
SUPERTRAMP	Breakfast in America
SUPERTRAMP	Crime of the Century
SEX PISTOLS	Never mind the bollocks
MIKE OLDFIELD	Tubular bells
MIKE OLDFIELD	Ommadawn
MIKE OLDFIELD	Platinum
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BOB DYLAN	Desire
BOB DYLAN	Bring it all back home
BOB DYLAN	Highway 61
BOB DYLAN	Nashville skyline
RICHIE BLACKMORE'S	Rainbow
VAN GELIS	China
VAN GELIS	Best of
STEVE MILLER	Book of dreams
SHAM 69	Hersham boys
GERRY RAFFERTY	Night owl
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST	Time honoured
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST	Everybody is Everybody Else
STATUS QUO	On the Level
STATUS QUO	Pile Drive
STEELY DAN	Can't Buy a Thrill
GARY NUMAN	Pleasure Principle
SIOUXIE & THE BANSHEES	Scream
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LEONARD COHEN	Recent songs
QUEEN	Day at the races
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DAVID BOWIE	Station
DAVID BOWIE	The Man who sold the World
DAVID BOWIE	Low
DAVID BOWIE	Aladdin Sane
DAVID BOWIE	Pin-ups
DAVID BOWIE	Changes
UK SUBS	Another Kind of Blue
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10CC	Hits 72-78
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MOODY BLUES	Seventh Surgeon
MOODY BLUES	Every good boy deserves a Favour
LOU REED	Transformer
BEATLES	Sgt Pepper's
ELVIS COSTELLO	My Aim is True
GENESIS	Trick of the Tail
WHO	Who's Next
SHAM 69	Tell us the Truth
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MOODY BLUES	Caught Live (2 records)
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ISSAC HAYES	Golden Hour
NEIL DIAMOND	I'm Glad You're Here with me Tonight
WINGS	Back to the Egg
BRUCE JOHNSON	Going Public
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VARIOUS 'NORTHERN' ARTISTS
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'HICKS From The Sticks' is the most desperately self-conscious apologetic sampler of Northern provincial music that could possibly have been conceived and compiled.

This album purports to "disturb established A&R practices in favour of provincial bands, also to neutralise the incredible London bias of the music press as effected by its most powerful journalists". In fact, it does the opposite.

It contains 16 tracks by bands from Halifax, Blackpool, Nottingham, Wakefield, Liverpool, Sheffield, Bradford and Leeds, and is packaged with sickening humility, with a map of Northern England on the sleeve. Instead of acknowledging the obvious bias and trying to exert a forceful change, this record is actually geared towards pampering indifferent metropolitans.

If it had been called 'Unclean, Unclean' and had a free sachet of provincial bodylice it would have been nearer its goal. It heralds its own impotence by its very existence, and wilful martyrdom scores nil on the clapometer every time.

Many of the bands entombed herein deserve it anyway, particularly the 'uncompromising' ones like Clock DVA and I'm So Hollow, who contribute 'You're Without Sound' and 'I Don't Know' respectively. Despite their claims to be breaking down barriers of rock and roll, they both seeth with a desire to play just one last guitar solo, and wail about Doom And Decay The Sheffield Way like a post-modernist Black Sabbath.

The bands from the 'industrial' North evidently reconstruct their harrowing surroundings in these petite paeans to despondency and manic depression in the expectation that the audience will rejoice in plastic squalor, as though they've got nothing better to do than worship the '80s equivalent to the cock-rock phallic symbol of the '60s and '70s, the Mushroom Cloud.

Consisting as it does of a mixture of already-released tracks and gems from the vaults, 'Hicks' constitutes an 'alternative characters' collection, and as such highlights the way the indie chart is rapidly becoming a nesting ground for low-rank name bands. According to Des Moines, the conceptual realist behind this album, Modern Eon's 'Choreography' and Ada Wilson and Keeping Dark's 'Head In The Clouds' have both been top of the hair-shirt hit parade. While 'Choreography' has a decent construction to it, the Ada Wilson track is a hideous example of how simple it is to be a shark in a goldfish bowl, scoring hits with a guaranteed audience of alternative record buyers. Shades of the Dandelion label and all its attendant culty marvellousness.

On at least half the tracks on this record bands employ fiddly keyboard patterns and more often than not simply repeat the same figure for three minutes at a time. Stranger Than Fiction, Art Failure and Music For Pleasure's contributions all take this over-used excuse for melody and drub into the ground. Art Failure's 'Gimmick' is the worst example, combining punk lyrics with their newly-found electronic soundscape, while MFP's and STF's tracks are studiously polite in their production, demonstrating a cautious desire to have something nice to show the A&R man next time they see him.

With the exception of Section 25, virtually none of the bands on this album actually appear to want to move out of indie chart obscurity, because in that safe little ghetto they can regard their success as mere good fortune and still be able to bitch about their obscurity to their cult audiences.

Section 25's track, 'After Image', boasts the loudest rhythm section on the album, which overshadows the glum bawlings of the vocals, and for once the bassline isn't straight off the robotic rhythms production line. Due to their being on the Factory label, some kind of success is already assured. With very vague similarities to PiL, Section 25 appear to have some idea of what they're doing, and more to the point, why they're doing it, but their shy pandemonium suggests an air of barely dissipated apathy.

Radio 5's track, 'True Colours', is the jewel of the album, because the sound is constructed on at least three levels during the three minutes or so. It does have its drum machine, but it genuinely jumps out of even the smallest speakers.

Compared to the stale figures of Medium Medium's 'Them Or Me' or Airkraft's 'Move In Rhythm' it highlights what I find so offensive about this album: the fact that all the bands have taken their provinciality as some kind of caste system and seem to have decided they're wasting their own time from the start. There's barely a note of confidence or good-humoured arrogance on the record.

Nightmares In Wax's 'Shangri-La' for example, is merely a repetition of a line from 'Whirlwind' by Roxy Music — it too has its organ staple, and reflects directionlessness better than any tracks on the album.

But at least it's unselfconscious about its own disposability. Where Nightmares In Wax use the organ for neo-psychedelic purposes, the Expelaires use their ivories to produce an earnest little song, 'Sympathy (Don't Be Taken In)', which could see them attracting sensitive souls with no real interest in music and no doubt they'll all live happily ever after.

The Distributors ('TV Me') and They Must Be Russians ('When Have I Seen You') both suffer from the fact that their influence, when bared like embarrassing tattoos at the swimming pool, haven't mixed at all. The Distributors' track is a direct lift of The Normal's 'Warm Leatherette' and is the kind of atrocity that normally surfaces on American punk singles (and you can't be more insulting than that) but its appeal to anarchists and electronic construction workers under the same groove is a safe, safe bet. The Russians' track is ruined by a Dire Straits guitar motif, and they seem to just give up after that — typical.

Which leaves the Liverpool trio Wah! Heat and their track, 'Hey Disco Joe'. This alone represents some kind of threat, some kind of aggression amid the routine routines elsewhere, cutting through with swathes of sly bass sound. There's even a hint of style to it, just when you were beginning to wonder whether us Northern folk actually possess any interest in music at all or just like to sit around the bowling green plotting the overthrow of the capital.

As a showcase for bands that would otherwise receive no public attention whatsoever, the record has some value. As a representation of a comparitively large area of this country, it's a disgrace. It should be released in London only, because in its present form it rejoices in its own inadequacy, under the guise of bumbling amateurism.

The independent labels' slothful sense of security has been allowed to build up for too long without sufficient objective criticism. The independent labels aren't anywhere near as alternative as they'd like to appear. Most of them are dull vehicles for dull bands and its time they realised that their amateur hour charm is all but redundant.

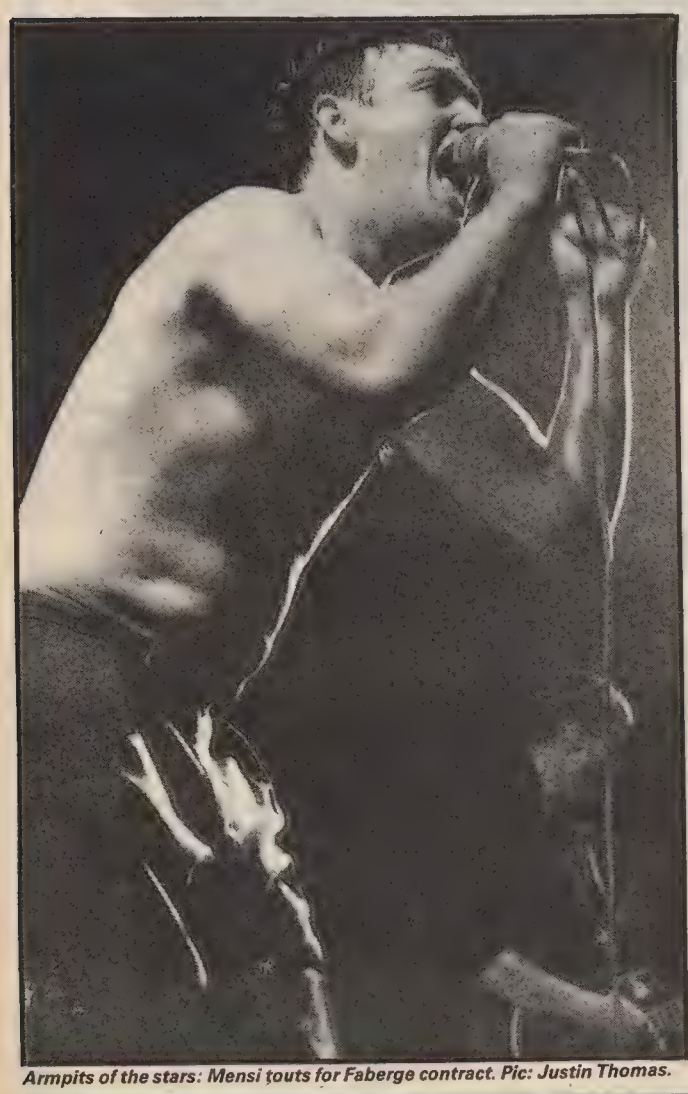
The independent / alternative chart scene is nothing more than an acceptable form of the pigshit ignorant, hyped-up Wally audiences of the last 1½ decades; the hippie revival. The New Underground has developed — here it is, ready to become a little Utopia under its own steam, as insular as the Biz that it claims to despise for its indifference.

On this glorified tombstone of an album, all these lovely hicks from the sticks are just playing bit-parts in a fantasy that is encouraged by London-based media and is here willingly condoned and obeyed to the alternative letter.

You've heard of the record, now go and watch the movie — it's called Emmerdale Farm.

Kevin Fitzgerald

If you were an Upstart, you'd want out too



Armpits of the stars: Mensi touts for Faberge contract. Pic: Justin Thomas.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS
We Gotta Get Out Of This Place *(Warner Brothers)*

WHATEVER you believe about The Angelic Upstarts, this is the album to prove you right or wrong. Fierce, tattered standard-bearers, howling out naive and bleeding outrage? They still are. Or a bit of an embarrassment perhaps? Impolite and unrepentant gatecrashers, storming the post-punk cocktail club, like bulls in a china shop, spilling drinks and lowering the tones, all with a malicious glee and an unfashionable fervour. They still do.

Their second LP 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place', confirms the Upstarts' virtues as much as it seals their limitations. And it persuades this listener that while those limitations are crippling, the virtues flourish, or at least survive.

They're a valuable band, in some ways an admirable one, but this album would convince no-one of that. In brief: the Upstarts really do need a way 'Out Of This Place', and I don't see too many signs.

The sound's foundations are secure enough. As a basic three-piece the group are solid and grimly determined, and get where they're going with a minimum of fuss, but even for passionate punks such security isn't enough. Real dynamics lie in piling on the pressure here while holding off there, using rhythmic changes to the maximum aggressive effect rather than just charging through regardless. Subtlety doesn't need to equal sell-out, and the Upstarts'll have to think about that or else end up as cut-out parodies.

And that's a problem mirrored in the songs themselves, raw, boot-stomping anthems of anger, like the self-explanatory 'Never Had Nothin'' and 'Police Oppression', as well as the title track. Would it be ludicrous to ask for more introspection? Even righteous rage turns into a rant event, and loses its impact. Maybe we need less listing of grim predicaments and more positive warmth.

The only valid reason for any hatred is the love of something else. Punk's problem isn't just its fall from fashion, it's a failure to develop away from dogmatic posturing into something more fully human.

At the risk of disillusioning the best (or worst?) part of the Upstarts' army, this is a group that should shake off punk's devalued stance of robotic anger instead of suppressing their own personalities (which include an inclination for the slyly humorous) and living inside a stereotype which although initially worthy, is getting as regressive as HM or MOR. When you lock yourself in any narrow sense of emotion or attack, it follows that the music becomes inadequate too, because it's not allowed to express enough.

And no, that doesn't mean we're sitting here waiting for a hippie revival either.

Paul Du Noyer

JONA LEWIE

You'll always find me in the kitchen at parties

BUY 73 Out now!

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS
Colossal Youth *(Rough Trade)*

YOUNG Marble Giants are that rare beast, a quiet pop group. And 'Colossal Youth' may be unique as an album of magical pop that doesn't so much nudge you to dance as elicit dreamy grins and a heartfelt sigh of pleasure.

A Cardiff trio who first soothed the savage critic on that city's 'Is The War Over?' compilation, YMG are pop's most extreme exponents of minimalism. Backed by uncredited drum machine, Philip Moxham (bass), Stuart Moxham (guitar, organ, lyrics) and Alison Statton (vocals) coax a gorgeous array of atmospheric pop from the skimpiest material.

The synthetic rhythms tick or shuffle quietly while glimpses of melody ride on Statton's calm voicings and either Moxham's guitar — a tangy, plaintive cross of Shadows and Durutti Column — or an organ that veers from bell-like ripples to smudgy-edged elegies.

The sound rings clear and pure, abetting the fresh air of innocence that resides partly in the unadorned vocals, partly in the guileless ease of the songs. YMG have compressed their pop to a few deft lines that lodge within the ear and get hummed for days after.

Lyrics are fragmentary, a little surreal, quintessential pop. From deadpan romantic irony to delicate heartbreak songs like 'N.I.T.A.', or 'Brand — New — Life'. The fragile swing and absurdity of 'Eating Noddemix' is reminiscent of Slapp Happy; other tracks suggest an Eno as accessible as teeny bop. But comparisons mislead, alluding yet elusive, disguising the daringly original core. If side one teeters towards the slight, side two restores faith and balance with the weird, irresistible 'Choci Loni', a blithe 'The Man Amplifier' and the farewell caress of 'Wind In The Rigging'.

YMG music has a gentle, healing feel that only Mark Beer and Vini Reilly have matched in recent pop. It's a music of paradox: plain yet rich, placid yet firm, the pop equivalent of a Zen painter's landscape — a few casual strokes and all the rest implied. Despite the apparent simplicity, after two weeks of frequent playing, I find 'Colossal Youth' as strange, as beguiling as I did the first time.

A giant step for the Marbled youngsters. I close my eyes, I drift away . . .

Graham Lock

The search for life in future rock

Martin Revs up his synthi.

CHROME
Red Exposure *(Beggars Banquet)*
MARTIN REV
Martin Rev *(Infidelity Import)*

THIS IS tomorrow calling. Trouble is, the future already looks hopelessly *passe*. Novelty soon wears off.

What we're dealing with here is not the future at all — simply the thriving stream of unorthodox rock. New ways of processing the old ways of communicating. Both these records process, filter, and warp the familiar, in search of something unfamiliar. A strange new world in which, oddly enough, since it's the same old me in front of the speakers, the same old criteria still apply.

Much as Gary Numan, for instance, would like to be judged by his peers, there simply isn't the android available to do it, and even he has to put up with one of those fallible human type things looking for some sort of emotional significance.

Numan's patronage grants Berkeley space-rock group Chrome's fourth album a full release in this country, giving everybody the chance to tune in to some interplanetary static at a more attractive rate. Chrome are now a two-piece, having lost guitarist Gary Spain, and their new album is markedly less raw and disturbing than last year's 'Half Machine Lip Moves' — though once again, despite the presence of lyrics, it's intelligible only in the abstract. Which is exactly how they want it.

And which is fine for those moods when you want to contemplate life in a toxic atmosphere: say, in a slave mine on Alpha Centauri, or simply After The Bomb. Chrome are a good limited stimulus for the imagination, but leave no really deep or lasting impression. They don't even give as much fright as they have in the past, just pleasant chills. And as is usually the case, solid rhythms make it infinitely more palatable than it might otherwise be.

Unlike Chrome, who take orthodox rock elements and process them, Martin Rev merely uses rock as a reference tone. Rev is the musical half of Suicide, and this solo album is a foretaste of the forthcoming second Suicide album (which is going to turn a lot of people's heads around; both people who think they don't like 'electronic music' and people who think they do).

The six pieces — one a version of 'Dream Baby Dream' — bristle with possibilities. Even without lyrics, they conjure more specific feelings than Chrome can arouse *with* them.

Of course, Rev is simply indulging himself, getting out the rhythm box, Vox Continental and Space Echo, playing with sound and texture, toying with the listener's attention, but it makes for a much more diverting and entertaining way of filling the room up with uncanny noise.

The crucial difference between the two albums is that Rev's has warmth and character, whereas Chrome's is cold and obvious. One has life, the other doesn't.

Paul Rambali

KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND
Greatest Hits *(UK)*

FOR ONCE a hits package that fairly lives up to its promise and then proceeds to work some magic in its own right.

To anyone who believes that this creation of Henry Casey and Richard Finch is merely a faceless contrivance designed to capitalise on a passing fad, KC's subliminal funk will always be production line brainwash. But for the rest, those endless exhortations to get down tonight, shake your booty and put on your boogie shoes have become ingrained since their first exposure in some faraway discotheque.

It's pointless to argue the pedantic soulman's toss that KC has no soul because your own ears tell you the truth. From George McCrae's 'Rock Your Baby' to the currently seductive 'Let's Go Rock And Roll', the Sunshine Band have been masters of a perfect genre, sensurround soul. Admittedly the chronology points to a certain weakening of the KC factory finish but side one at least is an uninterrupted flow of sensual rhythm, contains one guaranteed innovation in sound ('Get Down Tonight') and many other examples of popular intelligence and plain talking.

Two tone music from Florida? Just ask the Queen of Clubs.

Max Bell

BRUFORD
Gradually Going Tornado *(EG)*

YOU can listen to this record any time. Less pompous than UK, this chocolate fudge fusion of jazz and rock makes the perfect accompaniment to cornflakes or cocktails: music with the corners knocked off.

Bruford mould a sound that's atmospherical in shape and feeling, Dave Stewart and The Unknown John Clark providing a warm wash of keyboards and guitar over Bruford's linear drums and Jeff Berlin's softly bubbling bass. Much of the ground has already been covered by the likes of John Miles, although there are one or two excursions into hybrid territory that could prove fruitful given further exploration.

Moments of 'QED' and 'Land's End' recall Santana's finest hour, 'Caravanserai', while the inspirational spirit of Steely Dan haunts 'Plan for J.D.'. Clark's guitar at times veers dangerously close to Zappa overkill, but is for the most part sensibly restrained by the snap-tight rhythm and the formal structure of the songs themselves, whilst Jeff Berlin looks precisely after the vocals whenever necessary.

Hardly essential, it's a quietly impressive outing nonetheless and can be sampled without fear of flying into the unknown.

Neil Norman

GENESIS
Duke *(Charisma)*

TWO YEARS have passed since the last Genesis album. Yet despite the interval they still sound the same. They still aim to distance, to dazzle, to suspend belief in a warm daze of wonder; they are still as solemn, antiquated and self-important.

The difference is that these days the shallow grandeur of their sound unsuccessfully disguises their steady decline.

Each track on 'Duke' is just a dry, empty daydream; a dreary doodle that acquires distorted proportions because of the group's stature. Throughout the album Genesis play the jaded, saddened spectator, their transient concern lethargically insincere.

Some of the songs are sweeping social generalisations. 'Man Of Our Times' is particularly ironic — a patronising description of the routine of millions about which Genesis can know nothing. 'Cul De Sac' watches the struggles of the oppressed masses through the eyes of a displaced, detached observer — there's even a little logo of a factory beside the lyrics.

The more personal numbers like 'Misunderstanding', 'Turn It On Again', 'Behind The Lines', 'Alone Tonight' and 'Please Don't Ask' are dogged by an emotional impotence that's caused less by cruel circumstance than by the complacency of a pampered personality.

'Heathaze' is hardly a cri de coeur but it does, probably unintentionally, illustrate the group's predicament: *"Only endless days without a care . . . Far-off sounds of others on their chosen run/As they do all those things they feel gives life some meaning/Even if they're dull."* But the last line gives them away. After the resigned whining about their own situation there's the smug sting in the tale — there's plenty of people who find relief even in the hollow glamour of Genesis.

'Duke' is an innately conservative album. There's the snobbish connotations of the title; the group's strict adherence to their old musical form; and, inherent in the lyrics, the preaching of the cocooned commentator who has internalised his disappointments and made a virtue out of a pessimism that is the ultimate, escapist protection.

More profoundly depressing than this album is the thought that the group are a habit that thousands can't kick.

If Genesis had any guts they'd give up.

Lynn Hanna

LONNIE LISTON SMITH
A Song For The Children *(CBS)*
TOM SCOTT
Street Beat *(CBS)*
SPYRO GYRA
Catching The Sun *(MCA)*
JAN AKKERMAN
3 *(Atlantic)*

I HAVE just spent several hours of my life listening to these recent examples of the sub-genre "funk-jazz", and I am Not Very Happy. As a matter of fact, I am irascible, aggressive, agitated and positively seething with frustration.

Why? Because this is music that's meant to be *heard*, not listened to; soothing, ambient muzak that works in reverse the moment you pay it the slightest attention. Whereas hearing involves a passive acceptance of the signs encoded in the music — in this case, the implied 'sophistication' which reflects on performer and listener alike — active listening allows the possibility of assessment and refusal.

With some musics, assessment and/or refusal on this level can be overlooked as other factors come into play; but with such absolute drivel as these four albums, the aesthetic space is so empty, the musical skin stretched over the sign-skeleton so transparent, that all we're left with is this patently fake sophistication.

'Sophistication', as we know, is a concept defined by American TV movies, usually involving Gene Barry, a Countess or two, sex, money, possession of a private helicopter / jet, 'chic' nightclubs and a soundtrack featuring tenor sax or electric piano.

Lonnie Liston Smith's album features both, and could well be the perfect soundtrack for someone else's self-deception. For myself, I have to say that Lonnie's twinkly-raindrop kind of keyboards and David Hubbard's sickly Gateau Barbieri-style latinate-sax sit rather heavily on the stomach, blunted as they obviously are by compressors, equalisers and other means of studio emasculation. As smooth as canned custard, as dull as dishwater, and as tasty as the two combined.

On the surface, Tom Scott's 'Street Beat' is slightly brasher than Lonnie's variant, but underneath we find the same mushy centre. Comfortable, well-off music, replete with Pretty Purdie hi-hat licks from Jeff Porcaro of Tot, who's undoubtedly well-off. Sophistication here is equivalent to the kind of 'complex' horn arrangements Scott and Jim Horn have been pouring over all and sundry's albums for the best part of a decade now. Most of the tracks on 'Street Beat' sound as though Scott thought them up in his sleep, which is probably the ultimate recommendation for those dullards considering buying the album.

'Greed', a lumpy, clumsy piece of overburdened funk, features a brace of back-up girlies chanting *"If it's more than you need, it's greed"*. I'm unsure whether to stress irony or hypocrisy here, so I'll leave you to make your own mind up . . .

Spyro Gyra's 'Catching The Sun' sounds like a 40-minute version of their awful hit single except that they appear to have forgotten to write a *tune* — all tracks are just shades of the same series of signs. Sophistication here is assured by wet-blanket coverage in up-market Sunday paper 'pop' columns: truly, the sound of Hampstead.

'Laser Material' uses one of those riffs that stops and starts, an indication that (a) the band are all 'good musicians', and (b) the track is intensely exciting. Of these, (b) is totally untrue, in which case I couldn't give a toss about (a).

With Jan Akkerman, we're treading dangerously close to the completely comatose — but then, Jan's never been what you could call power-packed, has he? Even so, '3' makes the other albums here sound vibrantly exciting, so swamped is it in gushing strings and brass (courtesy Mike Gibbs, who should be thoroughly ashamed). Indeed, Akkerman's hardly in evidence on some tracks, such as the gooey 'Wait And See', a number for which the adjective limpid could have been coined. Probably asleep whilst recording.

Unadulterated teeth-rot.

Andy Gill

Keeping The Beach Boys alive (is not easy . . .)

THE BEACH BOYS
Keepin' The Summer Alive (CBS)

And even in the autumn of their careers those Beach Boys are still trying to keep endless summer alive. There's something in this dedication to the absurd that is faintly obscene, as if Brian, Carl, Dennis, Mike, Al and Bruce are trapped by their desire to remain young when normal folks are quite happy to follow the course of nature and grow old.

The Beach Boys' cocooned distancing from reality, even their own legend, is inappropriate to the time and the market place. It's no longer tragic; it's futile.

Producer Bruce Johnston seems to have attempted a slight return to the heritage by enlisting the assistance of a heavyweight cast of support musicians capable of convincing the melodies that they are pleasant. The Boys' harmonic combine isn't actually in peril either and there are three good songs that prove all those hours spent stuck on 'Surf's Up' and 'Holland' (their last near-great record) were not entirely without their justification.

That none of these songs owes much to Brian Wilson is hardly surprising. Brian may have exorcised his songwriting demons on all the recent atrocious, sign-off albums for Warners, but having done so he remains an exhausted force, washed up with the tide. No, the Beach Boys' best shots come, as always now, from Carl — and even his contributions are mostly remarkable for their lazy repetition.

His title track and 'Livin' With A Heartache' (co-written with Randy Bachman of all people) tend to reiterate the favourite chord clusters that suggested he was the talent the band would have to harness if they were to see out middle age with any degree of self-respect.

Pop music is a funny term. Pop: an abbreviation of popular (which the Beach Boys still are) and the sound made by a bursting balloon. That's more like it.

The other song worth waiting around for is a retread from Brian and his boating pal Al. 'Santa Ana Winds' is so obviously a nod back at the glory days of 'California Saga' that a replay of that success is demanded. The conclusion is sad. The Beach Boys' recording span may deserve respect, but their artistic credibility doesn't allow for such luxuries. They're still pretending that Mike Love can rock out ('School Days') and that their legend is secure enough to bear Johnston's idiotic definition of its reactionary highs ('Endless Harmony').

The rest is not so much silence as embarrassment, songwriting schtick on 'When Girls Get Together', cheap tricks like 'Oh Darlin' '. I wish . . .

The lack of souped-up surf has become expected. This is tack and nostalgia, just as complacent as the awful cover art which depicts a badly painted group of men old enough to know better playing inside a plastic dome for the benefit of a group of bemused penguins and two yawning polar bears.

These arctic creatures may be expressing the winter of their discontent for everyman. Such summertime blues are incurable.

Max Bell

May the bird of paradise fly up your kaftan . . . Brian Wilson prepares for British comeback circa '77. Pic: Syndication.

THE BYRDS
Play Dylan
(CBS Embassy)

THE mongrel dogs that teach insist that there is no finer interpreter of Mr Dylan's muse than Mr Dylan himself, although The Byrds are better technicians than most.

Well, sometimes. There are assembled 13 tracks on this budget price LP, spanning three protean incarnations of The Byrds, and at least two titles — 'Mr Tambourine Man' and 'You Ain't Going Nowhere' — are of classic definition.

Less fully realised yet still distinguished are the readings of 'Chimes Of Freedom' and 'My Back Pages', both of which fittingly accommodate the youthful Master Jim McGuinn's lofty existential, in the same way that 'You Ain't Going Nowhere' adapts comfortably to the more mature — and increasingly cynical — Mr Roger McGuinn legacy.

For the rest, pleasant but bland studies of 'Lay Down Your Weary Tune', 'The Times They Are A Changin'', and 'All I Really Want To Do'; dreary choruses of 'Spanish Harlem Incident' and 'Nothing Was Delivered'; and an indifferent treatment of 'This Wheel's On Fire', more successfully covered by Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll.

By this time of course, The Band had become the definitive Dylan emendators, and the LP nods to its conclusion with ambitious but unsatisfactory expressions of 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue', 'Lay Lady Lay' and 'Positively 4th Street', the last finally proving McGuinn as merely a minor league bastard, although I imagine feelings between him and Dylan ran fairly deep.

I am confused. Has this album been issued to promote John Rogan's book *Timeless Flight: The Definitive Biography of The Byrds,* or vice versa?

Penny Reel

The day of The Nighthawks is at hand

ACCORDING to Mark Wenner, blue wave has arrived. And judging by the dust kicked up by such outfits as The Fab Thunderbirds, The Blues Band and Thorogood's Destroyers, could be that he's right.

Wenner himself is Washington DC's gift to the white boys' blues scene, a hirsute, illustrated man with snake-decorated arms and a line in mouth-harp that's guaranteed to impress. With ace axeman Jim Thackeray, bassist Jan Zukowski and drummer Pete Ragusa he forms **The Nighthawks,** a band that gained a favourable *Imports* mention only a few weeks ago.

Since then, I've discovered that The Nighthawks have not only worked with B B King but also with Muddy Waters, Otis Rush and J B Hutto, taking time out to jam with Thorogood, Southside Johnny, Johnny Winter and The Lamont Cranston Band. They've also turned down offers by Greg Allman and Robert Gordon to become a regular back-up group for those two worthies. All of which sounds decidedly healthy.

Even healthier is the sound that emanates from 'Nighthawks Live — At The Psychedelly', an early Adelphi album that I've just caught up with, and 'Jacks And Kings — Full House', the band's final album for the label and a follow-up to the recently mentioned 'Jacks And Kings — Vol 1'.

As 'Live' is fairly hard to come by, I won't dwell on it overmuch, except to say that it was cut in '76, contains great versions of 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Hound Dog', 'Can't Get Next To You' and Junior Walker's 'Shake And Finger Pop' and is definitely one to acquire if it comes your way. However, 'Full House', which once more unites The Nighthawks with pianist Dave Maxwell, from the James Cotton Band, and Pinetop Perkins (piano, vocals), Guitar Jnr (guitar, vocals) and Bob Margolin (guitar), all from the Muddy Waters Band, also comes highly recommended.

But it's provided me with a personal problem in the form of the opening track, a version of Chuck Berry's 'Little Queenie' that's so good it just picks me up and dumps me on the floor in a wet heap, everytime that I play it. The rest of the album is equally praiseworthy. There's a lovely 'After Hours' from Perkins, a Nick Gravenites arrangement of 'Born In Chicago', a neatly hiccupped workout on 'Nervous Breakdown' by Thackeray, and a riot of a closer in 'Gotta Get My Baby Back', which features Guitar Jnr fighting off the Phantom Horns of George McWhirter and Jamie MacKinnon.

All quality stuff and marvellous blues-rock fare, right? But still I keep flipping back to 'Little Queenie', reliving every lovin' lick and constantly picking myself off that damn floor. All of which has slowed me down and made it difficult to complete this piece on The Nighthawks, whose other Adelphi albums ('Open All Night' and 'Side Pocket Shot') have been lauded in this column. Best then, that I wind up by mentioning that the band have also cut 'Rock'n'Roll', a hard-to-get item on Aladdin; appeared on John Hammond's 1979 'Hot Tracks' (Vanguard); and that they've just signed for Mercury, which means that their next album may well get a British release through Phonogram.

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Now we make eight such cartridges – from the remarkable new Astrion with its jewel-like crystal cantilever, costing rather more than an average music centre, to the modestly priced QLM series.

Then there are the four ADC hi-fi turntables, three tonearms and four Sound Shapers; sophisticated stereo frequency equalisers as far in advance of ordinary tone controls as hi-fi is of a wind-up gramophone.

Ask your local hi-fi dealer for a demonstration.

Whatever your hi-fi budget, ADC is a good place to start.

ADC

Shown above, the ADC Sound Shaper Three – the most versatile stereo equaliser this side of a recording studio. *Specifications:* 12 slider-controlled potentiometers per stereo channel, each giving 12dB min. lift or cut; centre frequency of each slider adjustable ±20%; 13-segment LED display for each channel; frequency response: 5Hz-100 kHz+0.5 dB, −1 dB; harmonic distortion at 1 volt output, 20Hz-20kHz: 0.018%; hum and noise at 2.45 volts, input shorted: −90dB; output: nominal 10 volts into 10kOhms; inputs: 2 main, 2 tape monitor, 1 Sound Level Meter; outputs: 2 main, 2 tape out; controls: power, line-record, monitor, by-pass, meter on-off, 24 frequency sliders, 24 centre frequency selectors, 2 signal gain, 2 meter adjust.

The Technics SL-10 linear tracking direct-drive turntable

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Bernard Futter examines a new 'breakthrough' in turntables

THIS MONTH we take a look at a bit of Oriental technoflash that's right out of *Tomorrow's World*. Its a Technics turntable, known as the SL–10 and its price tag of £330 doesn't seem to have put off potential buyers. In fact it has caused a minor sensation since its introduction a short while back.

Breakthrough is a pretty overworked word when it comes to Hi-fi — particularly when applied to the Technics brand. Although responsible for some significant advances in the world of audio, they do seem guiltier than most of bringing out "improved" models with, on the face of things, only a new fascia to show for it. But one look at the SL-10 will quickly show that Technics really do have something different to shout about this time. Conceived as part of their phenomenally expensive mini Concise Series, the SL–10 is thankfully available separately at an altogether more modest outlay compared with the other system components.

Other manufacturers of so called "mini" systems (we've checked out the Pioneer and Aiwa versions) seem to have copped out when it comes to turntables. Amps, tuners and cassette decks have all taken massive reductions in size but not turntables. Technics have resolved the problem by utilitizing a straight line or parallel tracking tone arm located in the lid of the deck with a starting position *above*, rather than to the side of the platter. This has enabled them to produce a unit a mere 12½in × 12½in × 3½in deep. To give you a graphic idea of how small that is, an LP record sleeve fits almost perfectly on the lid!

The cabinet, finished in a solid and stylish looking die-cast aluminium, is divided into two halves.

The upper part contains the parallel tracking tone arm with its drive mechanism together with a computerized optical sensor that works partly in conjunction with infra red light sources embedded in the platter.

As stated the SL–10's orthodox tone arm moves in a straight line *across* the record rather than radially from a fixed point. Master discs are actually cut in this way and tracking error distortions are claimed to be eliminated. An amazing dynamic balance system means that tracing ability is not impaired even if the unit's turned on its end!

A specially designed moving coil cartridge is prefitted and a built-in head amp, which is switchable, ensures optimum matching with most amps. (M/C cartridges have a very low output).

The lower half comprises the quartz controlled direct-drive turntable to ensure excellent speed constancy. Push button controls, with LED indications are grouped on the top of the unit in front of the smoked plastic viewing panel.

Despite its daunting technical complexity, simplicity of operation is the keynote with the SL–10. All that's necessary to do is to place a record on the platter, close the lid and press the "start" button. Both record size and speed are "read" by the sensor and programmed automatically. At the end of the record the tone arm rises, returns to the start position and the motor switches itself off. An overide system means that non standard 12in 45rpm or 7in 33⅓rpm records can still be played. Apparently the sensor can have problems "reading" some of the more transparent coloured vinyls now on the markets. In this case the light block sheet supplied is strategically placed on the platter to obstruct the built in infra red light guide slits.

On top of the basic auto mode, the SL–10 can also be operated manually. Selecting specific tracks is absolute child's play. First press the "cue" button to lift the arm. Then by exerting continous pressure on "start" button (harder = faster) the tonearm, with its red LED positioned pointer, moves towards the centre of the record. When it comes to the requisite selection you release the button thereby stopping its travel. Pressing the "cue" button completes the cycle. By pressing the "start" button intermittently the tonearm traverses in 1mm increments for ultra precision placement.

Outward cueing from the centre of the record is accomplished in reciprocal manner by engaging the "stop" button. Other features include a repeat function, built in strobe for speed checking, a temporary drive control for record cleaning with the lid up, a muting delay when the stylus hits the groove and a 12V DC car battery adapter (optional).

Moving on to the crucial question of what the unit sounded like, I was able to conduct pretty instantaneous comparisons using my own rig featuring the doyen of all purists the classically simple Linn Sondek turntable coupled with an SME 3009 pickup arm and a good example of the ADC XLM cartridge. This lot weighs in at about £390, some £60 more expensive than the SL–10. It is a typical enthusiasts hand picked disc replay system and eschews any gimmickry; belt drive, one speed, passive arm and not an LED in sight!

Ancillary equipment included my beloved Quad valve amplifier combination, Star SRX headphones and Rogers LS3/5A mini monitor speakers. Disc sources included a couple of direct cut and a variety of good commercial pressings.

Reproduction from the SL–10 was a bit laid back, without the immediacy, bite or separation of the Linn/SEM/ADC line up. These are of course my own subjective opinions and one man's "bland" is another man's "mellow".

It's possible, of course, that a better cartridge than the one fitted could have led to the SL–10 scoring high marks sonically.

In summary, its a pretty impossible job to give a value judgment on the SL–10.

If cosmetics, compact size, operational simplicity and being in the vanguard of technical innovation are important to you — buy it. On the other hand if you are willing to sacrifice these factors in the pursuit of ultimate sound quality, I would suggest that better reproduction is attainable with less money, judiciously spent. If you are not able to run to the expense of our reference rig, substituting a Thorens TD 160/2 turntable and keeping the SME/ADC will bring down the cost to a far more reasonable £180. You pays yer money etc . . .

For further information on the SL–10 contact Technics at: 107/109 Whitby Road, Slough, Bucks.

Unit kindly loaned by Bartletts Hifi, 175 Holloway Road, London N7.

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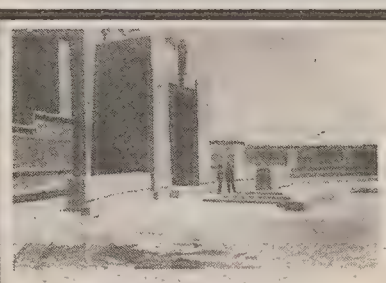
8th	SHEFFIELD Limit Club	20th	THE TORRINGTON North Finchley
10th	CHESTERFIELD Fusion Club	22nd	NORWICH Cromwells
11th	NEWPORT Village Club	24th	SHREWSBURY Music Hall
12th	BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel	25th	SCARBOROUGH Penthouse
13th	LONDON Dingwalls	26th	DUDLEY T.B's Club
14th	RICKMANSWORTH Civic Hall	27th	LONDON Marquee
		30th	LONDON Venue



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Thursday, April 10th 60p
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THE DIRECTIONS
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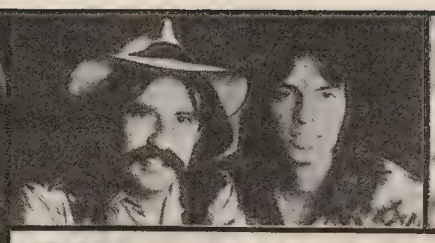
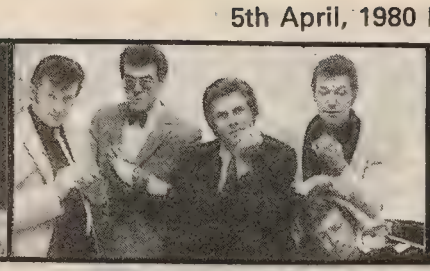
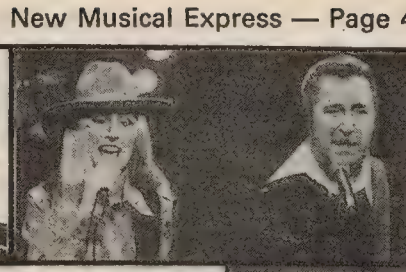
EXCUSE ME!

But did you know that all **LIVE!** adverts for the April 12th issue **MUST** be in by Thursday April 3rd at 3pm latest.
No? Well don't blame me I only work here.
Yes? Well good on ya!
CHARMAIN







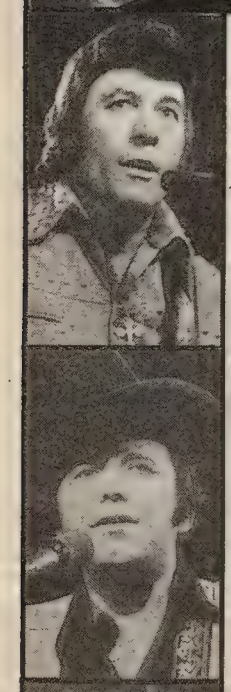
Showdown at Wembley corral

Many of the artists appearing in the four-day event at Wembley Arena, during the Easter period, are pictured on this page — with pride of place going to EMMYLOU HARRIS (left).

The top row above features (from left to right) THE BELLAMY BROTHERS, MATCHBOX and THE KENDALLS — while at the bottom of the page are CHARLIE RICH, KITTY WELLS & JOHNNY WRIGHT, COMMANDER CODY and THE MINTING SISTERS.

In the left-hand column (from top to bottom) are CARL PERKINS, BOBBY BARE, EILEEN KING, ROY ACUFF, FARON YOUNG, JANIE FRICKE and GEORGE HAMILTON. And in descending order on the right are STELLA PARTON, CHARLEY PRIDE, ROY CLARK, JIMMY NEWMAN, BRENDA LEE, BOXCAR WILLIE, RAY LYNAM and RONNIE PROPHET. The promoter, as usual, is Mervyn Conn.

For the complete bill and running order, see under the day-by-day listings below, Friday through Monday.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Bingley Arts Centre: **Agony Column / Cheap & Nasty / The Statics**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Chevy**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **M.S. Nightwork / The Privates**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Airphix & The Sound**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Cloggers Club: **Martin Carthy**
Blackburn Duck Inn: **The Riot Squad**
Bolton Sawn Hotel: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Johnny Carroll / Judy Lindsey**
Bradford Princeville: **Dedringer**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Emotion Pictures**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Alberry's Wine Bar: **City Blues Band**
Castle Donington Soldiers & Sailors: **Strange Days**
Coventry Theatre: **Sad Cafe / The Out**
Derby Bell Hotel: **Radium**
Dublin Royal Stadium: **Gerry Rafferty / Richard & Linda Thompson**
Durham Castle Inn: **Snapshots**
Edingburgh Astoria: **The Freeze / Random Factor**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Hollow Men**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Jack Jones**
Greenford The White Hart: **Jeep**
Hanley The Place: **Reality Band**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Robert & The Remoulds**
Isle of Lewis Stornaway Town Hall: **Jim Wilkie / The Mafia**
Leamington Spa The Crown: **The Vye**
Leeds Cosmo's Club: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mystery American Guest**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Slaughter / The Cockney Rejects / Manufactured Romance / Crisis**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Catford The Squire: **The Cruisers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Spectre / The Rest**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sledgehammer**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Pagan Altar**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ltd. Co.**
London Fulhaam Greyhound: **Sox / Keys**
London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Sweet Substitute**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Heptones**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Dials**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Fatal Charm**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Agents**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Southside**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Mark Andrews & The Gents / Martian Dance**
London Marquee Club: **Iron Maiden**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Revelation / Sunshine Steel Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Stranglers & Friends / Hazel O'Connor / The Monochrome Set / The Passions / Blood Donor**
London Royal Albert Hall: **James Last Orchestra / Acker Bilk Band**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Sir Roland Hanna**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flash Cats**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Joy Division / A Certain Ratio / Kevin Hewick / Blurt**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Blues Band**
London W.C. 1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Nickey Moore Band / Spitzbrook / Dwarf**
Manchester Ardri Club: **Pure Product / The Knives**
Northampton Spinney Hill Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **The Running Dogs / Protective Measures / The Mistrons / The Disco Zombies**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Pailsey Bungalow Bar: **Henry Gorman Band**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Genesis**
Polle Arts Centre: **Tom Paxton**
Portsmouth Granny's: **Nine Below Zero**
Slough Football Club: **Total Attack**
Thornaby Conservative Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Torquay Belgrave Hotel: **Toytown 4**
Wellingborough British Rail club: **The Jets**
Witham Public Hall: **The Skatalites**

Friday

Basildon Double Six: **Idiot Dancers**
Bath Moles: **Brian Damage Group**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **Decoy**
Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Dangerous Girls/Weapons Of Peace**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Touch**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Birmingham Odeon: **Genesis**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teaser**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Sledgehammer**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Snapshots**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Roy Orbison**
Brighton Alhambra: **Shades**
Brighton Centre: **War/Blood Sweat & Tears**
Brighton Lewes Rd. Inn: **CSA**
Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: **The Vandells**
Bristol Turntable: **White Lightning**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Splodgenessabounds**
Croydon Greyhound: **Angelwitch**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **V-Disc**
Edinburgh Upstairs at the Playhouse: **Another Pretty Face/TV21**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Jack Jones**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Mafia**
Greenock Town Hall: **Chou Pahrot**
Hornchurch The Bull: **The Artists**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Average Blue Band**
Isle of Lewis Ness Hall: **Jim Wilkie/The Mafia**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Lincoln New Boultham Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Loanhead Alcove Inn: **Red Letters**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Boyce Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Act**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Skatalites**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Jeep**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Motley Crew**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Icarus/50-Fifty**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Katy Zeserson**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Specters**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Supercharge**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Ladbroke Grove The Elgin: **The Androids Of Mu/The Attitudes/Syndromes**
London Marquee Club: **The Blues Band**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Pencils**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Second Line**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Sammy Mitchell's Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paris**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Stranglers & Friends/Joy Division/UB40/Section 25/The Soul Boys**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Shades**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spooky**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Brown & The We The People Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Charley Pride / Stella Parton / The Kendalls / Janie Fricke / Jimmy Newman / Dallas Harms / Gordie West / Jimmy Lawton / The Mintings / Susan McCann / Claire Courtney / Hilka / Gloria**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Durutti Column/X-O-Dus/Royal Family**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Wee Willie Harris**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
New Brighton Grand Hotel: **Asylum**
Newport The Village: **Dedringer**
Poole Brewers Inn: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Poynton Folk Centre (for three days): **Easter Folk Festival with Magna Carta-/Johnny Collins/Jenny Beeching-/Strawhead/Ar Log/John Foreman and many more**
Southend Top Alex: **Crucifixion**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Axis**

Saturday

Ascott-under-Wychwood Tiddy Hall: **Grhama & Eileen Pratt**
Aylesbury Friars: **Dennis Brown & The We The People Band**
Bath Moles: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Rialto Horns**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Ransom**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Close Rivals**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Hansdsome Beasts**
Birmingham Night Out: **Roy Orbison**
Birmingham Odeon: **Genesis**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Blackpool Opera House: **Jack Jones**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Junco Partners**
Bognor Sussex Hotel: **The Dambusters**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Between Pictures**
Brighton The Northern: **Airport**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Axis**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Wild Angels**
Castleford Trades Club: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Cheltenham Arts Centre: **Blurt**
Christ church Jumpers Tavern: **Ptarmigan**
Creswell Old Comrades: **Blood Sculpture**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Blitz**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Rosetta Stone**
Edinburgh The Netherbow: **Fun City**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gerry Rafferty / Richard & Linda Thompson**
Glasgow Technical College: **Josef K/Orange Juice/Go Betweens**
Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Hanley The Place: **Reality Band**
Harrogate Cock & Castle: **Shake Appeal**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Protex/El Seven**
Hornchurch Bull Inn: **Spider**
Ilford The Cranbook: **Raised On Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **B Movie**
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall: **Snapshots**
Letchworth Leys Hall: **Eclipse**
Liverpool Mosselly Hill Hall: **Asylum**
London Bethnal Green York Hall: **Karaxu (concert for Chile)**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Noel McCalor/The Keys**
London Chiswick John Bull: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tennis Shoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **The Little Roosters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Teenbeats/Vox Pop**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Black Cat**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B.B. King & His Band**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Steve Benbow & Alan Davies**
London Hammersmith The Swan **Thieves Like Us**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The V.I.P.s**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Supercharge/Metro Glider**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Tom Paxton**
London Marquee Club: **Paul Collins' Beat/The Fatal Charm**
London Rainbow Theatre: **John McLaughlin/Al di Miola**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Sir Roland Hanna/Benny Waters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spooky**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Step-/Thirteen/The Vandells**
London Wembley Arena: **Roy Acuff / Faron Young / Roy Clark / Bill Monroe / Boxcar Willie / Kitty Wells / Johnny Wright & Bobby Wright / Lloyd Green / Charlie McCoy / Johnny Gimble / Cristy Lane / Mac Wiseman / Ralph Emery / Philomena Begley / Ray Lynam**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Piranhas / The Chefs**
London Wesminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **The Brass Samba Jazz Band**
Maesteg Town Hall: **The Au Pairs**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Joy Division**
Manchester Commercial Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Middlebrough Rock Garden: **UK Subs**
Newcastle Spectro Arts Workshop: **Neil Carver & Friends**
Norwich The Griffin: **Razor Bill**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Sledgehammer**
Nottingham Casanova: **Newman The Demon**
Nottingham Commodore: **The Drifters**
Nottingham Queen's Walk Community Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Oxford Ornages & Lemons: **English Subtitles**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Modern Man**
Salford Willows Centre: **Shades**
Sheffield Holbrook Halfway Club: **Strange Days**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **The Circles**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **War/Blood Sweat & Tears**
St Albans City Hall: **Def Leppard / Magnum**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Johnny Storm Dynamite / The Rhythm Hawks**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **The Skatalites**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Dedringer**
Wilshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

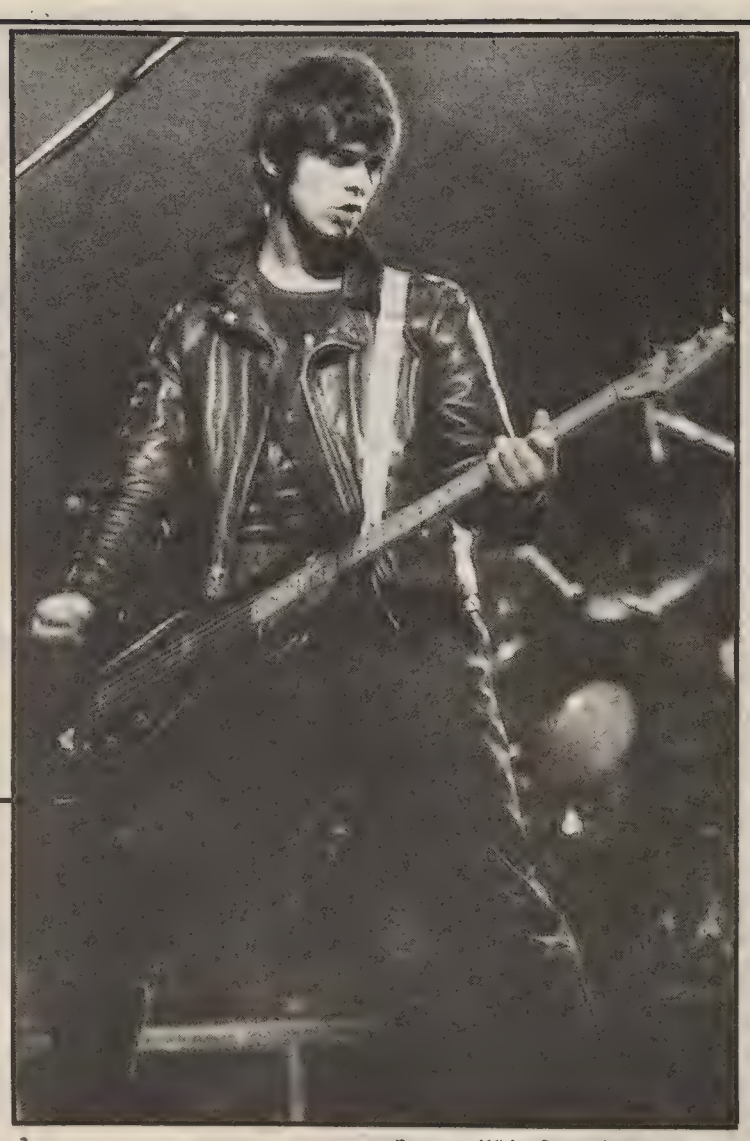
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gerry Rafferty/Richard & Linda Thompson**
Birmingham (Shirley) Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Star Club: **Vision Collision**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **Genesis**
Bonnyrigg Chase Inn: **Strutz**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Ptarmigan**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Red Eye**
Bridlington Spa Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Sledgehammer**
Coventry Theatre: **War/Blood Sweat & Tears**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Idiot Dancers**
Croydon Greyhound: **Shades**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **UK Subs**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Secret Affair**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Gilt Edge**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **The Dominators/V-Disc/Strange Innocent**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Facial Hair**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Bastille**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Rainbow 50th anniversary

LONDON'S Rainbow Theatre this week celebrates the 50th anniversary of its opening, by means of a series of gala concerts — featuring The Stranglers (Thursday and Friday), John McLaughlin and Al di Miola (Saturday), Average White Band and Billy Connolly (Sunday) and The Jam with The Records (Monday and Tuesday).

In the absence of Hugh Cornwell, who's otherwise engaged, The Stranglers will be somewhat depleted — though Jean Jacques Burnel (right) will obviously be much in evidence, and there'll be numerous big-name guests more than compensating for H.C.'s absence. The Jam, whose Paul Weller is pictured left, will be celebrating their No. 1 hit as well as the Rainbow's birthday.



MORE GIG GUIDE

Gt. Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre: **Osibisa**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Tom Paxton**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Flash Cats**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sad Cafe / The Out**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Bethnal Green The Green Gate: **Quebec**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Meal Ticket**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Paul Collins' Beat/The Fatal Charm**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles** (for four days)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Q-Tips**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sore Throat/Chinatown**
London Fulham The Cock: **Aura**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B.B. King & His Band**
London Hamemrsmith Riverside Studios: **Melanie Harrold**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Hitmen/The Decorators**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Average White Band/Billy Connolly**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Brown & The We-The-People Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Charlie Rich/Brenda Lee/Ronnie Prophet/The Glaser Brothers/Bobby Bare/Jeanne Pruett/Stonewall Jackson/Barbara Fairchild/Eddy Mitchell/Eileen King/Little Ginny/John Glenn/Eddie Eastman-/Brendan Quinn**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
Maidstone Royal Albion (lunchtime): **Isis**
Mansfield Langwith Miners Club: **Strange Days**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Deadringer-/Money**
Newquay Central Hote: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Cockney Rejects**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Drifters** (for a week)
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Toulouse**
Southport Theatre: **Jack Jones**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Def Leppard-/Magnum/Jameson Raid**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Nine Below Zero**

Monday

Ayr Pavilion: **UK Subs**
Bath Rockspot: **Scissor Fits**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Valley Forge**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hote: **The Ramparts**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Bournemouth Capones: **Thieves Like Us**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Comix/Rev Counter & The Speedos**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Devorce Buro**
Bristol Turntable: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Doncaster Askern Miners Club: **Strange Days**
Douglas IoM Summerland Centre: **The Tremeloes**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Black Rose**
Farnborough Technical College: **The Blues Band**
Featherstone Streethouse Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Hastings Falaise Hall: **Die Laughing-/Cracked Mirror**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Laurel Aitken/The Skatalites/Mobster**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Shake Appeal**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Def Leppard/Magnum/Export**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sons Of Cain**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Portraits/The Pencils/The Designers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Fatal Charm-/Security Risk**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Sammy Mitchell Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Clones/Twice Shy**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Paul Collins' Beat**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Richard Strange/Egon Ronny**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Basil's Balls-Up Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam / The Records**
London Shepherds Bush The Wheatsheaf: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Brown & The We-The-People Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Emmylou Harris / Commander Cody / Carl Perkins / Shoji Tabuchi / Pete Sayers / Frank Ifield / Teddy Nelson / The Bellamy Brothers / Don Everly / Joe Sun / Colleen Peterson / Raymond Froggatt / Kenny Serratt / Peggy Sue & Sonny Wright / B Haland & Country Snakes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Carpettes / Johnny G**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Splodgenessabounds/The Twits**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Motley Crew**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **War / Blood Sweat & Tears**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **The Running Dogs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Generals**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Iron Maiden**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Naiad**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Circles**
Sheffield Genevieve's Club: **Girlschool**
Southend Zero 6: **Embryo**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Secret Affair**
Tavistock Pannier Market: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **The Cadillacs**

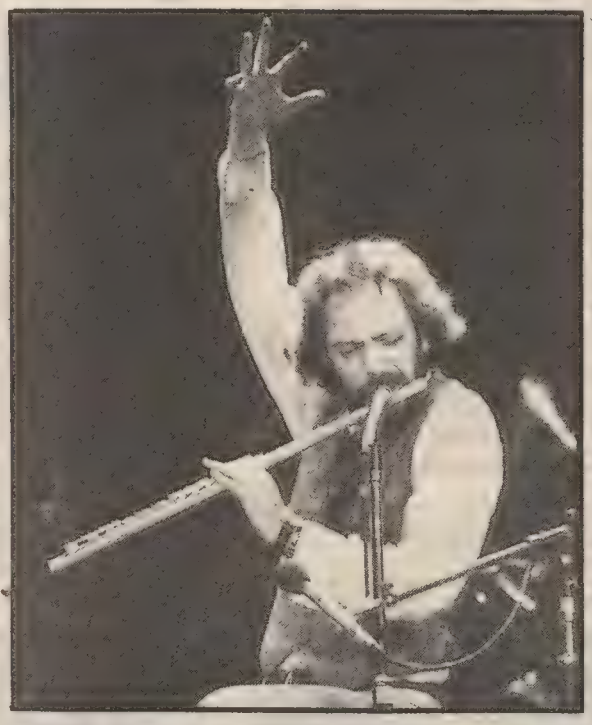
Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Take Away**
Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Secret Affair**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Press Release**
Brighton New Regent: **Metro Glider**
Bristol Granary: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave/The Untouchables**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Girlschool**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Stephane Grappelli**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Jack Jones**
Edinburgh Astoria: **UK Subs**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Pure Bears**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Gerry Rafferty/Richard & Linda Thompson**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Jethro Tull**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Cavalry**
Hebburn Quay Tavern: **Roaring Jelly**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Sammy Hagar/Riot**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Room**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Richard Strange/Apartment**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Iron Maiden**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Paul Collins' Beat**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions/The Meanies**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Night Shift**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Attack**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Specters/The Small Hours**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Jam/The Records**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cecil Payne (for three days)**
London Southall White Hart: **Sledgehammer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Commander Cody/The Cadillacs**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force/Chinatown**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Def Leppard/Magnum**
Newcastle Casablanca Club: **The Vye**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Chou Pahrot**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Holly & The Italians**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Sad Cafe/The Out**
Sheffield Blitz (at George IV): **The Provisionals**
Southampton Silhouette Club: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Genesis**
Swansea White Swan: **Hot Vultures**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The 45's**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **The Blues Band**

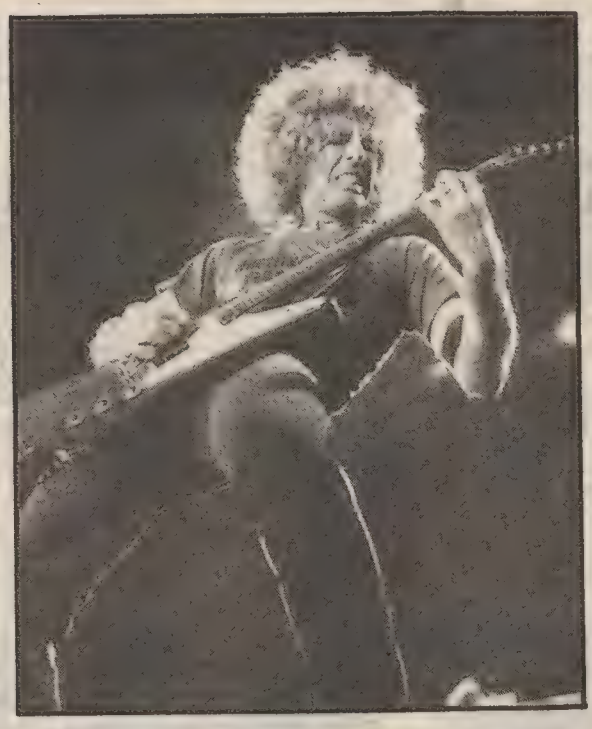
Wednesday

Abercarn Central Hall: **Reptile Ranch/The Newform/Czechs/The Lost Famous**
Aberdeen Music Hall: **UK Subs**
Basildon Locarno: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The California: **The Sensibles**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Blood Group**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Techniques**
Brighton Top Rank: **Secret Affair**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Genesis**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Bits / Trivial Background Noize**
Coventry The Zodiac: **Photographs**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Madrigal**
Darlington New Imperial: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Derby Bell Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Cockney Rejects**
Edingburgh Eric Brown's: **Fun City**
Gosport John Peel: **The Artists**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Metropak**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **War/Blood & Sweat Tears**
Haynes Alfred Beck Centre: **Tom Paxton**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **Shades**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Rambow**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sammy Hagar-/Riot**
London Camden Brecknock: **Holidays**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Paul Collins' Beat/The Fatal Charm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **God's Toys/The Orange Cardigan**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dr Cosgill**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dumb Blondes/Tranzista**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **80 Pop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Sam Apple Pie**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey-Mullen**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Southhall The Seagull: **The Act**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. YMCA: **The Dance Band/Charlie Fawn & The Spitfires**
London Victoria The Venue: **Commander Cody/The Cadillacs**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Idiot Dancers/Splodgenessabounds**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Ricky Cool & The Realtos**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Billy's Club: **Scars**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Metro Glider**
Loughborough University: **Mike Oldfield**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jethro Tull**
Milton Keynes Woughton-on-the-Green The Swan: **Spud & The Fabs**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gerry Rafferty/Richard & Linda Thompson**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Junco Partners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Skatalites**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Dead Skunk Band**
Skipton The Yorkshireman: **Muggins Blight**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Holly & The Italians**
Windsor Blazers: **Roy Orbison**

TULL & HAGAR TOURS OPEN



***JETHRO TULL** begin one of their rare UK concert tours immediately after Easter, and you'll find that tickets are already at a premium. First dates are Glasgow (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday), with five nights in London to follow shortly.*



***SAMMY HAGAR,** who postponed his planned British tour earlier in the year because of his son's illness, has now re-scheduled his visit and plays his initial gigs at Leicester (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). And like Jethro, it's a sell-out.*

Live page

The Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 8552
Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am

Wed 2nd April £3.00
Extra Show by Public Demand
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS

Thurs 3rd April £3.25
HOT GOSSIP
+ Simon Drake/Magician

Fri 4th, Sun 6th & Mon 7th April
2 shows each night £4.50
DENNIS BROWN
+ We The People Band

Sat 5th April £3.00
THE STEP
THIRTEEN
THE VANDELLS

Tues 8th & Wed 9th April £3.50
COMMANDER CODY
+ The Cadillacs

Thurs 10th April £3.50
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Dumb Blondes

Fri 11th April £3.50
1st Night of Initial Tour
B. A. ROBERTSON
+ Film Stars

Sat 12th April £3.00
MOVIES + Johnny G

Sun 13th April £3.00
4 BE 2 + Friends

Mon 14th April £3.00
BAD MANNERS
+ Support

Tues 15th to Thurs 17th April £3.50
SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGEE

Fri 18th April £3.00
BETTE BRIGHT

Sat 19th April £3.25
CRAMPS

Sun 20th April £5.00
SUNDAY BLACK SUNDAY
(A benefit on behalf of Multiple Sclerosis) featuring
OSIBISA + **ASWAD**
A poetry recital by A'du + Steven Pollock
Traditional African Bands and Dancers from Ghana

BILLY'S

69 Dean Street
London W1
(Entrance Meard St., Nr Shaftesbury Ave.)

Do You Like Soul Music
THE STEP
Thursday 3rd April

Thursday 10th April
NETWORK
(Ex, Kinks, Foster Bros)

Thursday 17th April
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

Lic Bar 9 pm — 3 am
Adm £1 before 10.30
After 10.30 Ladies £1.50
Gents £2.

PTARMIGAN

LIVE AT
JUMPERS TAVERN, CHRISTCHURCH
Sat. April 5th
THE PINECLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH
Sun. April 6th
THE ROCK GARDEN, COVENT GARDEN
Tues. April 8th
UPSTAIRS AT RONNIE SCOTTS
Weds. April 9th
THE BRECKNOCK, CAMDEN
Fri. April 11th

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6

Wednesday 2nd April £2.25
SECTION 25
+ Crawling Chaos
+ John Dowie

Thursday 3rd April £2.25
A CERTAIN RATIO
+ Kevin Hewick + Blurt

Friday 4th April £2.25
DURUTTI COLUMN
+ X—O—Dus + Royal Family

Saturday 5th April £1.50
THE PIRANHAS
+ The Chefs

Monday 7th April £1
CARPETTES + Zero Zero

Tuesday 8th April £1
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Chinatown
Resident D.J.'s John Hallam & Joe Lung.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
THE DISTRACTIONS
FLOWERS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)

FRIDAY 11th APRIL at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £2.50 ON NIGHT

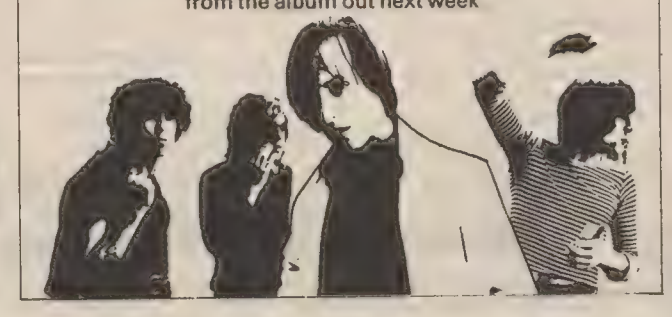
From America

PAUL COLLINS' BEAT

live and rockin'

APRIL	
Sat 5th	Marquee, Wardour Street
Sun 6th	Bridge House, Canning House
Mon 7th	Hope & Anchor, Upper Street
Tue 8th	Golden Lion, Fulham
Wed 9th	Dingwall's, Camden Town
Thurs 10th	Nashville, West Kensington

Single out now 'Don't Wait Up For Me' from the album out next week



THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Anerly Hill Upper Norwood SE19
(Crystal Palace Roundabout)

Saturday 5th April
LITTLE ROOSTERS

Saturday 12th April
THE STEP

All booking enquiries for bands contact I.T.B., Tel 439 8041

THE 'FATAL CHARM'

PLAY THESE APRIL DATES

Thurs 3rd	Windsor Castle
Sat 5th	The Marquee
Sun 6th	The Bridgehouse
Mon 7th	101 Club
Wed 9th	Dingwalls
Thurs 10th	The Nashville
Sat 12th	The Greyhound

Agency—Asgard 01 734 3426

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 2nd April — Closed for private function	Sunday 6th April — HAPPY EASTER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS
Thursday 3rd April — 75p — THE AGENTS	Monday 7th April — £1 — THE BEAT (From USA)
Friday 4th April — £1 — SUPERCHARGE	Tuesday 8th April — 75p — THE ATTACK
Saturday 5th April — £1 — JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN	Wednesday 9th April — 75p — SAM APPLE PIE

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB

(Jacksons Lane, Community Centre, 271 Archway Rd., N6. Tel 340 5226 Opp. Highgate Tube)

Sat 12th April 7.30 p.m.
THE MO-DETTES
Prior to U.K. Tour
and **THE STATE**
£1 members
£1.50 Non-members

Thursday April 10th £1
SKI PATROL
+ **THE LUCYS**
+ Emotional Joes £1
Acklam Hall,
Ladbroke Grove

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

SLEDGEHAMMER
THU 3RD APRIL + SUPPORT!
JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN
FRI 4th APR. "Gutsy R & B and Rock 'n Roll with piercing harp licks, Mars booming out his deep South roots..." wrote Melody Maker.
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS
SAT. 5th • The set was alive & interesting.
HIT MEN
MON 7th • £1.50 + LEGEND
FTARMIGAN
TUE 8th • £1.50 + SHADOWFAX
GOD'S TOYS
WED 9th • Coventry based and (inevitably) ex-stable mates of the Specials. But their music is more theatric and individual dance beat aside.
THE METHOD
THU 10th • Diverse influences synthesised to a good granite pop.

The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 8.30 a.m. till last orders at 11.45 p.m. Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from tube Station).
PHONE: 240 3961

FRIARS AYLESBURY

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
Saturday April 5th 7.30pm
Only British Appearance Outside London — from Jamaica

DENNIS BROWN
AND THE WE THE PEOPLE BAND
+ RUDDY THOMAS

AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 3.00 From Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham or 3.00 at door on night. Life Membership 25p.
A True

CAROLINE Roadshow

Friday 4th April
with special Heavy Metal Guests
ANGELWITCH

Saturday 5th April — RHODES HALL, SOUTH ROAD, BISHOPS STORTFORD	Monday 7th April — CORN EXCHANGE, EARL STREET, MAIDSTONE
Friday 11th April — LEA'S CLIFF HALL, FOLKESTONE + Angelwitch	Saturday 12th April — ST IVO'S CENTRE, ST IVES, CAMBS + Angelwitch

DJ's Robb Eden, Tom Anderson and Brian Martin bringing you Britain's most famous rock roadshow.
To book the Caroline Roadshow telephone 0621 783229
Adm £2.00. Doors open 8pm

DO YOU LIKE SOUL MUSIC?

THE STEP

Saturday, April 5th
THE VENUE
Victoria Street, SW1

Tel. Amp Management 437 4228 & 804 2768

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

words words words words words words words words words words words Barry Clarke words words words words words words words words words words words

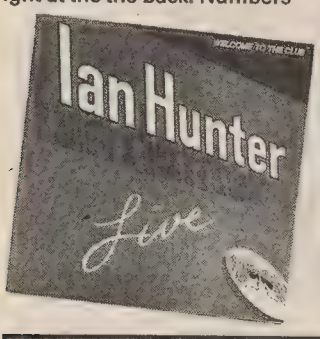
ALBUMS Extra

A shade of his old self

IAN HUNTER
Welcome To The Club
(Chrysalis)

THIS IS a double live album and as such is prone to all the problems that such vinyl is heir. Problem (1): the cover is an ugly monstrosity; the centrefold filled with colour photos of the participants banged down any old how while the front is an inexplicable, misconceived null-and-void job which conveys absolutely nothing except that Ian Hunter is somehow involved. Double live albums are almost always execrably packaged, and this one is certainly no exception.

Still, what the hell, who cares about the cover? What's the vinyl alike? Wellllll . . . that brings us to Problem (2): in live performance — particularly on the American stadium circuit where Hunter and his current troupe have been spending most of their stage time — gestures get magnified in order to reach the guy schlumpfed out on booze and barbiturates right at the the back. Numbers get longer, whispers become shouts and pieces get ludicrously inflated to the point that something like the intro to 'Once Bitten Twice Shy' — a hint of a rhythm guitar riff and Hunter's casual, understated, almost throwaway "Allo" on the original studio cut — becomes almost a full minute of variations on a Chuck Berry riff followed by Hunter making his vocal entry going " 'Allo 'allo 'allo 'allo" like a music-hall copper on a BBC sitcom.



The whole album's like that. Everything becomes bloated, bombastic, unwieldy and faintly comic. The band — two keyboards, guitar, bass and drums as well as Hunter and Mick Ronson — neither drive like The E Street Band nor play off each other like The Specials. When you've got a small army behind you, you have to arrange the music so you don't end up with mere block-chord bashing.

The material is what you'd expect — Mott numbers old and new alongside judicious selections from all Hunter's solo albums except the justly forgotten 'Overnight Angels' — but a promising track listing lets you down as each number falls victim to the Stadium Curse (which is ironic, since the recordings were made in a club) and gets steamrollered to death. High-energy exhibitionism can benefit a number when the original recording may have sounded stiff and thin and inhibited or otherwise overstudioish, but not one of the oldies is improved or even equalled herein.

Ian huffs 'n' puffs his audience to climax. Pic: Gus Stewart.

And — of course — there is a typical American-live-album audience which demonstrates its 'hipness' by going "Yihaa!" in all the most inappropriate places as loudly as possible.

The live show takes up three sides: the fourth side is new material, three studio on one live. It is possible that these numbers were tacked on to pad the thing out to double-album length, but two of the new numbers are among the best work that Hunter's done in years. 'Silver Needles' finds him mourning and finally abusing a dead junkie — *"You were a lovely little mover"*, he spits with a fine approximation of his old world-weary contempt — and in 'Sons And Daughters', he quietly recounts the emotional consequences of his decision to leave his kids and first wife to go off with Mott The Hoople more than ten years ago.

'Sons And Daughters' is a confessional song in the grand manner, a 'shades off' tour de force that escapes sounding mawkish because of the quiet strength of Hunter's delivery and his unwillingness to blame others for the consequences of his own actions. It is shameful and ironic that these two new songs should be unveiled in such poor company.

I have enormous respect and admiration for Ian Hunter: before punk, his work was honest in a way that few of his contemporaries' efforts were. He wrote of reality as his audience experienced it, he examined his role as 'rockstar' and his audience's relationship with that role and he wrote about himself without exalting himself, which lined him up alongside Pete Townshend and Alex Harvey as Rock's Honest Men. The advent of punk meant that Ian — like those other two worthies — could pass on that particular torch to the people best qualified to carry it, but it meant that a new role had to be found. On the evidence of 'Welcome To The Club' and the album which preceded it — last year's 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic' — I'm still not sure that he's found it.

I'm pleased that Hunter is happier and more successful than he was a few years ago — after all, people not fit to wipe his shades are still earning lots of dollars on that same gruntcake boogie circuit and rather him than Sammy Hagar — but it will take more than two new songs to provide convincing proof that Hunter's best work isn't behind him, back in the first half of the previous decade.

Oh well. Any chance of 'Silver Needles' and 'Sons And Daughters' on a single so that people can hear them without having to sit through the methodical trashing of the Greatest Hits?

Charles Shaar Murray

INNER CITY UNIT
Pass Out *(Inner City Unit)*

LIKE A VINYL equivalent of the Old Curiosity Shop, Nik Turner's Inner City Unit has produced an album incorporating so much rock bric-a-brac that it's worth a trip round the turntable for its novelty value alone.

The old Notting Hill Doomwatch Philosophy remains constant as a source of lyrical inspiration and references range from Peter Porter's *Your Attention Please* to Moorcock's *Dancers At The End Of Time* trilogy. Panic-stricken voice-overs herald many of the numbers, and SF movie themes weave in and out.

Turner's sax playing hasn't developed much since his days with Hawkwind, but in deference to the new wave most of the tracks are tighter and shorter than they would have been a few years ago. Whenever they aim for a group identity they sound like a joke Van Der Graaf Generator, but they make some interesting noises in 'Brainstorm' which sounds unnervingly like The Specials, and 'Cars Eat With Autoface' that combines a nonsensical Jethro Tull workout with an off-the-wall riff redolent of The Fall. Future schlock numbers like 'Fall Out' and 'Nuclear Waste' aim at spurious ecological viability, 'Master Of The Universe' turns up in a more streamlined vehicle, while 'Inner City Unit' is a sort of 'Uncle Harry's Last Freakout' of TV themes.

At least it shows there are signs of activity in what was assumed to be an area of total devastation. So who'll lay odds on a Ladbroke Grove revival?

Neil Norman

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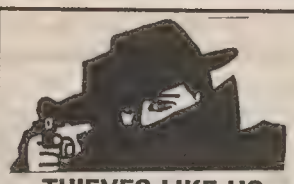
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Another old fool called Johnny. *Pic Anton Corbijn*

There's no fuel like an old fuel

John Cooper Clarke
Essential logic

Central Poly

THE phrase No Nukes tends to grate a little these days. It's been so overworked (commercialised?) it gets hard not to think of it as just a credibility platform for lagging ex-hippy rock stars, or as another doctrinal fad for American mass youth consumption as if there's something fashionably righteous about wearing an "Atomkraft? Nein Danke!" button.

It's the stripping away of any such dubious idealism that makes this No Nukes gig all the more refreshing. Held last Friday, the first anniversary of the Harrisburg disaster (when 76,000 fled radioactive waste leaking from a reactor on Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania), the main contenders touting the propaganda pamphlets are the ever-composed Friends Of The Earth, the more volatile Anti Nuclear Campaign, RAR and their latest off-shoot, Rock Against Thatcher (RAT 80 to you diehards, with enough angst to bleach a blue rinse on sight).

You're bombarded with facts and figures, arguments adding fuel to the pyre — the Tory intention to build a pressurised water reactor (same as the Harrisburg station); the constant leakage of the Windscale waste disposal system (the Irish Sea being the most radioactive in the world); the increased availability of nuclear weapon components through building power stations; the likelihood of a police state brought about by dependence on nuclear power. The only chink in the statistical armour (for me, anyway) is that alternative sources (solar, for example) can't — as yet — hope to span the future Energy Gap any more effectively than Nuclear Power. They're just less like a time-bomb, period.

Somewhere in the middle of all this is Essential Logic, uttering not a word about politics, taking time to adjust, and turning in the most dense, powerful, passionate set I've ever heard them play. Over the last year they've gradually evened out some of the kinks in their structure, the kind of self-conscious mannerisms that put words like 'quirky' so firmly on the map. The end result sounds more controlled and a lot easier to digest, the parts locking together where they used to splinter and glance off at tangents.

They've suffused strains of Beefheart with Curved Air and Lovich adding jazzy Zappa-like interludes and meshing it all into one absorbing bone-dry funk. They've even filed back the earlier numbers like 'Quality Crayon Wax OK' and 'Shabby Abbot' steering closer to the new balance of hesitant phrasing and full-blooded propulsion.

God knows where they'll take this music from here. They've channelled it down one narrow alleyway and it serves its purpose, but they can't refine it any further without losing its edge.

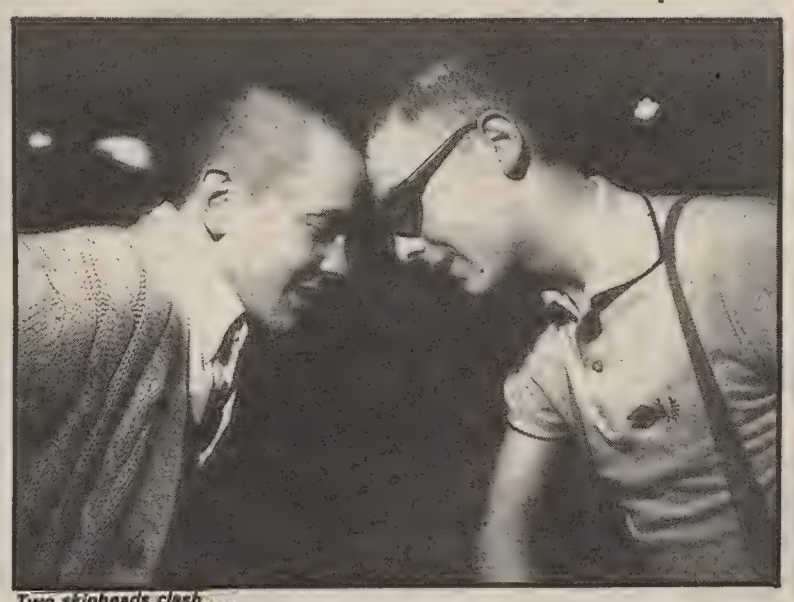
Coke can in hand, chewing the rhythmic gum, speeding round the mike stand as if wired to the National Grid, John Cooper Clarke picks up the momentum and takes it on home with him. I once feared he might get adopted in a *chummy* sort of way by the liberal late 20's (often the case with Dury) just because dialect's no chic and any scummy little sagas about life's unmentionable filth that are metrically pleasing, and cocooned in enough slang and street savvy, tend to get taken just at face value — as a mildly amusing diversion, *dear.*

Wrong! He's still one step ahead, dodging and weaving round expectation, knocking out the old back catalogue with the same vigour and spontaneity and hitting below the belt with all the new stuff, especially the demented landscape of the bop prose meisterwerk 'Ten Years In An Open-Necked Shirt'.

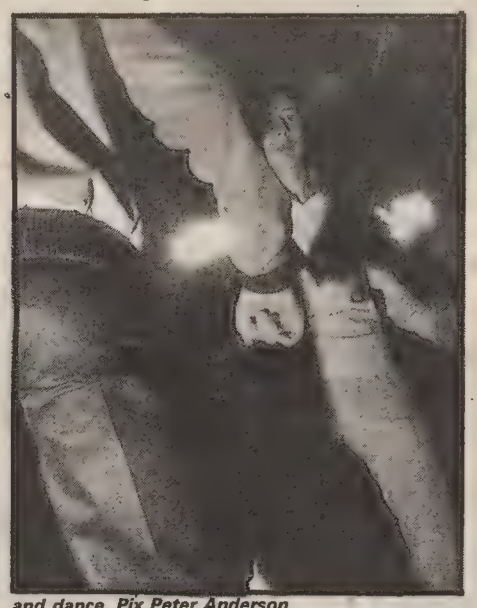
I mean *why worry* about the Nuke crisis when your old woman's a louse, the gaff's a tip, the street's a shambles, the drains all blocked, and the entire outside world peopled by mutants, sicko-perverts and health fanatics.

Stanza reason, dunnit?

Mark Ellen



Two skinheads clash . . .



and dance. Pix Peter Anderson.

Battle Of The Sound Systems

Electric Ballroom

PERSONALLY, I have seen more wonderful sound system contests playing out of a freezing November evening at the Stratford Municipal Hall.

Then again, the Stratford Municipal Hall is indeed a very ideal venue wherein to participate in events of this nature, and in particular those hosted by the I&I&I&I&I&I& Club.

Notwithstanding which, the Electric Ballroom joust last Friday is one of the most inglorious battles of the sound systems I ever see. In fact, it is never a battle of the sound systems at all, except perhaps in the admittedly fertile imagination of Island Records' press office, who stage manage this fiasco in an effort to unload copies of 'Club Ska 67' on legions of unsuspecting skinheads.

It is the skinhead clientele — proportionately more than 50% of the audience — who unwittingly contribute to the ensuing no contest, Jah Shaka staying away for fear his speaker boxes may be on the receiving end of Doctor Marten boots.

It is left to Duke Vin, recently disinterred from the '60s, to provide the evening's musical entertainment perforce of Maytals' vocal and Skatalites' instrumental recordings.

I arrive too late to take in the Wide Boys' stage performance, although a senior *New Musical Express* executive later describes them to me as "A carbon copy 2-tone band," and a dub vendor of my acquaintance delineates them as "the pits".

Perhaps it is the size of the hall, perhaps my own fancy, but it seems to me that Duke Vin's speaker boxes are ill-equipped to play ska music, or maybe his boys are unsure how to mix it. Certainly, the most successful sound I hear all evening is Pat Kelly's 'It's A New Day', a reggae record. For the most part, the mellow tone of ska is hindered by an excess of treble, with the sax and trombone solos lost somewhere on the dance floor.

The dance floor. It is great irony that all this modern rude boy mimicry should have taken in every aspect of the original ska era excepting the dance itself. I saw not one dancer attempt, or even show awareness of either the ska or the shuffle dance, although some of the skinheads did pass off a reasonable imitation of the moon hop circa 1969, a reggae dance step.

If there was any contest at all, it was in the music itself. I would nominate 'President Kennedy' as the outstanding ska tune of the night.

Penny Reel

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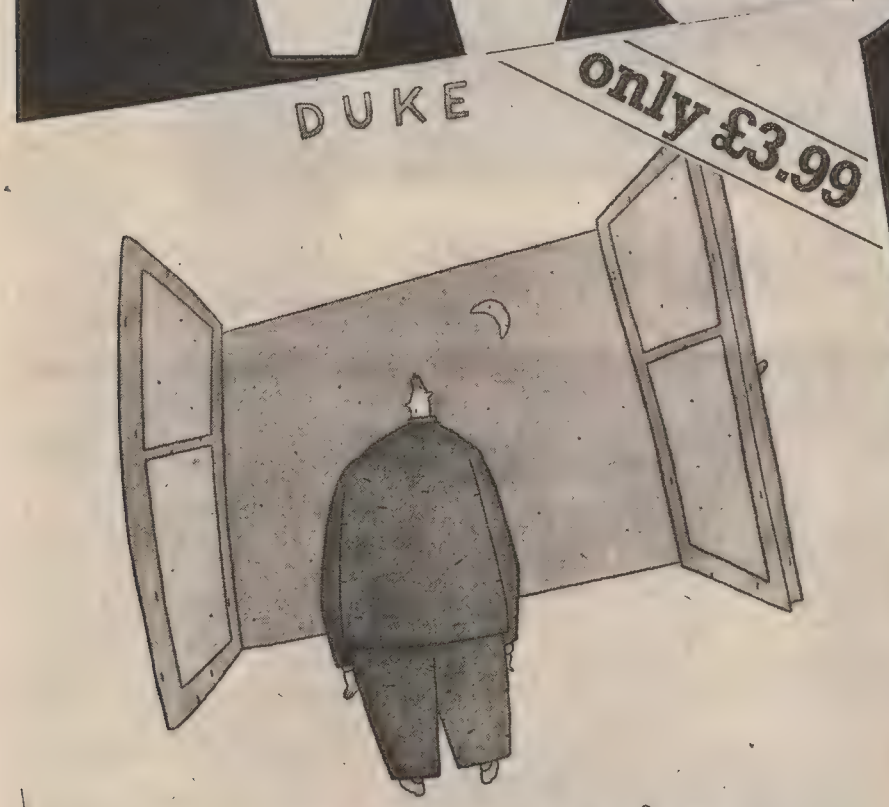

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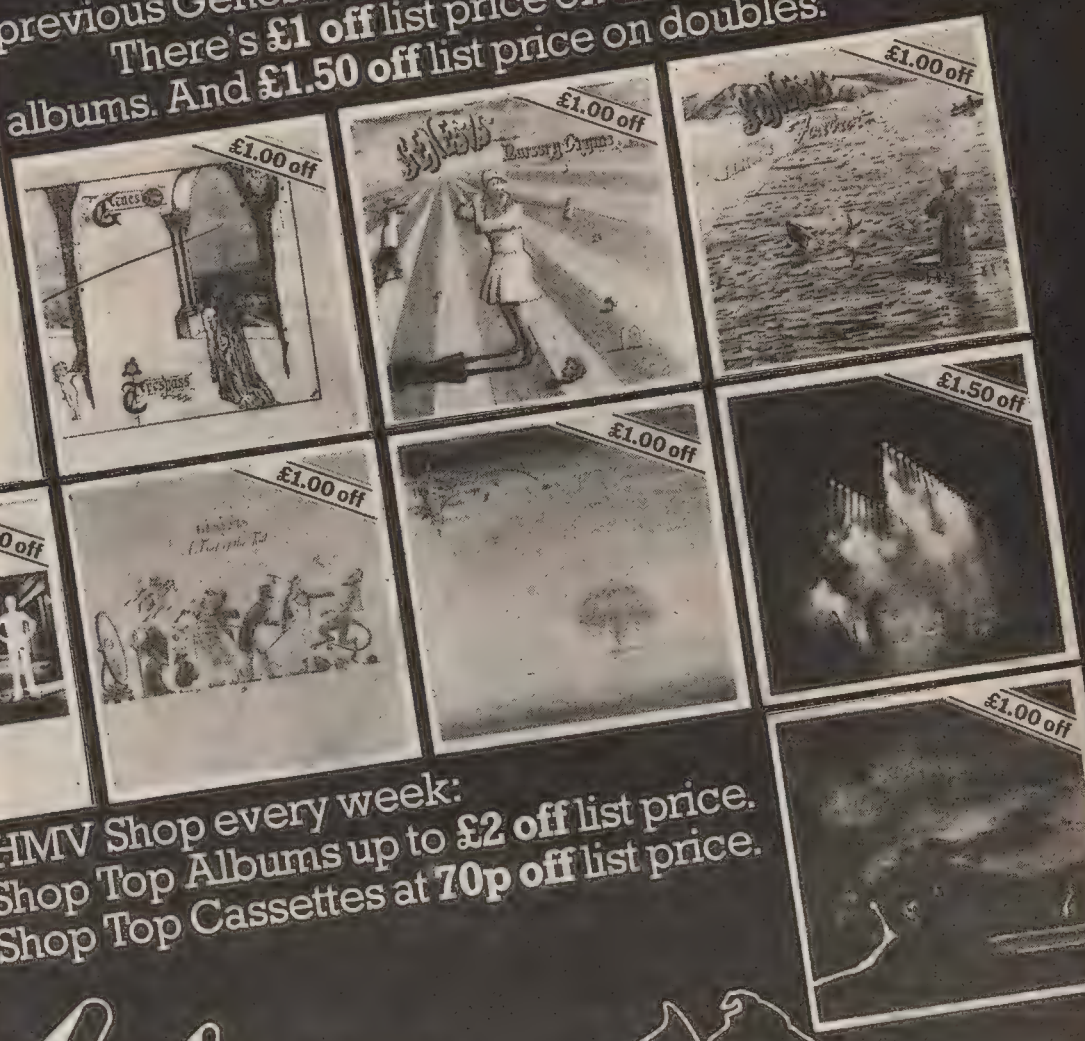

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Siouxsie And The Banshees

Stirling

BLIZZARDS across the northern wastelands; last-minute transport traumas; Stirling University's early schedules; missing dispatches . . .

Anyway, we arrived late. Missed Scars, a favourite group, and walked into a Banshee-regulated environment ten minutes old. But nobody was dancing. A few people were swaying slightly, others nodded in time. Down the sides of the hall people were lying on the floor amongst piles of discarded beercans.

All in all a normal University crowd of the mildly curious, the mildly indifferent, the exhibitionist drunks, the unconscious and the people who like to go along to see groups, drink beer, jump around, have a great time and spend the entire evening shouting for one song they heard a few times and quite liked. Maybe a few fans were there too, but it would be interesting to know how many in the crowd would have bothered going to see the Banshees in an outside hall if they didn't just happen to be the entertainment at the place they were going anyway.

"For all those who want 'Helter Skelter' . . ." (muffled cheering) ". . . here's a Banshee ballad."

'Desert Kisses' is the third new song out of six. Members of the audience decide to transfer their weight to the other foot. 'Desert Kisses' is sad and slow. Sioux's vocals lost and innocent, instead of the usual proud and strident soaring through inpenetrable, guitar vastness like a robot pterodactyl fitted with neutron blasters.

Siouxsie And The Banshees deserve our esteem for their invaluable work in jarring modern music from its rut to two chord oblivion. Considering their humble origins, what the Banshees have achieved has been remarkable.

That aside — and whatever transcendentally uplifiting experiences they may have conjured at past gigs — onstage Siouxsie And The Banshees are almost completely dismal and one-dimensional. They can't compete with the range of strange emotions and new atmospheres effortlessly created by such as Pere Ubu and Simple Minds (and stay tuned for Edinburgh's Josef K), or even the less supple but infinitely subtle wonderments of Scars and Joy Division.

Whatever macabre humour or cunning ingenuities the band see in their own work is lost in the relentless instrumentation, and in particular in Sioux's imperious vocals.

Basically the Banshees remain guilty of humourlessness, detachment and similar accusations of their detractors, more so than any of their contemporaries — live at least, where it matters most.

After 'Desert Kisses' a few fans cheer when they recognise the opening notes of 'Switch'. Half a dozen start to pogo. Steve Severin looks, briefly, as if he's about to glance at the audience, but doesn't. John McGeoch, on short-term lease from Magazine, bends in concentration over his guitar, leans back a little and disappears behind his fringe. Budgie puts the hammer down as momentum builds.

And suddenly, as if the floor hurled them there, the audience, as one, are in the air and pogoing like a person who pogos a lot. For 'Happy House' they reach new levels of wild excess. A skinhead pours lager over his head. That's how happy they are.

'Hybrid', another new song, soon puts a stop to that. Another Wagnerian opus; more teutonic veneer. The new songs seem a bit longer, more complex (there are slow bits *and* fast bits).

This isn't really the most favourable time to review the Banshees. This is a low-key tour, really just a few of the places cancelled from last time which weren't rescheduled. And this was the first gig (they want to forget about Liverpool the previous night) at a particularly unstable stage of their career before an indifferent audience.

There was no encore because "They didn't dance to 'Celebration'." (Dance to a marching beat?)

Let's not be too dismissive just now and hope that the Banshees take the opportunity for some reassessment.

Glenn Gibson

Siouxsie. Pic Michael Hughes

From a rut into two-chord oblivion

Q-Tips

Marquee

ANOTHER revival. It's not progressive enough to call it anything else.

It probably sounds a jaded observation, but any band who can turn a complete (Stax) *volte face* in a couple of months and re-emerge with a new smile and style, new threads and re-treads, artfully attuned to an immediately fashionable idiom, can only arouse feelings of the deepest suspicion.

I remember seeing the Q-Tips' nucleus — singer Paul Young, guitar John Gifford and bass Micky Pearl — in a former incarnation called Streetband (remember 'Toast'?), an appallingly 'pro', slicked-up bunch of *Jackie* dreamboat popsters who looked like they'd peeled off the club circuit, won *New Faces* and been rushed to North London direct from a Blackpool cabaret spot on a bed of ice.

Three months ago they did the world a great favour and ceased to be Streetband, left Logo Records, and went into hibernation.

And now . . . fanfares, champagne breaks against bow . . . they've unveiled as an eight-piece soul outfit, hard on the heels of Dexy's Midnight Runners (though with none of the vision); beige suit jackets, clashing sta-pressed strides, showband shirts and ties, an Atlantic/Stax soul machine. Drop in a dime and they'll run through a stack of your fave soul standards. It's hard-milled, it's precision-built, and it all clicks perfectly into place. And it's a lot of fun (though I'm still suspicious).

And if you like that sweet soul music, and to dance the mashed potato and the watusi, then Q-Tips might just bridge that gap until something better comes along. Maybe they'll prove a force worth reckoning with when they deliver the promised batch of originals.

Expect nothing new in approach and arrangement and you shouldn't feel robbed. They surf on the strength of their songs alone, always danceable, sometimes nostalgic.

They whip up the authentic colouring, Barry Watts keeping the drum sound flat and compact, Gifford trading a nice line in swing/jazz chords, the denimed Ian Kew (suit still at the cleaners, I assume) adds high-pitched quavering keyboards, at times uncomfortably shrill against the thick, sinous backline.

Plus, they've sprouted horns: trumpet Tony Hughes, baritone sax Stevie Farr and alto Stewart Blandamer, who's got the arched-back, lung-busting solo stance down to such a fine art you'd think he was limbo dancing.

Despite looking unnervingly fresh-faced and healthy, Paul Young still manages to croon and croak as if he bump-starts with a whole pack of Park Drives, and so acquits himself pretty well throughout a set that's virtually an '80s tribute to Sam Cooke.

If you know it, they play it, and if you've forgotten it, you'll remember it soon enough — Otis Redding's 'Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay', 'My Girl', 'Down In The Valley'; Joe Tex's 'S.Y.S.L.J.F.M. (The Letter Song)'; Marvin Gaye's 'How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You' (the Junior Walker version, I'm told); Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks Of My Tears'; Wilson Pickett's '6345789'; the Isley's 'Shout' (sacrilege when Tom Petty's been in town) and Sam Cooke's 'Havin' A Party' and 'Shake'.

That's most of them, anyway.

But beneath it all I can't help thinking that they've just scrutinised the form and assumed the position.

Trouble is, we've got all the revivals we need this minute. Q-Tips seem to have dived headlong into yet another consoling musical deep-end. Time will tell if they sink or swim.

Mark Ellen

Akrylykz

Nashville

YET another young dance combo including two saxophones, keyboards, and token blackman, and a little belatedly, Polydor give the band a leg-up onto the ska bandwagon and make a play for the thriving 12 year olds record buying public.

But the band make a mockery of ska; they're imitators with all the conviction and originality of plastic punk. Their contrived image and forced dancing possess no natural rhythm and co-ordination, and the whole band look distinctly uncomfortable trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves.

Bands like this threaten ska with the same fate as mod — a collection of tinny, untalented bands unrecognised for their music but patronised for a while because of their image, and then quickly discarded for the next fashion. Akrylykz's music is smooth and flat and monotonous.

Titles include the inevitable sequel to the Rude boy/Glory boy line, 'Smart Boy' (their already released single), 'Love Song' and 'Afraid To Dance'; which the audience weren't, being well-trained in the art of fashion appreciation. It's all part of the image, it's the 'in' thing.

And the band were surprised when they were called back for an encore. Obviously they're dumber than they look.

Deanne Pearson

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Brum Gangsters. Pic Peter Anderson.

And the beat goes brrrrm . . .

Brumbeat Package

Dingwalls

FOR concrete proof that history repeats, the world turns in cycles, empires fall and rise etc, merely observe the current spate of bands busting out of Birmingham.

The Brumbeat Package and its new, effusive local rag of the same name, testify to the seeds of an action replay of the original Brumbeat of '64 when London labels thundered up there and began, almost hysterically, to shower hefty contracts on anything that had a Gibson, a dickie-bow, horn-rims or chisel-toes, or looked even remotely like Gerry Marsden.

In the wake of The Beat, UB 40 and a fair few metal acts, the package is a three-pronged assault to tempt Southern A&R into a Brum strip-mining investment. But with Gangsters now signed before the tour is properly under way, the rest are just too conformist to pack any real punch.

As long as Sting saturates the airwaves, every tenement block in the land will spawn something like The Thrillers, though probably not as fluid or half as enjoyable.

They're three curiously mismatched figures: a singer exuding awkward, stilted *Eraserhead* charm; a very young, wiry bassist and a drummer who must have been in his 30s to claim he supported King Crimson in 1970. They try to focus from three very separate angles and so only collide in a relatively small coherent sector—spacey, Police-paced, scoured reggae with Stingish black vocal inflexions, on-beat rolling bass and heavily wired-up biscuit-tin drums.

Otherwise, influences tend to pull the mixture into ragged shape with a mid-'70s hard rock and blues undercurrent off-balancing the dry synthesizer overlays, neither fitting too snugly into the constant reggae superstructure.

Time is ripe once again for a quick custom job, a change of threads, two months of rush-rehearsals and a springboard leap onto a fast-receding bandwagon. Gangsters, whose nucleus was a Brum soul outfit not many moons back, have lifted their name from the first Specials record and strapped on the skank skates with an agility that can only be born of an avaricious commercial suss.

A great dance band they may be, but it still irks somewhat to see them assume the whole "I Man King Of Rude Boys — Ree-Dem-Shun Music Time" banter and zap up a load of old covers with all the 'right', 'current' intonation when it looks like they've scarcely had time to rip the price tags off the crisp new 2-tone black and white apparel and stick on a pork pie hat.

Regulation two black, four white, they're a slick (yes, slick!) nouveau ska soul band who do justice to Sam The Sham's 'Woolly Bully', Arthur Conley's 'Sweet Soul Music' and The Showstoppers' 'House Party', the rest of the set, including their own 'Rude Boys Are Back In Town', being a bonafide shrine to Walt Jabsco.

And so to The Quads, a non-descript '80s beat group.

If The Buzzcocks had never heard of Merseybeat and were raised on R&B and Shadows instrumentals, they might have been born The Quads, playing tough, but not tough enough.

Mark Ellen

The Adventures

101 Club

I DUNNO. I suppose mostly it's Radio One's fault, with its huge market share and its DJs' frequently absurd Records Of The Week. Radio One *and* Bob Geldof.

Because sometimes it seems half the bands in London want to be The Vapors and have Top Ten hits with idiotic pop songs. Not surprisingly, the results are mostly bad singles and wasted talent.

The Adventures are a band of, er, *experienced* musicians, put together by their management, apparently as backing for a vocalist-guitarist-songwriter Simon Tedd — touted by some as a future "face". They've been together for almost three months and gigging for close on two, in which time they have gone from being an absurd joke to being a tight, poppy, cohesive damp squid.

Tedd, it must be understood, does have it in him to write good pop songs, and his 'Let's Talk' — if released as a single once a record contract is inked — could be a sizable hit. His other material, although not

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Tickets available from box offices
and usual agencies

so catchy, is good enough to fill up an album.

And the band, despite being an odd-looking, horrifyingly competent lot, are capable of walloping out a good 45 minutes without once flagging and actually transforming any weak spots in the songs. The move up from support to regular headliners seems a cert.

But it's all wasted if their whole purpose is just to become another cog in the culture processing machine.

David Tudor

Richard Strange

Kingston Poly

"Nothing of him that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange."

WELL, perhaps not, but Richard Strange (formerly Kid Strange of the Doctors of Madness) certainly blew a few minds at one of those depressing students-only gigs.

Alone but for a projector screen and a tape recorder, Strange took the stage in grey trilby and tatty trenchcoat to render his version of 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange' which, in his own words, is all about "how Sir Keith Joseph and Bob Geldof try and sell us the same horseshit". As a concept it is insanely egotistical and it is to his credit that some of the music proved worth listening to.

Opening with 'The Year Of Richard Strange,' he sang to the taped backing of a raucous three-piece featuring himself on guitar, while he moved in front of the screen for 'I'm On Top Of The World,' during which wartime documentary footage was projected over him. Donning an amplified acoustic guitar he then spat out the lyrics to 'Do The Devil's Work,' lines like *"Put my feelings up for sale and tell the sweetest lies"* clearly referring to serious popsters like Elvis Costello, with a bitterness shaded too green for comfort.

There were some very weird moments during the course of the set, like Strange duelling onstage with his own taped guitar riffs and introducing the invisible band: Sam Williams on bass and Martin Griffin on drums. The best number of the night, 'The International Language Of The World', was sung over an infectious mutant disco beat in a green strobe.

The student audience loved it but I left with mixed feelings.

Certainly a compelling performer, Strange embodies the same anachronistic contradictions that scarred zany madcap Arthur Brown. The reality behind Strange is too clearly mundane and middle-class, castrating the power of most of his work and turning art into artifice. The frustrated spleen of his lyrics, though articulate, becomes little more than sneering cant.

The guy's got guts and it will be interesting to see how he's received under more demanding circumstances, though I was left with the impression that the entire proceedings had been strangely but oddly normal.

Neil Norman

Official Police Merchandise

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T-SHIRTS SWEAT SHIRTS TIES POSTERS KEY RINGS

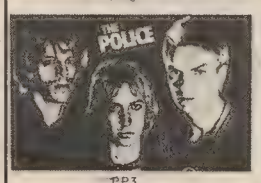
BADGES PROGRAMME STING SONGBOOK

PT 1 (FRONT)

PT 1 (BACK)

PP 1

PP2



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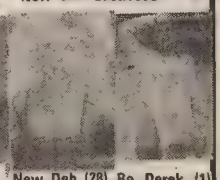

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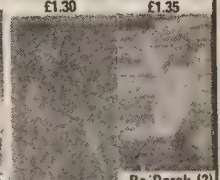

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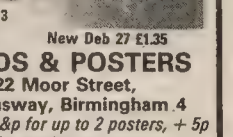

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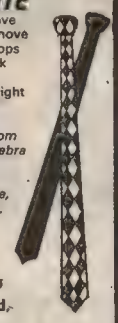

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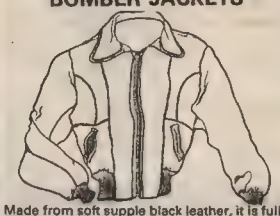

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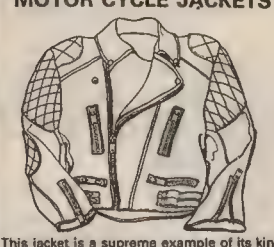

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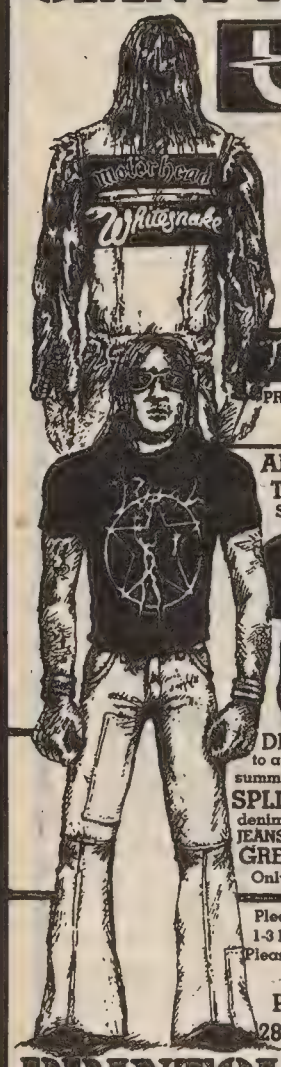

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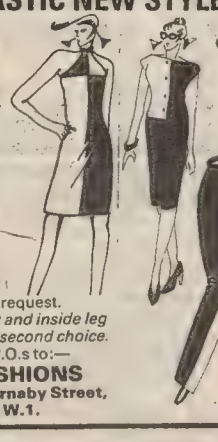

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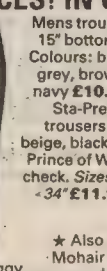

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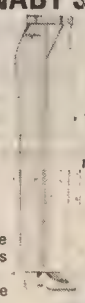

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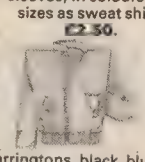

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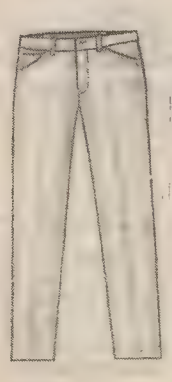

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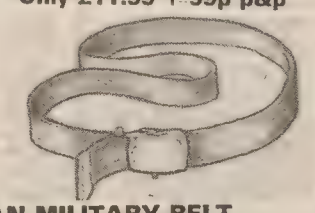

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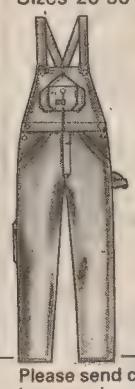

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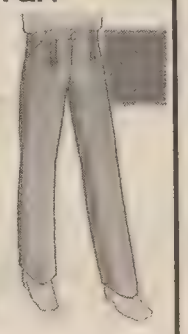

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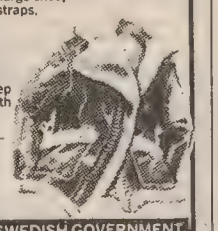

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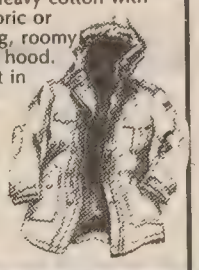

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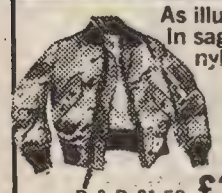

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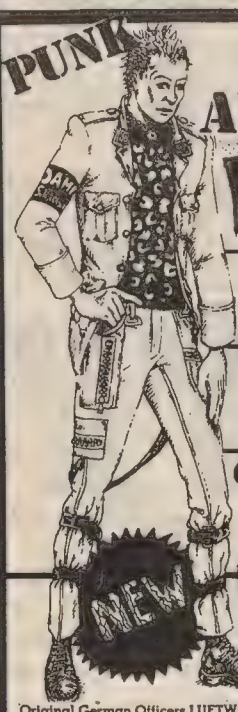

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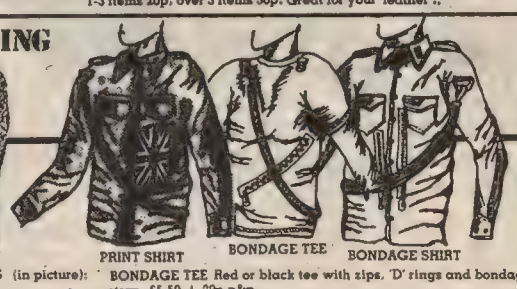

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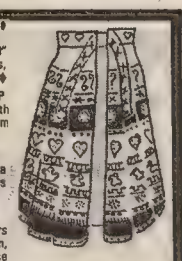

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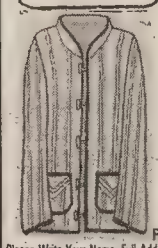

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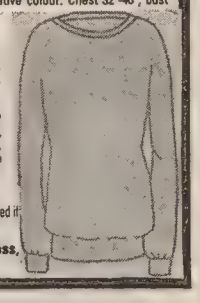

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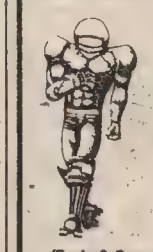

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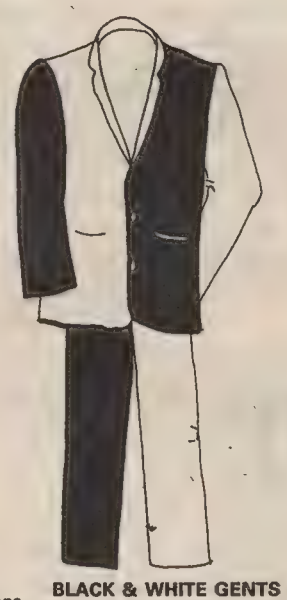

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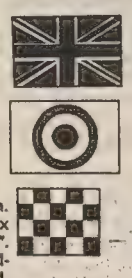

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Purple Hearts

Marquee

THE Purple Hearts play a song called 'Millions Like Us'. This early exclamation of mod solidarity now looks futile, even though the Purple Hearts are quite capable of packing the Marquee with devoted admirers. The song is used by the band as a rallying point — but what their supporters want and what the Purple Hearts want to give them aren't the same.

Like their fans, Purple Hearts seem unsure of who they are. The crowds at the Marquee ranged from mods in brown suits, later seen bouncing up and down like a horde of small furry creatures, to skinheads. The mixture was uneasy and caused urgent flurries of violent activity. Some pushing, some shoving, some punching and kicking.

"It's so hard to create something/When there's nothing left to use" the Purple Hearts claim in 'Nothing's Left'. What the band have chosen to use is some Who, some Small Faces and a bit of punk. 'Nothing Left' itself pits a pretty ordinary tune against some drama borrowed wholesale from 'Won't Get Fooled Again'. 'Perfect World' was performed with aimless energy and remained crushingly average.

The aimlessness probably stems from the fact that the Purple Hearts are still learning where their strengths lie. They're starting to think about transcending their mod bandwagon origins and giving themselves some elbow room.

The result is a bizarre lack of consistency. The Hearts are capable of jumping from songs of pitiful mundanity to moments of real exhilaration. God knows why they opened with 'I've Been Away', which has all the hallmarks of a song which never wanted to be written. Efforts to revive it with vocal harmonies only emphasised the hopelessness of the case.

But things looked up as the Hearts surged into a scalding treatment of 'Frustation'. Singer Robert Manton gained maximum leverage from the throaty bass/guitar chug pumped out by Jeff Shadbolt and Simon Stebbing respectively. Manton seemed to increase in stature as the evening wore on.

More goodies were 'Beat That!', the title track of the Hearts' new album, and the single 'Jimmy'. On the album, it's a good idea to get someone to give you a prod when 'Beat That!' comes round, otherwise you might miss it. Live, it bore a striking resemblance to The Mekons' 'Where Were You', with Stebbing's blazing guitar chords threatening to trip over each other at any moment.

Who Heart Youse? Pic David Corio.

'Jimmy' was the most potent number of the night. It's been fitted with a made-to-measure middle section which worked to thunderous effect, provoking massed overhead clapping. This time, the Hearts' efforts to harmonise paid off too.

After the climactic 'Jimmy', the Hearts didn't sustain the power they'd stoked up. It was about here that Manton started to complain that the Marquee was too hot to let anybody breathe, and it was also the point where the first fight broke out. The band were practically buried alive by followers when they came out for an encore, then Manton's mike wouldn't work. The impetus was lost.

The Purple Hearts need better material. It's much harder than it looks to write like Steve Marriott or Pete Townshend, as the Hearts are discovering. The band are developing a strong live presence, though. Manton discharges the role of front man confidently and at its best, Stebbing's guitar playing is dramatic and distinctive. Now, they've got to build on that presence and put it on record.

Adam Sweeting

McCoy Tyner

Round House

TYNER is perhaps not quite in the 'living legend' class but his credentials as arguably the great small group leader of the '70s still lent this gig event status. Thursday found the Round House crowded and attentive for the appearance of his latest sextet.

The opening 'The Seeker' ran almost 30 minutes and hit the sort of intensity most groups aim to finish a set with. An object lesson in dynamics: soprano sax and violin forays led to a bass interlude and finally Tyner's grandstand solo, slamming chords driven by a virtuoso conception. The new rhythm team is in the great Tyner tradition. Bassist Avery Sharpe was a hothouse of invention, slapped chords and subtle harmonics, and George A. Johnson is an ideally straight-ahead drummer. Old hand Guilherme Franco is the counterweight to the orthodox time-keeping, leaping around his arsenal of percussion in a beat-the-clock race to fit it all in.

A Coltrane tune received the only trio treatment of the night, played almost impossibly fast and feeding off Johnson's cross-rhythms. Tyner shook the theme apart with rapacious chords suddenly split by torrents of single notes. Bet he doesn't use many nail files.

The set closer had Jo Ford's alto metamorphosing into an uncaged beast. Merely workmanlike on soprano here he mustered an unyielding attack over a percussive storm that felt like the drummers were in competition with Krakatoa. Carl Ector's violin seemed pale by comparison and didn't slot in too well; Tyner's compositions are deceptively simple and form a stiff test for a soloist to make anything out of the hammering, claustrophic climate. The end finally came in a pulverising climax of almost unbearable intensity.

But the inexhaustible drive carried over into the encore, which found room for greasier violin and solo spots from Ford and Sharpe designed to astound. The boss — a massive figure who looks like he plays — had the cheek to insert a rolling chunk of almost-stride piano before another wilting coda.

I could've wished for more of the pianist's softer lyricism amidst the thunder; but this was a *real* festival set. A celebration.

Richard Cook

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MEMBERS

■ From page 29

Betjeman wrote mockingly some 40 odd years after 'Metroland' of being *". . . a young executive, no shirts than mine are cleaner/I have a Slimline briefcase and I use the firm's Cortina"*, he was describing the sort of person that Nicky Tesco might have become had not our old friend rock and roll intervened.

IT IS IN one sense very appropriate that Tesco will be among those playing at the benefit for the imprisoned Hugh Cornwell this coming week, since it is while watching The Stranglers perform 'Hanging Around' on TV in a second-rate hotel in Brighton that he decided to throw in his job as travelling sales rep for a prominent firm of bath salts manufacturers and form a rock band instead.

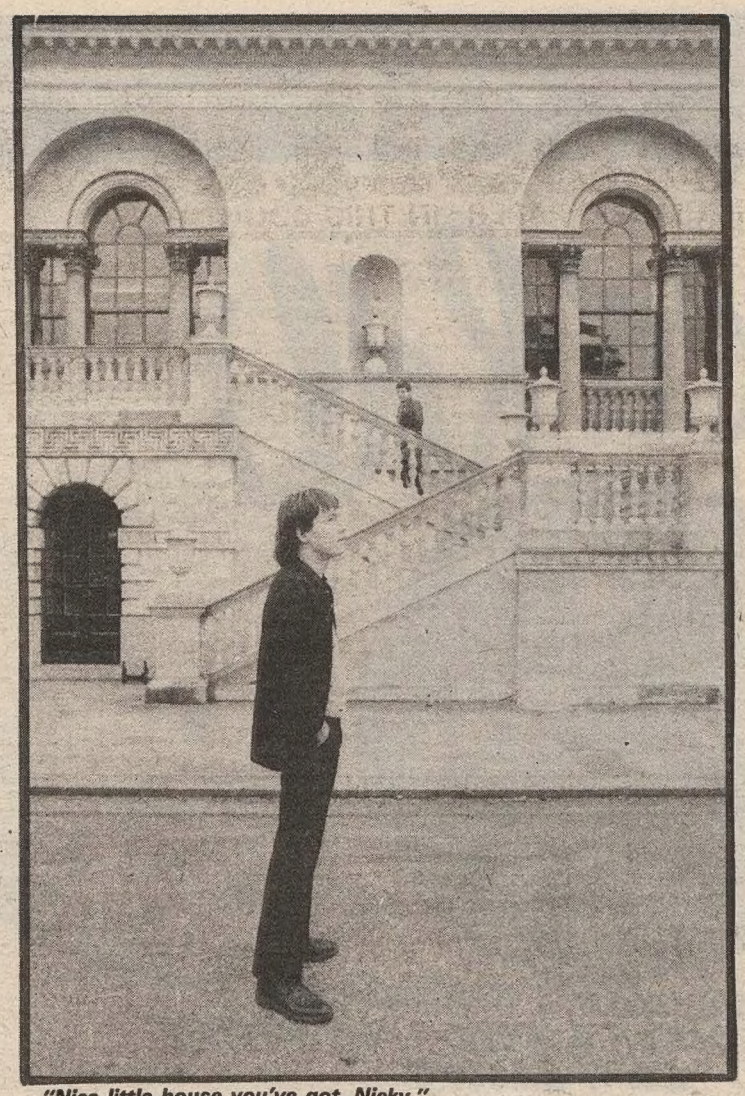
"It was lucky for me I got into rock," he confides. "I was being made all these offers at the time, the chance to become a salesman for an arms dealer. I know myself well enough to realise there's a side of me that could have done it. It's awful, but I know I'm not incorruptible."

Prior to his activities as salesman, Tesco had studied Politics at Warwick University, his teenage years having been spent at a tinpot public school where he became enough of an *enfant terrible* to be unceremoniously booted out, an achievement he is proud to recall. Idly, I ask after his heroes, trying to trace moving forces.

"A few months back it was Dino," says Tesco. "It's just people like that . . . I used to really like this guy called George Shevel, who turned from being a shopkeeper to become a political philosopher. He was a French guy in the 19th century, an anarcho-syndicalist, a very violent philosopher, a middle-class guy getting his rocks off writing violent political philosophy."

The analogy is not lost. Certainly Tesco is a man racked by powerful emotions, as attested by his onstage ferocity and the constant state of physical plight in which he seems to be racked by arthritis, consumptive coughs, septic tonsils and other such diverse ailments.

JC provides the more reflective side of the band's creative nexus, Aquarian to Tesco's Libran — all the band, including managers, are one of the two signs. His heroes are, he says, "Otis Redding, Gregory Isaacs, outstanding musicians like that." A chance encounter with Tesco set the group in motion and retrieved him from a career in banking, and it was his financial background that became responsible for the offbeat subject matter of "Offshore Banking Business', which concerns the highly questionable fiscal dealings of firms using West Indian tax havens as their base.



"Nice little house you've got, Nicky."

"The International Invester did this interview with me when we were in New York, asking me if I was a commie. I said 'What is this — the McCarthy witch trials?' The song had gotten to the front pages of the Bermuda press, see, and the *Globe* in Toronto did something in it too."

It was likewise bass man Chris Payne's experience working for British Airways that resulted in the group's aviation fixation; both 'Handling The Big Jets', another Shadows-style instrumental, and 'Flying Again' (from the new album) feature in the group's current repertoire.

Payne is a gruff, amiable, retiring fellow, his loping bass lines evidently shaped by his fascination for reggae; he used his last free travel allocation from his former job to visit Jamaica.

ALL THE band are keen to talk about their trans-global experiences over the last year and in particular the triumphs of the Australian bash; which makes sense considering that much of inhabited Australia is, in the words of JC, "one long suburb".

They were also impressed by emergent Oz bands like Mental As Anything ("We thought we weren't gonna be able to follow them," admits Tesco). The greatest victory was, however, in New Zealand — "Everything we'd read in the British music press was true," gushed Auckland's *Rip It Up* in wonderment.

"It was just like being back home, apart from the great food," says Nicky. "Even though they'd never been visited by any punk-style bands before us they were all into it, *pogoing* and *gobbing*. They even had skinheads, proper ones down to the football badges in the lapels. It was bizarre."

They had similar good fortune on a club tour of The States, fitting in a support slot with Joe Jackson at a New York Palladium prestige gig and unwittingly prodding Bruce Springsteen to turn out at his Asbury Park local to check out the band and pay his respects.

"It's hard work, but in all honesty there's a holiday atmosphere on a tour like that — let's face it, I'd never have got to those places if I wasn't in a band. We all know how lucky we are.

"In Berlin and New York you get the impression it's 'live it up now 'cos we're going tomorrow'. In Berlin there are very few middle-aged people, they've all gone. The government want to attract young people so they have really good club laws and with all their money it really is like living with no tomorrow. You don't get that vibe here . . ." He gestures vaguely beyond the kitschy interior to London outside.

So what is it Nick, the end of the world or what?

"Nah, I've written a song called 'Turn Of The Century' — I see it plodding on more or less the same quite honestly. Our society has to become more pluralistic though, like New York. The communications between the various groups within society has to improve."

THE MEMBERS take their responsibilities, such as they are, seriously. Aside from their satire and wit they are ultimately sensitive people alarmed by much of what they see going on, caught in the same traps as most of us and responding in the same ways; with friendships, good times, humour, anger. They're not sectarian. They believe in some kind of common bond and culture between the disaffiliated, and to this end they're constant doers of good turns, players of free gigs and benefits; they're not on giant ego trips, and they're not rich.

The last aside, it is these qualities, I suspect, as much as any timely hit single, that have evidently endeared them to the deeply liberal soul of Virgin Records, along with the likes of XTC.

"Despite all the stick they get," says Tesco, "it's still the only company where you can walk in and see the boss; I argued with Branson for hours to get 'Offshore Banking' as the follow-up to 'Sound Of The Suburbs'; where else could I do that?"

Needless to say it's Virgin who are putting out '1980 — The Choice Is Yours' with the single taster 'Romance' already out and about. The new album is a mix of the tried and tested — Larry Wallis' 'Police Car', one of their stage anthems, another of their quirky Shads instrumentals called 'The Ayatollah Harmony' (a possible unlikely hit, I'd hazard) as well as 'Physical Love', an old number left over from their sub-Clash days — and newer more adventurous material.

Of this, 'Here Come The Green Men' is the killer, a lilting reggae croon, a hoot at the glib and oily admen and politicians on the TV screens. 'Brian Was' and 'Gang War' are more ambitious still, the latter being a Springsteenesque account of a Neasden-style teen tribal showdown, and 'Brian Was' being based on a true story of the meek little office worker who decided to step out a sixteenth floor window one day. Joe Jackson and Albie Donelly help out on piano and horns.

What finally impresses about The Members' attitudes and work is the strong sense of an underlying morality forging their pop sensibilities and enthusiasms into shape, a quality which, I'd hazard, will ultimately stand them in far greater stead than all the fickle fortunes of fashion, and fitting into this week's great scheme of things.

They're under no illusions about either the business or the limited achievements which rock can effect. How much longer do you see all of this going on, I ask them in an offhand moment.

"I don't know, it could all end tomorrow, and I wouldn't hold any bitterness," says Tesco.

"I suppose I can always go back to working in a bank," says JC, though none of us believe him.

"You might as well ask when you're going to die," says Nigel.

SINGLES

■ From page 20

scuffling days). These people are po-faced pillocks who would like to give the world a frown just because nobody wanted to give them a job a few years back.

Ski Patrol and Funboy Five keep their weak-kneed, whining gripes most general; General Accident get specific, groaning on about something as harmless and innocuous as computer dating as though it was Kampuchea. If you stop and think about it for two seconds these Better Badges bands are really quite offensive. Did I lose a fingernail fighting in the King's Road for these sexless toerags? *NAFF OFF!* Ziggy Heroe is an individualist and he makes Gary Neuman look like Anthony Newley. The Impossible Dreamers recite a telephone directory for *literati*. The Decorators sound like a sprightly Bogus Man and their New Hormones home isn't quite as ironic as it first seems. Maggie Britton and John Hardman were heartbroken when Sweet Baby James spliced the knot with Carly, proving that just because you're on an indie and an acoustic stool that doesn't mean you're sensitive. The Toy Dolls are Graham Fellows on Dextrosol sweeties, excitable and charming. The Worms don't turn your stomach; they're so full of artless, low key joy that after an earful of the Better Badges bands these Antipodean gamins seem touched with some kind of ramshackle genius.

The Galactic Symposium do riotously disastrous and dilapidated versions of the old Floyd and Village People standards. I had to titter — if you were there it must have been hilarious. They recall the recording booth that used to stand on Liverpool Street station where for a few pieces of silver me and my friend Dongal cut a dog-eared selection of Slade hits accompanied by only the sound of our stomping platforms (this is going back awhile — it must have been all of six months ago). The flexi-disc plopped out like passport photos and you could keep it forever.

It's a pity those British Rail recording studios don't exist any more; all of the above records should have been recorded in them and kept for posterity in the privacy of the *artiste's* own home for the benefit of blood relatives and close friends. Me and Dongal wouldn't have dreamed of sending our Slade flexi-disc to music papers where it would be judged alongside the best that talent and money (currently abounding in the music industry; look at your humble hero, he's loaded with both) have to offer. The above shouldn't do it either.

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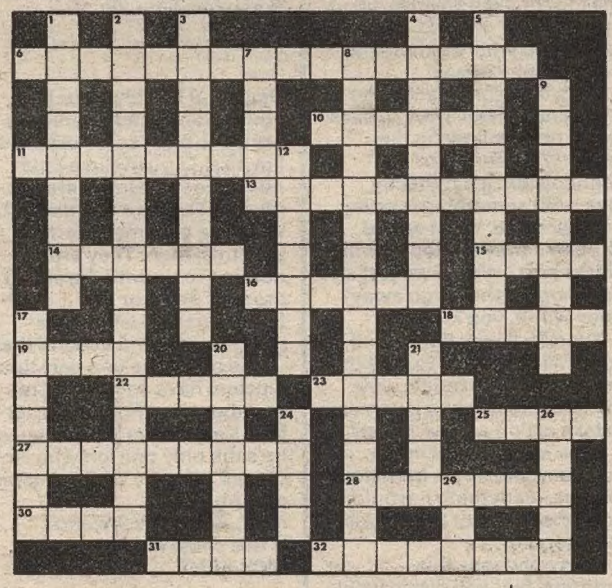
NME EXPRESSWORD

ACROSS

6 Will it replace the Red Flag at meetings of the National Union of Mineworkers? (5,11)
10 & 31 Nick Lowe's daddy-in-law
11 Old hippie hiding in a brash bird (3,6)
13 Rainbow LP, or phrase used to describe person who calls a garden tool a garden tool (4,2,5)
14 Aka Letts of Damned
15 A mishap with skis!
16 Havens or *Cunning*-ham
18 Seminal LA band who gave Dave Crosby to the world (sic)
19 Pope/----/Jones
22 Desmond Deker's *other* hit (2,3)
23 Lizards 45
25 See 24
27 Suzi Quatro oldie, her first hit (3,3,3)
28 1969 Beatles No 1 (3,4)
30 & 29 Clash movie
31 See 10
32 & 12 First Pretenders' hit (4,4,7)

DOWN

1 The original was by The Coasters (6,3)
2 & 21 The hit from 'Argy Bargy' (7,4,2,3,5)
3 It's Rupert's amp!
4 A Moody (yawn) Blue (4,5)
5 Roxy musician (4,6)
7 Star of/-----/Byrne
8 Wings' disco hit of last year (9,7)
9 Hi Johnny, where ya from?
12 See 32
17 ------- Davis was Steve Winwood's first boss
20 Early Stranglers 45
21 See 2
24 & 25 Gabby din just about says it all!
26 Clapton and Bruce were the others
29 See 30



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Joy Division; 6 Angie; 8 Roxy Music; 10 Dan McCafferty; 11 ELP; 12 '(In The) Midnight Hour'; 14 Rough (Trade); 15 'Pop Muzik'; 16 Van (Morrison); 17 Hit; 18 Billy Idol; 19 (Rough) Trade; 23 Hazel (O'Connor); 24 (Van) Morrison; 25 (Dexy's Midnight) Runners.

DOWN: 1 Jerry Dammers; 2 Dexy's Midnight (Runners); 3 "Satisfaction"; 4 (Little) Feat; 5 (Lord) Sutch; 7 (Gary) Glitter; 9 'Fear Of Music'; 13 Little (Feat); 15 Paul Simon; 17 Herman; 18 '(Ring My) Bell'; 20 Free; 21 Kiss; 22 Andy.

GASBAG

Post your toast the Gasbag way, send us a letter every day. The address: Monty's Bin, Gasbag, NME, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W.1.

WHERE is Beatles band? I am being surprised that the Beatles band — and sometimes I used to call them The Hot Spot Band — are not appearing in the scene of big sounds recently. I am wondering of not seeing the Liverpool boys Paul McCarthny, George Harrison, John Lennon and their stylish drummer Ringo Starr.

One could ask that 'Where are they now?' The Liverpool boys known as Beatles band were formally providing more sounds. Really, they were good on stage and to anybody, especially the teenagers all over the world.

Factually, songs Beatles band recorded are still fresh in teens' minds. Most of their records are still on hit parade in broadcasting houses all over the world. Beatles band songs like 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', 'I See Through You', 'Day Tripper', 'Darling I Love You' and 'Fed Up' still attract all teens to an extend that papas and our mamas also love Beatles songs.

It was reported to me recently that Beatles band had a prophesied that if they did not put stop of playing band they would be getting a plane crash elsewhere and all of them would die.

Please, music fans, was it true? Well, nobody knows unless almighty God — who can tell? However, through this prophecy Beatles band dissolved entirely. To be frank, Beatles band were very popular throughout the whole world. Their performances were then very attractive and pleased to all music fans.

During their USA tour the boys caught a big crowd in the Chicago's International Ampitheathre on Friday night. Even police used their hands to cover their various ears because of the cheers, which were very great.

That means Beatles were so good to music fans all over the world. To my notion, former Beatles band were good, likewise their songs.

To this end, the Liverpool boys as we are all aware of their name 'Beatles band' must be alive once again because the whole world, especially the teens, are crying for them.

Samuel K.B. Ampong, Nungua-Accra, Ghana

C'mon, you're French really, aren't you? — MR LEMON

No, it's not true. We got a plane crash. — THE RUTLES

'Fed Up'?? — MR McCARTHNY

It appears to me that most of your readers consider it the in thing to criticise the Tory Government Policy on National Service, without giving it a second's thought. OK, maybe Thatcher is wrong in other areas but I can see no reason for the universal 'up in arms' horror attitude expressed where defending your country arises.

Let's face some facts. The Russians are not likely to back down now, following the recent happenings in Afghanistan. It's perfectly clear that something is going on over there. What would happen if they started moving westwards? Would we just sit here hoping they'd go away? They won't, you know!

Therefore why the fuss? If we're all supposed to hate the Communists so much, why the reluctance when it comes to take action against them?

Even a short spell in the Forces would do no harm to anyone. If anything it would do some good for the country in general.

I can only hope this irrational fear will dissipate in the event of a war, or else we've all had it.

Colin P. Hartford, Glasgow.

OK, we've had our token loonies for the week, let's have some serious stuff. — M.S.

In case any of you had been sharpening your pop wits along to the Radio 1 *Musicology Quiz* let me tell you that the BBC do not run the show along the lines of fair play.

Fact: The last round of the quarter finals (to be held on Tuesday April 15) 'Live' from Aberystwyth University will be won by the home team, beating visitors Warwick by 45 points to 32.

Fact: Warwick will be asked "At what number Royal Gardens did Driver 67 in Car 67 have to make his pick up. . .at *what* number?" whilst Aberystwyth will be asked "Name two Status Quo hits from 1973. . ."

You will also hear thousands of Loughborough students who, after travelling hundreds of miles, will jeer and heckle the Warwick captain (who they hold in the utmost vilification after his being so instrumental in the rout of their own team five weeks ago).

The *Musicology Quiz* is a farce, a fix, and I'll put my money on Newcastle winning it. I wonder how much the Director of Radio 1 lost when his chosen team was knocked out?

Eminent Radiologist, Coventry

You students really don't have anything better to do with your time, do you? — M.S.

Dear Paul Morley, usually your reviews and interviews are quite pleasant to read, but I'm afraid *you* live in a little hole. The Pop Group are not ghosts. They are real and you will have to come to terms with this, man. They are nothing to do with the cheap dross of Crass or silly four-years-too-late punks — they are past and beyond that.

The next time you part-time hipsters have something to say about The Pop Group let Nick Kent do the job, because he's the only one left who isn't carried away by projecting his own image.

Noel, Belfast, N. Ireland

Is this some kind of joke? — NICK KENT

What are the assumptions underlying Danny Baker's piece on The Flying Lizards? That a dismissive attitude to punk equals an attack on the working class? That no-one in The Flying Lizards can play? That music begins and ends with the crap *NME* persists in covering? That The Flying Lizards are from public schools?

All these assumptions are, of course, bullshit.

Like Kevin Fitzgerald's racist and insulting Whispers review, Baker's Lizards piece extends and reinforces exactly the dumb myths of white rock that have made the music business such a conservative and uncreative world.

Steve Beresford (a part time Lizard), London N16.

Part-time Lizard, but full-time Bag correspondent. Give up, mate. — M.S.

I have never met Carl Palmer. I have, however, met Bob Edmands, who I have always found to be fairly reasonable. But I've seldom read an article which contains so much pointless, unpleasant comment as Bob's article on Carl. The ultimate effect appeared to be written by a small, mean-minded person who for some reason known only to himself, had decided to try and demean Carl Palmer.

What's the matter, Bob? Was it really necessary to consistently put the worst possible interpretation on everything he said? Is there some personal grudge somewhere, or resentment we don't know about? Or have you merely deteriorated as a journalist?

Manfred Mann, London SE1

I want to make it perfectly clear that there was no personal resentment between Mr Palmer and myself, absolutely none. He just struck me as a bit of a twat, that's all. — BOB EDMANDS

Well I thought it was funny. — CARL PALMER

Horrified to hear of the lovely Ms Burchill — the Dorothy Parker of the aggressive neurotically-normal generation — calling her baby after Bobby Kennedy. Wasn't he Joe McCarthy's sidekick during the notorious Commie witch-hunts in the '50s? *(No. — Ed.)*

And on the question of Mr Penman's extraordinary prose, I'm put in mind of Oscar Wilde's remarks about a 'modern' novel of his day: "I understand it is meant to be played on the piano."

Mike McCormack, Surbiton, Surrey

Wrong again, Mike — it was James Whistler who said that. — M.S.

It sodding well was not. — O.W.

Ian Penman's review of our party was both thoughtful and sensitive. His favourable comments about our choice of records were gratefully appreciated — although he did omit to mention the ska.

And we were rather disturbed by the behaviour of a person resembling Mr. Penman — which spoilt an otherwise enjoyable occasion. Said person was seen pissing in the bath of the flat upstairs. This caused some consternation with the neighbours the next day.

Also, the party was dry, which was in some ways fortunate: God knows where his urine would have ended up if he had bought a bottle. A box of chocolates had to be given to the neighbours to placate them. If Mr Penman would like to refund £1.05 it would be appreciated.

Dan and Adam, Stockwell, London SW4.

My, my! What a smug hypocrite you are, Mr Carr. You criticise The Knack for being derivative but eagerly digest the copy-cat junk produced by the 2-Tone brigade, The Jam, Elvis Costello et al.

You accuse them of being unethical in that these guys in their twenties seek financial gain from their teeny girl audiences. What then are you, a middle-aged man, doing writing commercial garbage for *NME's* readership — average age late teens/early twenties — in a style so obviously little more than a cheap, anglicised imitation of all that hip journalism developed decades ago by the likes of Tom Wolfe, Hunter Thompson and the gang at *Rolling Stone?* Ha! Ha!

I personally don't much care for The Knack but then I wouldn't have the gall to take the elitist stance that you and your stablemates adopt.

Ian Illegible, Brixton Hill, London SW2

Blimey, and we thought Roy was a better bluffer than that. Anymore writers you lot want a go at? — M.S.

If Lynn Hanna, Paul Morley, Angus MacKinnon, Paul Du Noyer, Pennie Smith, Jill Furmanovsky, Joe Stevens, Andrew Tyler, David Corrio and Ian Penman left the *NME* and started a new collection of words, they might get somewhere.

It's interesting but horrifying that the writers of the *New* (sic) *Musical Express* are still dealing out the old cards:

Penny Reel wondering about 'devils or angels'; Paul Morley and 'tartily dressed girls'; Andy Gill's 'bored the balls off me'; Monty Smith's insults to Diana Dors and Raquel Welch; Richard Grabel's 'Buckler has his backgammon, Foxton his cassettes and TV, Weller has Jill on his arm'; Bob Edmands' abuse of the word 'menstruation'; Phil McNeill's flippant use of 'rapist'; Paul Rambali's finding capacity for self-destruction in other people 'faintly appealing'; Adam Sweeting using 'abort' while talking of a male who was 'angry and frustrated and mounted a fearsome assault which was sustained until the very last mauled and mangled semi-quaver'; Deanne Perason's use(s) of 'rampant', 'euphoric', 'aggressive', 'romantic', 'heavily built', 'surly', 'like a wild man', 'hammering', 'pumping', 'growling, 'bellowing', 'softness', 'turmoil', 'foreboding', 'doom', 'despair', 'pounds and tears', 'bursting', 'clucking', 'crouching', 'butts in', 'thunderous', 'manic-looking', 'forced into its shadow', 'thrash', 'turn and swivel', 'frenzied', 'straight', 'pure', 'fighting to get out', 'love', 'hate' (all within eleven paragraphs describing music); Paul Du Noyer's use of 'orgiastic climaxes' and 'another drink and something stronger'; C.S. Murray's use of alcohol instead of a watch; Glenn Gibson and his 'getting drunk would probably have been best'; Harry George and 'nancy boy'; Rick Joseph and 'wimposity'. . .Exhausting. New (sick) Journalistic Exhaustion.

"We do not lust and destroy, it's someone else. We are not bucks of the field but a buck is loose, great horns menacing to gore into us with life and destruction. Chain him or expel his shape from our midst, before we realise that he is ourselves."
(Winthrop Jordan)

C.M. Walsh, Sheffield.

You're bonkers. — M.S.

Semiologists — huh! — THE GHOST OF ROLAND BARTHES

Joan Baez is a real nuisance, isn't she?

The nerve of these '60s folkies hanging around in the '80s and still moaning about giving peace a chance. Still, she always was a pain in the rock world's ass, committing one gross act or another. Like going to prison twice for refusing to pay war taxes, or going to Hanoi while the bombs were still falling, just to see for herself what conditions were like, to sing a few songs for the poor sods there.

I mean, what has any of that got to do with the fantasy world of the average rock star? And all this non-violence stuff! You'd think she'd have had enough of that after getting her head whacked on countless civil rights and anti-war marches. But that's poor old Joan for you — silly cow never learns.

That's why I was so glad to see Andrew Tyler blasting away at her with both barrels. Andrew realises that the problems of the world are best dealt with by music scribes writing suitably indignant articles in the rock press. Much safer to deal with life that way, eh, Andy? No need to actually stick our asses on the line like silly old Joanie! No need really for us to bother about human rights (just an election gimmick for Jimmy Carter, weren't they?) or world peace at all, come to that.

What if the world is smelling a little cheesy, and the curtain is coming down on our act faster than we expected? As one wit said: When you're seen one nuclear war, you've seen them all.

The moral is this, Andrew: it's no use claiming to be on the side of the good guys while kicking one of the few people in the music game who has actually tried to do something about the mess we're in.

Sue Martin, Notts.

It wasn't Ms Baez's politics I was questioning, merely her divinity. — A.T.

"So many grievous wrongs, to right with tedious songs. . ." — M.S.

A March miscellany in April

(with absolutely no letters about The Clash)

Reader: M. Smith
Righter: R. Lowry

T-ZERS DOES CHOKEY

RIGHT! Long irrelevant openings to *T-Zers* are hereby declared 'unhip', so let's plunge straight into the wonderful wacky world of rock'n'roll and talk about boxing.

Without doubt the *T-Zers* award for good fellowship in the face of world humiliation goes to our very own **John Conteh**, Y-front salesman extraordinaire. *(I thought he was a boxer — Ed.)* You weren't watching last Saturday then, were you? Anyway, while the world hooted at his sympathy for gravity, not for John any 'I wuz robbed' plaintive cries. Soon after the, uh, fight, he was bubbling with all manner of self-deflation. "I went down so many times I coulda been making a blue movie," was his first, followed by, "I felt really silly on the floor. All these people were looking and sayin' 'What you doin down there, son?'. I felt like shoutin' 'Cos that bloke up there keeps hittin' me, that's why!' ". After such honesty, who can really call him a loser? *(He's a loser — The Boxing Board of Control)* . . .

Another former champion, **John Lennon** has — wait for it — been seen out having a meal in Miami! Len was in the company of a certain **O.K. Yoni** (anagram) and was hiding behind a **David Bellamy** type chin growth. Hey JL, is that supposed to be a beard or are you looking through a God-damn bush? Anyway, he said nuttin to no-one and probably did a runner after the coffees were downed. This has been another John Lennon non-news story. *(I'm still puzzled by the 'anagram' — Ed)* . . .

Our contacts are currently talking to **Joey Ramone** to try and stop him being quite so audible. Joey was mumbling to *High Times* magazine and had this to say about something called rock'n'roll. "**The Who** are a perfect example of what rock's meant to be, be it '60s, '70s, '80s or *(Don't tell me, lemme guess — Ed).* The definition of rock'n'roll is darin'. Excitin'. Bein'. Very visual. Catchy, melodic tunes. Not half hour boring guitar solos or mindless songs about sex. She left me. Who the fuck cares! The kids now are bein' deprived, cheated and brainwashed bad . . ." Message ends. Well, sugarboots, sounds to us dizzy queens like *someone's* a little peeved that certain records aren't setting the homeland el flame-o. Get m'drift? Whatever, Joey's jeans currently contain enough grease to cook a good size pan of chips . . .

Shaggy, nasal idlers **Genesis** made the cover of the *Daily Star* last week and came up with nothing more spicy than 'we take our wives on the road with us'. You remember Genesis — they are to rock music what the **Borgias** are to sit down meals . . .

It may be of interest to you that the tawdry dance troop **Hot Gossip** finally went the whole way — no, honey, nothing so innocent — and did a routine on *Kenny Everett's Video Show* dressed as SS Nazis. New lows for scummy toads shock . . .

Frank Zappa has been babbling about the evils of drugs (again). Says he won't tolerate 'em on the tour coach or anywhere else so long as he's in charge. He forgets you have to be incapably whacked out to garner even a modikim of joy from his preposterous records . . .

A recent rock concert in Wisconsin was powered solely by the wind. The gusty generators needed velocities of 10mph minimum, and things went off without a hitch. As soon as someone finds a way of harnessing energy from drizzle we may never know the sinking feeling of 'plugs out at twelve' again! *(You? Ya two-faced sod, you've never suffered a Reading in your life! — Ed)* . . .

The Stranglers' upcoming gig sans **Cornwell** now boasts the following 'guests'. **Robert Fripp, Paul McCartney, Pete Townshend, some Skids, Nicki Tesco, Ian Dury,** (hey, Ian!) and stacks of others. Isn't this all getting just a tad melodramatic, boys? Still, rock music does love to rally round, dunnit . . .

More jail-birds wringing stories from it. **Bob Geldof** was taken in whilst strolling in Canada. (Fact: Canada means 'little group of huts' in one Indian language). Bob got tapped for carrying an offensive weapon, to wit, one 'kung-fu' stick. However such is **The Rats'** popularity in little-hut-land that a national uproar saw to it that the member involved was released — no questions asked. Later Geldof sent the force a batch of gratis tickets. Altogether now: Bottle job ! ! . . . On the same tour, though in America — which means 'nation of children with immense jowels' — the Booms *(Booms? Rats? Towners? — Ed)* brightened one Chicago radio station by phoning in and commemorating St Patrick's Day with a few choruses of 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' . . .

At the Chrysalis Bowling Tournament — an in-business annual jamboree with an average attendance of about five — well known teetotaller DJ **Greg Edwards** soaked *Record Mirror's* **Roz Russell** with a pint of beer. Apparently he wanted her seat because it afforded a better view. *T-Zers* will not tolerate such berkery. It is plainly wrong and disgusting. After all, doesn't the fool know that a decent beer can can cost as much as seventy pee in this day and age? *(Well, you wouldn't know for a start. The last time you brought your fags out a picture of* ***Stanley Matthews*** *fell on the floor — Ed)* . . .

Foul (and obligatory) Cock Up Corner. Last week's **Jacob Miller** pic got credited to **Pennie Smith** when **Kate Simon** was the true smudge. Must've been the cigar smoke that threw us. Moreover, we said that **The Cuddly Toys** were to be **Gary Glitter's** back-up band. Not so. They, along with **Bauhaus** and **Classix,** will only be supporting GG at the Lyceum on April 10 . . .

A number of cartons of popular beverage cannabis have been simply washed ashore in The Mull in Scotland. So far, **Inspector McKnacker** is keeping sealed lips as to why but **Paul McCartney** might be wise to adopt a **Lennon**-type growth with regard to this one . . .

The EuroVision Song Contest British heat went off last week and was acutely embarrassing with all its oafish attempts to be 'with-it'. There was even one **Lene Lovich**-type outfit that, ulp, nearly won! In the end, some atrocious band of three twinned couples came through with a song called 'Ooh Ooh Yeah Yeah And All Night Long Baabee!' or some such pea-brained hogwash. The sinister fact remains that the winning combo, **Prima Donna,** contain no less than two of drug-taking **Paul McCartney's** cousins. Fact. *T-Zers,* on behalf of Greenland, demands a recount . . .

The *Daily Star* again. They are under the impression that hysterical clothes horses **Japan** are a superstar band with over three and a half million LPs sold. Not over here, sweetums . . .

Ex-**Beatle Richard Starkey** (real name **Ringo Starr**) is in Mexico shooting *Cave Man,* apparently an absurd remake of *One Million Years BC Beneath The Sea.* Producer **David Forster** reckons that Starkey is something of a potential comic genius, whereas *T-Zers* simply wonders who will be playing the pterodactyl parts? Rumours that the film's soundtrack will consist of an extended post-modernist punk-funk Hawaiian steel & Western version of 'Octopus' Garden' are unfounded . . .

Meanwhile back in fun-loving, inflation-free Czechoslovakia, music has joined forces with religion as the nation's premier bands have gone underground in conjunction with the local clergy. The outcome is a spate of satiric protest music like 'Hradecek Passoon', supposedly an account of **Christ's** persecution, but actually an attack on the government . . .

And the Japanese are queueing up to see **Monty Python's** *And Now For Something Completely Different* in Tokyo. The film's importers, Telecast, help audiences to understand the significance of such socially committed, urgent and absurdly meaningful Python pieces as the Dead Parrot sketch (once described in *Monotony Maker* as a metaphor for the non-existence of God) by issuing a 20-page programme that explains the humour (you remember humour, don't you?) thus: "It is the middle of a Canadian forest. In natural surroundings a lumberjack cuts down big trees, but in reality he is a homosexual". *T-Zers* wryly rubs a fretting whisker and wonders what the Little Hut people would make of it all . . .

The flags of many nations are being flown at half-mast the length and breadth of Wimbledon Common at the news that leathery ex-Womble 'n' roller **Chris Spedding** is now a fully paid-up member of New York band **The Necessaries** . . .

The long-running saga of Liverpool's Eric's continues apace. An offer to buy the place and run it as it was will probably be accepted by the **Liquidator** if no better offer arrives within seven days. The buyers are not known but are believed — hackles rise with suspicion — to come from Liverpool's clubland . . .

Pic: Mike Laye

This man is Nick Lowe. When he was locked in a room with an orderly pile of cassettes from which to determine a winner of the NME Basement Tapes competition he was over six feet tall. Five days later we returned. Lowe was a mumbling lunatic now only three feet tall. He was convinced he was Elvis Costello's producer. He was frozen in the pictured posture and would only utter: "This is it. This bloody one is it!" On prising the cassette from his hands, surgeons found inside ... the stubs from over fifty Woodbine cigarettes. Where was the winner? "Oh shit," said Lowe, "give us two minutes, lads, it's here somewhere." We turned off the light and closed the door. Nick Lowe was 56.

Pix: Alan Grisbrook

Edmunds: "I don't know if I should be seen at parties like this, David, after all I can't afford to lose face y'know."
Essex: "I think you could well afford to lose that one."

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus MacKinnon
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Adrian Thrills

Design
Caramel Crunch

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Mark Ellen
Paul Du Noyer
Deanne Pearson
Graham Lock
Gavin Martin

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
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(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
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Editorial Consultant Andy Gray

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Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia), South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa,

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